OVID

EPISTLE

WITH HIS

AMOUR

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERS

By the Moſt Eminent Hand

BODLEIAN
JAN 1878

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

Vel tibi compoſitâ cantetur Epiſtola voce?
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. OVID.

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TO THE

LADY

LOVISA LENOS.

MADAM,

IN moving Lines theſe few Epistles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when ſoft Intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted Right, and Rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they Love, whene'er they ſtrive to Hate.
Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.
In diff'ring Breaſts what diff'ring Paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but Yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The Fire we boaſt, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But Yours, like Incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame conſumes to pleaſe.

DEDICATION.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, Excel;
And Ours, in Patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you Fall,
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, Madam, long will Your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes and Fears.
Tho' Infant Graces ſooth Your gentle Hours,
More ſoft than Sighs, more ſweet than breathing Flow'rs;
Let raſh Admirers your keen Lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.

The Time ere-long, if Verſe preſage, will come,
Your Charms ſhall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom,
All Eyes ſhall gaze, all Hearts ſhall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languiſh, but for you,
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light.
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe;
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

Adver-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publick having encouraged ſo many Editions of Ovid's *Epiſtles, I began to think if any thing might yet be added to the Perfection of the Work. And the greater Part of* Sapho *to* Phaon *being omitted in Sir* Carr Scroope's *Tranſlation, I ſolicited an entire new Verſion of that Epiſtle, to render the whole Book compleat. The Author of it will have me acquaint the Reader, that it was undertaken on that Account only, and not out of any ſuppoſed Defect in what that Gentleman had done.*

It was propoſed in this Edition to change the Method of the Epiſtles according to the Chronological Order, and the Connexion the Subjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the Eaſe of the Engliſh *Reader, by clearing ſome Hiſtorical Paſſages referred to in ſeveral of them. But Cuſtom having obtained to the Contrary, we have only ſubjoined the following Account.*

The Chief of thoſe who undertook the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, were *Hercules* and *Jaſon:* Some Writers add THESEUS, who was Cotemporary with them, and famous for his Victory over the *Minotaur*, which he atchieved by the Aſſiſtance of ARIADNE, whom afterwards forſaking, he married PHÆDRA, who fell in Love with his Son HIPPOLYTUS. JASON as he went on the forementioned Expedition was entertained by HYPSYPILE at *Lemnos*, but deſerted her for MEDEA, and afterwards MEDEA for *Creuſa*. HERCULES after his

Return was poiſoned with a Shirt ſent by DEIANEIRA. This Hero had twice taken *Troy* in the Time of King *Laomedon* to whom *Priam* ſucceeded, the Father of PARIS, at whoſe Birth it was prophecied that he ſhould occaſion it to be deſtroyed a third time. Being therefore educated among the Shepherds, he contracted a Love to OENONE; 'till hearing of HELENA, he ſailed to *Sparta*, and carried her from thence to *Troy*. This cauſed the War of the *Grecian* Princes againſt *Troy*; among whom PROTESILAUS (the Huſband of LAODAMIA) was the firſt that ſet foot on the Enemy's Ground, and was killed on the Spot. After the War had been continued nine Years, a Quarrel ariſing betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, the latter abſented himſelf from the Army, and the former in revenge forced his Miſtreſs BRISEIS from him. When *Troy* was taken, the *Greeks* returning homeward met with many Diſaſters. ULYSSES was ten Years detained from *Ithaca*, while his Queen PENELOPE was afflicted by the Suitors in his Abſence. DEMOPHOON was hoſpitably received by PHILLIS, whom after he had married, he left, and purſued his Voyage home to *Athens*. *Agamemnon* himſelf at his Return to *Argos* was murdered by his Wife, whom his Son ORESTES killed, who was betrothed to HERMIONE, the Daughter of *Helena*. About the ſame time ÆNEAS going in ſearch of *Italy*, was detained by DIDO, who ſtabbed herſelf upon his Departure from *Carthage*.

The reſt of the Subjects of *Ovid* have no Connexion with each other, neither can their Time be certainly fixed; only HYPERMNESTRA is ſuppoſed to have lived ſome time before, and SAPHO long after all the reſt.

THE

THE PREFACE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Life of *Ovid* being already Written in our Language before the Tranſlation of his *Metamorphoſes*, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys* his Undertaking. The *Engliſh* Reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, that he was extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a ſplendid Fortune; that he was deſigned to the Study of the Law, and had made conſiderable Progreſs in it, before he quitted that Profeſſion, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally formed. The Cauſe of his Baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by aſcribing it to any other Reaſon, than what was pretended

by *Auguſtus*, which was the Laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be excuſed in the Severity of Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome*; yet this may be ſaid in behalf of *Ovid*, that no Man has ever treated the Paſſion of Love with ſo much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expreſſion, or ſearched into the Nature of it more Philoſophically than he. And the Emperor who condemned him, had as little Reaſon as another Man to puniſh that Fault with ſo much Severity, if at leaſt he were the Author of a certain *Epigram*, which is aſcribed to him, relating to the Cauſe of the firſt Civil War betwixt himſelf and *Mark Antony* the Triumvir, which is more fulſome than any Paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked Familiarity of his Expreſſions to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking *Livia* to his Bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with Child by her Huſband, then living. But Deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by Arbitrary Power, when Words are queſtioned in a Poet. There is another Gueſs of the *Grammarians*, as far from Truth as the firſt from Reaſon; they will have him baniſhed for ſome Favours, which they ſay he received from *Julia* the Daughter of *Auguſtus*, whom they think he Celebrates under the Name of *Corinna* in his Elegies: But he who will obſerve the Verſes which are made to that Miſtreſs, may gather from the whole Contexture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman of the higheſt Quality: If *Julia* were then married to *Agrippa*, why ſhould our Poet make his Petition to *Iſis*, for her ſafe Delivery, and afterwards Condole her Miſcarriage, which, for ought he knew, might

be

be by her own Husband? or indeed how durst he be so Bold to make the least Discovery of such a Crime, which was no less than Capital, especially committed against a Person of *Agrippa's* Rank? Or if it were before her Marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an Accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this Opinion is, that *Ovid* himself complains that the true Person of *Corinna* was found out by the Fame of his Verses to her: Which if it had been *Julia*, he durst not have owned; and beside, an immediate Punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure Verses,

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to, somewhat, which had procured him his Disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the Incest of the Emperor with his own Daughter: For *Augustus* was of a Nature too Vindicative to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple Banishment, as would certainly have secured his Crimes from public Notice by the Death of him who was Witness to them. Neither have Historians given us any Sight into such an Action of this Emperor: Nor would he (the greatest Politician of his time) in all Probability, have managed his Crimes with so little Secresy, as not to shun the Observation of any Man. It seems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confident of some other Passion, or that he had stumbled by some Inadvertency upon the

Privacies of *Livia*, and ſeen her in a Bath: For the Words

Sine veſte Dianam,

agree better with *Livia* who had the Fame of Chaſtity, than with either of the *Julia's*, who were both noted of Incontinency. The firſt Verſes which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publickly, according to the Cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to *Corinna:* His Baniſhment happened not till the Age of Fifty, from which it may be deduced, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occaſion it: Nay he tells us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedneſs: And in the ſame Paper of Verſes alſo, that the Cauſe was notoriouſly known at *Rome*, though it be left ſo obſcure to after Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more Authentick of this Poet: That he frequented the Court of *Auguſtus*, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written as the *French* call it *Cavalierement:* Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Baniſhment, are addreſſed to Perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that Court.

Nor was his Acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies; he tells you himſelf, in a particular Account of his own Life, that *Macer*, *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and many others of them, were his familiar Friends, and that ſome of them communicated

municated their Writings to him, but that he had only ſeen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Buſineſs of a Poet; I know no Author who can juſtly be compared with ours, eſpecially in the Deſcription of the Paſſions. And to prove this, I ſhall need no other Judges than the Generality of his Readers; for all Paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally Judges when we are concerned in the Repreſentation of them: Now I will Appeal to any Man who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the ſame Paſſion in himſelf, which the Poet deſcribes in his feigned Perſons? His Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Reſults of thoſe Paſſions, are generally ſuch as naturally ariſe from thoſe diſorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs that the Copiouſneſs of his Wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Perſons ſpeak more Eloquently than the Violence of their Paſſion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of Seaſon; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the falſe Applauſe of Fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age: For why elſe ſhould he complain that his *Metamorphoſes* was left unfiniſhed? Nothing ſure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the reſt: But many Things ought to have been retrenched; which I ſuppoſe would have been the Buſineſs of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even

even of *Julius Scaliger* himſelf, that *Seneca*'s Cenſure will ſtand good againſt him,

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the ſame Senſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his Readers inſtead of ſatisfying them: And gives occaſion to his Tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the Nakedneſs of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid*'s Writing, which is ſufficiently recompenſed by his other Excellencies; nay this very Fault is not without its Beauties; for the moſt ſevere Cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the Prodigality of his Wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed, that the Maſter of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him, and if ſometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a ſecret Gracefulneſs of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidneſs and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the moſt material Part, which is the Conduct, it is certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried; for if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found that thoſe Poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ: And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more poliſhed, and the Learning of *Propertius*, eſpecially in his Fourth Book, more ſet out to Oſtentation; yet their common Practice was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to nò certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another,

and

and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their Beginning:

Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat; unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus:

As *Horace* ſays, though the Verſes are Golden, they are but patched into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; ſome beautiful Deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to judicious Readers in this Work of his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt, in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epiſtolæ Heroidum*, The Letters of the *Heroines*. But *Heinſius* has judged more truly, that the *Inſcription* of our Author was barely, *Epiſtles*; which he concludes from his cited Verſes, where *Ovid* aſſerts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrowed from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Maſters of their Learning), the *Romans* uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their Writings, that any of the *Grecians* ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, becauſe it is uſed by *Ovid* in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas *ibat.*

But ſure he could not be guilty of ſuch an Overſight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men or *Heroes*, as namely *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, joined in it. Except *Sabinus* who wrote ſome Anſwers to *Ovid*'s Letters,

(*Quam*

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.)

I remember not any of the *Romans* who have treated on this Subject, ſave only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of *Arethuſa* to *Lycotas*, which is written ſo near the Stile of *Ovid*, that it ſeems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning this Work of the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few Particulars. Firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Stile of them is tenderly Paſſionate and Courtly, two Properties well agreeing with the Perſons, which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in *OEnone*, and *Hero*, he has kept cloſe to Nature in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though perhaps he has Romaniz'd his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them ſpeak ſometimes as if they had been born in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Auguſtus*. There ſeems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects which he has choſen; Moſt of the Epiſtles being written from Ladies who were forſaken by their Lovers: Which is the Reaſon that many of the ſame Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming Care: for his amorous Expreſſions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Bluſh.

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find tranſlated by divers Hands, that you may at leaſt have that Variety in the *Engliſh*, which the

Subject

Subject denied to the Author of the *Latin*. It remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of Poetical Tranſlations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submiſſion to better Judgments) which way of Verſion ſeems to me moſt proper.

All Tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three Heads:

Firſt, That of Metaphraſe, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this Manner, was *Horace* his Art of Poetry tranſlated by *Ben Johnſon*. The ſecond Way is that of Paraphraſe, or Tranſlation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in View by the Tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his Words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his Senſe, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. *Waller*'s Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s Fourth *Æneid*. The third Way is that of Imitation, where the Tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that Name) aſſumes the Liberty not only to vary from the Words and Senſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees Occaſion: and taking only ſome general Hints from the Original, to run Diviſion on the Ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's Practice in turning two Odes of *Pindar*, and one of *Horace*, into *Engliſh*.

Concerning the firſt of theſe Methods, our Maſter *Horace* has given us this Caution,

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ——

Nor Word for Word too faithfully Tranſlate,

As the Earl of *Roſcommon* has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: It is a Faith like that which proceeds from Superſtition, Blind and

and Zealous: Take it in the Expreſſion of Sir *John Denham*, to Sir *Richard Fanſhaw*, on his Verſion of the *Paſtor Fido*.

That ſervile Path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line,
A new and nobler Way thou doſt purſue,
To make Tranſlations and Tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the Aſhes, thou the Flame,
True to his Senſe, but truer to his Fame.

It is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time; for the *Latin* (a moſt ſevere and compendious Language) often expreſſes that in one Word, which either the Barbarity, or the Narrowneſs of Modern Tongues cannot ſupply in more. It is frequent alſo that the Conceit is couched in ſome Expreſſion, which will be loſt in *Engliſh*.

Atque iidem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this Thought literally in *Engliſh*, and to ſtrike Wit or almoſt Senſe out of it?

In ſhort, the Verbal Copier is incumbered with ſo many Difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider at the ſame time the Thought of his Author and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the Compaſs of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhyme. It is much like dancing on Ropes with fettered Legs: A Man can ſhun a Fall by uſing Caution, but the Gracefulneſs of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have ſaid the beſt of it, it is but a fooliſh Taſk; for no ſober Man

Man would put himſelf into a Danger for the Applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his Neck. We ſee *Ben Johnſon* could not avoid Obſcurity in his literal Tranſlation of *Horace*, attempted in the ſame Compaſs of Lines: Nay *Horace* himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a *Greek* Poet.

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio.

either Perſpicuity or Gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has indeed avoided both theſe Rocks in his Tranſlation of the three firſt Lines of *Homer*'s *Odyſſey*, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi Muſa Virum captæ poſt tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, ſuch Change of Manners ſaw.
Earl of *Roſc.*

But then the Sufferings of *Ulyſſes*, which are a conſiderable Part of that Sentence, are omitted.

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The Conſideration of theſe Difficulties, in a ſervile, literal Tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another Way of turning Authors into our Tongue, called by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other, and therefore their Reaſons for it are little different: Though the Practice of one is much more Moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Senſe, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame Subject: That is, not to tranſlate his Words,

Words, or to be confined to his Senſe, but only to ſet him as a Pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that Author would have done, had he lived in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering Authors (as Mr. *Cowley* calls it) ſo far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Cuſtoms and Ceremonies of antient *Greece* are ſtill preſerved: But I know not what Miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the Example of ſuch an Innovation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him, ſhall imitate ſo bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the Way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. *Cowley*, and that too only in his Tranſlation of *Pindar*, becauſe he alone was able to make him Amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our Underſtanding) to ſoar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze: So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be tranſlated literally, his Genius is too ſtrong to bear a Chain, and *Sampſon* like he ſhakes it off: A Genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr. *Cowley*'s, was but neceſſary to make *Pindar* ſpeak *Engliſh*, and that was to be performed by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their Work, when neither the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original: But inſtead of them there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the Creation of another Hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt Deſign, though *Virgil* muſt ſtill be excepted, when

that

that Perhaps takes Place: Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And it is not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous Way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the Dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advised more Liberty than he took himself,) gives his Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Æneid*. *Poetry is of so subtle a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a* Caput Mortuum. I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extreams, which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have proposed the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own: Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers: When we are come thus far, it is time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same Turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments,

naments, the Words; when they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an Injury to the Author that they ſhould be changed: But ſince every Language is ſo full of its own Proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes Nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a Tranſlator to the narrow Compaſs of his Author's Words: It is enough if he chooſe out ſome Expreſſion which does not viciate the Senſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his Chain to ſuch a Latitude, but by Innovation of Thoughts methinks he breaks it. By this Means the Spirit of an Author may be transfuſed, and yet not loſt: And thus it is plain, that the Reaſon alledged by Sir *John Denham*, has no farther Force than to Expreſſion: For Thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another Language, but the Words that convey it to our Apprehenſion (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be ſo ill choſen as to make it appear in an unhandſome Dreſs, and rob it of its native Luſtre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allowed for the Expreſſion, neither is it neceſſary that Words and Lines ſhould be confined to the Meaſure of their Original. The Senſe of an Author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, it is his Character to be ſo, and if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be replied, that he receives Advantage by this lopping off his ſuperfluous Branches; but I rejoin, that a Tranſlator has no ſuch Right. When a *Painter* copies from the Life, I ſuppoſe he has no Privilege to alter Features and Lineaments, under Pretence that his Picture will look better; perhaps the Face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the Eyes or Noſe were altered, but it is his Buſineſs to make it reſemble

reſemble the Original. In two Caſes only there may a ſeeming Difficulty ariſe, that is, if the Thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt: But the ſame Anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be Tranſlated.

——— *Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my Opinion on this Subject againſt the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories, for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praiſe of a Tranſlation conſiſts in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompenſe the Loſs which it ſuſtains by Change of Language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it ſeems to me, that the true Reaſon why we have ſo few Verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the Author's Senſe; but becauſe there are ſo few who have all the Talents which are requiſite for Tranſlation; and that there is ſo little Praiſe, and ſo ſmall Encouragement for ſo conſiderable a Part of Learning.

To apply, in ſhort, what has been ſaid to this preſent Work; the Reader will here find moſt of the Tranſlations, with ſome little Latitude or Variation from the Author's Senſe: That of *OEnone* to *Paris*, is in Mr. *Cowley*'s way of Imitation only. I was deſired to ſay that the Author, who is of the *Fair Sex*, underſtood not *Latin*. But if ſhe does not, I am afraid ſhe has given us occaſion to be aſhamed, who do.

For

For my own Part, I am ready to acknowledge, that I have tranſgreſſed the Rules which I have given; and taken more Liberty than a juſt Tranſlation will allow. But ſo many Gentlemen, whoſe Wit and Learning are well known, being joined in it, I doubt not but their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors.

THE

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SAPHO

SAPHO to PHAON.

By the Honourable Sir CARR SCROPE, *Bart.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poeteſs Sapho, *forſaken by her Lover* Phaon, *(who was gone from* Leſbos *to* Sicily) *and reſolved, in Deſpair, to drown herſelf, writes this Letter to him before ſhe dies.*

WHILE *Phaon* to the flaming *Ætna* flies,
Conſum'd with no leſs Fires, poor *Sapho* dies.
I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of Corn,
When by the driving Winds the Flames are born.
My Muſe and Lute can now no longer pleaſe,
They are th' Employments of a Mind at eaſe.
Wand'ring from Thought to Thought I ſit alone
All Day, and my once dear Companions ſhun.
In vain the *Leſbian* Maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone haſt ta'en up all the Heart.
Ah lovely Youth! how canſt thou cruel prove,
When blooming Years and Beauty bid thee love?

If none but equal Charms thy Heart can bind,
Then to thy ſelf alone thou muſt be kind.
Yet worthleſs as I am, there was a time
When *Phaon* thought me worthy his Eſteem.
A thouſand tender things to Mind I call,
For they who truly love remember all.
Delighted with the Muſick of my Tongue,
Upon my Words with ſilent Joy he hung,
And ſnatching Kiſſes, ſtopp'd me as I ſung.
Kiſſes, whoſe melting Touch his Soul did move,
The Earneſt of the coming Joys of Love.
Then tender Words, ſhort Sighs, and thouſand Charms
Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his Arms;
'Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,
A gentle Faintneſs did our Limbs ſurprize.
Beware, *Sicilian* Ladies, ah! beware
How you receive my faithleſs Wanderer.
You too will be abus'd, if you believe
The flatt'ring Words that he ſo well can give.
Looſe to the Winds, I let my flowing Hair
No more with fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
But all my Dreſs diſcovers wild Deſpair.
For whom, alas! ſhould now my Art be ſhown?
The only Man I car'd to pleaſe is gone.
Oh let me once more ſee thoſe Eyes of thine.
Thy Love I aſk not, do but ſuffer mine.
Thou might'ſt at leaſt have ta'en thy laſt Farewel,
And feign'd a Sorrow which thou didſt not feel.
No kind remembring Pledge was aſk'd by thee,
And nothing left but Injuries with me.

Witneſs,

Witneſs, ye Gods, with what a Death-like Cold
My Heart was ſeiz'd, when firſt thy Flight was told.
Speechleſs and ſtupid for a while I lay,
And neither Words nor Tears could find their way.
But when my ſwelling Paſſion forc'd a Vent,
With Hair diſhevel'd, Clothes in pieces rent;
Like ſome mad Mother thro' the Streets I run,
Who to his Grave attends her only Son.
Expos'd to all the World my ſelf I ſee,
Forgetting Virtue, Fame, and all but thee;
So ill, alas! do Love and Shame agree!
'Tis thou alone that art my conſtant Care,
In pleaſing Dreams thou comfort'ſt my Deſpair;
And mak'ſt the Night, that does thy Form convey,
Welcome to me above the faireſt Day.
Then 'ſpight of Abſence, I thy Love enjoy;
In cloſe Embraces lock'd methinks we lye;
Thy tender Words I hear, thy Kiſſes feel,
With all the Joys that Shame forbids to tell.
But when I waking miſs thee from my Bed,
And all my pleaſing Images are fled;
The dear deluding Viſion to retain,
I lay me down, and try to ſleep again.
Soon as I riſe I haunt the Caves and Groves,
(Thoſe conſcious Scenes of our once happy Loves)
There like ſome frantick *Bacchanal* I walk,
And to my ſelf with ſad Diſtraction talk.
Then big with Grief I throw me on the Ground,
And view the melancholy *Grotto* round,
Whoſe hanging Roof of Moſs and craggy Stone
Delights my Eyes above the brighteſt Throne;

But when I ſpy the Bank, whoſe graſſy Bed
Retains the Print our weary Bodies made;
On thy forſaken Side I lay me down,
And with a Show'r of Tears the Place I drown.
The Trees are wither'd all ſince thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their Mourning on.
No warbling *Bird* does now with Muſick fill
The Woods, except the mournful *Philomel.*
With hers my diſmal Notes all Night agree,
Of *Tereus* ſhe complains, and I of thee.
Ungentle Youth! didſt thou but ſee me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou wou'dſt, thou wou'dſt return.
My conſtant falling Tears the Paper ſtain,
And my weak Hand can ſcarce direct my Pen.
Oh could thy Eyes but reach my dreadful State,
As now I ſtand prepar'd for ſudden Fate,
Thou cou'dſt not ſee this naked Breaſt of mine
Daſht againſt Rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
Peace, *Sapho*, peace! thou ſend'ſt thy fruitleſs Cries
To one more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas.
The flying Winds bear thy Complaints away,
But none will ever back his Sails convey.
No longer then thy hopeleſs Love attend,
But let thy Life here with thy Letter end.

SAPHO to PHAON.

Wholly Tranſlated,

By Mr. *POPE.*

SAY, lovely Youth, that doſt my Heart command,
Can *Phaon*'s Eyes forget his *Sapho*'s Hand?
Muſt then her Name the wretched Writer prove?
To thy Remembrance loſt, as to thy Love!
Aſk not the Cauſe that I new Numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric Muſe;
Love taught my Tears in ſadder Notes to flow,
And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn
By driving Winds the ſpreading Flames are born!
Phaon to *Ætna*'s ſcorching Fields retires,
While I conſume with more than *Ætna*'s Fires!
No more my Soul a Charm in Muſick finds,
Muſick has Charms alone for peaceful Minds:
Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own Diſeaſe:
No more the *Leſbian* Dames my Paſſion move,
Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love;
All other Loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine!

Whom wou'd not all thoſe blooming Charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heav'nly Looks, and dear deluding Eyes?
The Harp and Bow wou'd you like *Phœbus* bear,
A brighter *Phœbus*, *Phaon* might appear;
Would you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair,
Not *Bacchus'* ſelf with *Phaon* cou'd compare:
Yet *Phœbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the Flame,
One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* Dame;
Nymphs that in Verſe no more cou'd rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in Charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt Lays,
And the wide World reſounds with *Sapho*'s Praiſe.
Tho' great *Alcæus* more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder Rage the ſounding Strings,
No leſs Renown attends the moving Lyre,
Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inſpire.
To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd
Is well by Wit's more laſting Charms ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my Stature, yet my Name extends
To Heav'n it ſelf, and Earth's remoteſt Ends.
Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* Dame
Inſpir'd young *Perſeus* with a gen'rous Flame.
Turtles and Doves of diff'ring Hues, unite,
And gloſſy Jet is pair'd with ſhining White.
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'ſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy *Sapho* cou'd thy Cares employ,
Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy:

Still

Still all thoſe Joys to my Remembrance move,
For oh! how vaſt a Memory has Love?
My Muſick, then, you cou'd for ever hear,
And all my Words were Muſick to your Ear.
You ſtop'd with Kiſſes my inchanting Tongue,
And found my Kiſſes ſweeter than my Song.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt Joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till all diſſolving in the Trance we lay,
And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
The fair *Sicilians* now thy Soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Leſbian* Dame?
But ah beware, *Sicilian* Nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring Heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting Words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting Words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
And you that rule *Sicilia*'s happy Plains,
Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's Pains!
Shall Fortune ſtill in one ſad Tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the Woes ſo ſoon begun?
Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,
My Parent's Aſhes drank up all my Tears;
My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive Flame;
An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increaſt,
And all a Mother's Cares diſtract my Breaſt.
Alas, what more could Fate itſelf impoſe,
But Thee, the laſt and greateſt of my Woes?

No more my Robes in waving Purple flow,
Nor on my Hand the ſparkling Diamonds glow,
No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly Sweetneſs of *Arabian* Dews,
Nor Braids of Gold the vary'd Treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton Wind:
For whom ſhou'd *Sapho* uſe ſuch Arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light Darts my tender Boſom move,
Still is there Cauſe for *Sapho* ſtill to love:
So from my Birth the *Siſters* fix'd my Doom,
And gave to *Venus* all my Life to come;
Or while my Muſe in melting Notes complains,
My Heart relents, and anſwers to my Strains.
By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who wou'd not be undone?
For thoſe, *Aurora Cephalus* might ſcorn,
And with freſh Bluſhes paint the conſcious Morn.
For thoſe might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon*'s ſleep.
And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his Sheep,
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the Skies,
But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus*' Eyes.
O ſcarce a Youth, yet ſcarce a tender Boy!
O uſeful Time for Lovers to employ!
Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,
Come to theſe Arms, and melt in this Embrace!
The Vows you never will return, receive:
And take at leaſt the Love thou wilt not give.
See, while I write, my Words are loſt in Tears;
The leſs my Senſe, the more my Love appears.

Sure

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewel my Leſbian *Love!* you might have ſaid,
Or coldly thus, *Farewel ob* Leſbian *Maid!*
No Tear did you, no parting Kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No Gift on thee thy *Sapho* cou'd confer,
And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her.
No Charge I gave you, and no Charge cou'd give,
But this; *Be mindful of our Loves, and live.*
Now by the Nine, thoſe Pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,
Like ſome ſad Statue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood;
Grief chill'd my Breaſt, and ſtop'd my freezing Blood;
No Sigh to riſe, no Tear had Pow'r to flow;
Fix'd in a ſtupid Lethargy of Woe.
But when its way th' impetuous Paſſion found,
I rend my Treſſes, and my Breaſts I wound,
I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain,
Now ſwell to Rage, now melt in Tears again.
Not fiercer Pangs diſtract the mournful Dame,
Whoſe firſt-born Infant feeds the Fun'ral Flame.
My ſcornful Brother with a Smile appears,
Inſults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears,
His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,
And *why this Grief! thy Daughter lives*; he cries.
Stung with thy Love, and furious with Deſpair,
All torn my Garments, and my Boſom bare,

My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent Things are Love and Shame!
'Tis thou art all my Care, and my Delight,
My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night:
O Night more pleaſing than the brighteſt Day,
When Fancy gives what Abſence takes away,
And dreſt in all its viſionary Charms,
Reſtores my fair Deſerter to my Arms!
Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender Words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting Kiſſes, give, and take:
Then fiercer Joys——I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh confeſs how much they pleaſe!
But when with Day the ſweet Deluſions fly,
And all things wake to Life and Joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my Eyes, to dream of you again.
Then frantick riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the ſilent Grove,
As if the ſilent Grove, and lonely Plains,
That knew my Pleaſures, cou'd relieve my Pains.
I view the *Grotto*, once the Scene of Love,
The Rocks around, the hanging Roofs above,
Which charm'd me more, with Native Moſs o'ergrown,
Than *Phrygian* Marble or the *Parian* Stone.
I find the Shades that did our Joys conceal,
Not Him, who made me love thoſe Shades ſo well!
Here the preſt Herbs with bending Tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous Folds we lay;

I kiſs

I kiſs that Earth which once was preſt by you,
And all with Tears the with'ring Herbs bedew.
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,
And Birds defer their Songs 'till thy Return:
Night ſhades the Groves, and all in Silence lye,
All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I,
With mournful *Philomel* I join my Strain,
Of *Tereus* ſhe, of *Phaon* I complain.

A Spring there is, whoſe Silver Waters ſhow,
Clear as a Glaſs, the ſhining Sands below;
A flow'ry *Lotos* ſpreads its Arms above,
Shades all the Banks, and ſeems it ſelf a Grove;
Eternal Greens the moſſy Margin grace,
Watch'd by the Sylvan *Genius* of the Place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with Tears the Flood,
Before my Sight a Watry Virgin ſtood.
She ſtood, and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence; and ſeek the far *Leucadian* Main:
"There ſtands a Rock, from whoſe impending Steep
"*Apollo*'s Fane ſurveys the rolling Deep;
"There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,
"Their Flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"*Deucalion* once with hopeleſs Fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn'd;
"But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
"*Deucalion* ſcorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, *Sapho*, haſte, from high *Leucadia* throw
"Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the Voice —— I riſe,
And ſilent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.

I go,

I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe Rocks and Seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah! how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious Love inſpires:
Let Female Fears ſubmit to Female Fires!
To Rocks and Seas I fly from *Phaon*'s Hate,
And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate.
Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the Waves below!
And thou, kind *Love*, my ſinking Limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,
Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltleſs Flood profane!
On *Phœbus'* Shrine my Harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to Him that did inſpire,
" *Sapho* to *Phœbus* conſecrates her Lyre,
" What ſuits with *Sapho*, *Phœbus*, ſuits with thee;
" The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree."
But why alas, relentleſs Youth! ah why
To diſtant Seas muſt tender *Sapho* fly?
Thy Charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And *Phœbus'* ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender Breaſt
Daſh'd on ſharp Rocks, than to thy Boſom preſt?
This Breaſt, which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the *Loves* play'd, and where the *Muſes* dwell—
Alas! the *Muſes* now no more inſpire.
Untun'd my Lute, and ſilent is my Lyre,
My languid Numbers have forgot to flow,
And Fancy ſinks beneath a Weight of Woe.

Ye

Ye *Leſbian* Virgins, and ye *Leſbian* Dames,
Themes of my Verſe, and Objects of my Flames,
No more your Groves with my glad Songs ſhall ring,
No more theſe Hands ſhall touch the trembling String:
Since *Phaon* fled, I all thoſe Joys reſign,
Wretch that I am, I'd almoſt call'd him Mine!
Return fair Youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song!
Abſent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires,
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's Fires?
Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move
One ſavage Heart, or teach it how to love?
The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear,
The flying Winds have loſt them all in Air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious Gales
To theſe fond Eyes reſtore thy welcome Sails?
If you return——ah why theſe long Delays?
Poor *Sapho* dies while careleſs *Phaon* ſtays.
O launch thy Bark, nor fear the watry Plain,
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native Main.
O launch thy Bark, ſecure of proſp'rous Gales,
For thee ſhall *Cupid* ſpread the ſwelling Sails.
If you will fly —— (yet ah! what Cauſe can be,
Too cruel Youth, that you ſhou'd fly from me?)
If not from *Phaon* I muſt hope for Eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging Seas:
From thee to thoſe, unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

CANACE to MACAREUS.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *Son and Daughter to* Æolus, *God of the Winds, lov'd each other inceſtuouſly:* Canace *was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurſe, to be ſecretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was diſcover'd to* Æolus, *who, inrag'd at the Wickedneſs of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beaſts on the Mountains: And withal, ſent a Sword to* Canace, *with this Meſſage, That her Crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this Sword ſhe ſlew her ſelf: But before ſhe dy'd ſhe writ the following Letter to her Brother* Macareus, *who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of* Apollo.

IF ſtreaming Blood my fatal Letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the Writer ſlain;
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen imploys,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lyes.
Think in this Poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel Father would delight.
O were he preſent, that his Eyes and Hands
Might ſee and urge the Death which he commands;
Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a Tear my Wounds would ſee.

Jove

Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy Throne,
His Peoples Temper is ſo like his own.
The *North* and *South*, and each contending Blaſt
Are underneath his wide Dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule; but his tempeſtuous Mind
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd:
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon *Jove!*
What help will all my heav'nly Friends afford,
When to my Breaſt I lift the pointed Sword?
That Hour which join'd us came before its time,
In Death we had been one without a Crime.
Why did thy Flames beyond a *Brother*'s move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than *Siſter*'s Love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my Wound,
A ſecret Pleaſure in thy Kiſſes found:
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boaſt,
My Food grew loathſome, and my Strength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a Sigh would ſtop my Tongue;
Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love theſe Griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the Thing I did not know.
My wily Nurſe by long Experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my Soul its Wound.
'Tis Love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt Eyes,
And guilty Dumbneſs, witneſs'd my Surprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful Pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd! we both know too well!
" When half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full Conſent.

" Then

" Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
" And Guilt that made them anxious made them great."
But now my ſwelling Womb heav'd up my Breaſt,
And riſing Weight my ſinking Limbs oppreſt.
What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurſe produce
To make Abortion by thy pow'rful Juice?
What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt Crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong Child, ſecure in his dark Cell,
With Nature's Vigour did our Arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd Empreſs of the Night
Nine Times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd Light:
Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
Of ſudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain:
My Throes came thicker, and my Cries encreaſt,
Which with her Hand the conſcious Nurſe ſuppreſt.
To that unhappy Fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my Clamours; but Fear kept me Dumb.
With inward Struggling I reſtrain'd my Cries,
And drunk the Tears that trickled from my Eyes.
Death was in ſight, *Lucina* gave no Aid;
And even my dying had my Guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt; and in thy Countenance ſate Deſpair:
Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:
Yet feigning Comfort which thou cou'dſt not give,
(Preſt in thy Arms, and whiſp'ring me to live:)
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy Life;
Live, my dear Siſter, and my dearer Wife.
Rais'd by that Name, with my laſt Pangs, I ſtrove:
Such Pow'r have Words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.

The

The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty Joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?
Fear of our *Father* does another form.
High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,
The King with his tempeſtuous Council ſate;
Thro' this large Room our only Paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born *Babe* convey:
Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurſe bore him out:
With Olive Branches cover'd round about;
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as Holy Rites ſhe meant,
Thro' the divided Crowd unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the Door th' unhappy Infant cry'd:
The Grandſire heard him, and the Theft he ſpy'd:
Swift as a Whirlwind to the Nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy Subjects with his Cries.
With one fierce Puff he blows the Leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd Infant lay.
The Noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging Mind
Too ſoon its own approaching Woes divin'd.
Not Ships at Sea with Winds are ſhaken more,
Nor Seas themſelves, when angry Tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear:
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my Fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain;
Scarce from my Murther could his Hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent Tears;
They flow'd; my Tongue was frozen up with Fears.
His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves and ev'ry Bird of Prey.

The

The Babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his Pardon with what Voice he cou'd.
By what Expreſſions can my Grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my Anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my Bowels, and what yet was worſe,
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a Curſe!
Out went the King; my Voice its Freedom found,
My Breaſts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the Meſſenger of Death,
Sad were his Looks, and ſcarce he drew his Breath,
To ſay, *Your Father ſends you* — (with that Word
His trembling Hands preſented me a Sword:)
Your Father ſends you this; and lets you know,
That your own Crimes the Uſe of it will ſhow.
Too well I know the Senſe thoſe Words impart:
His *Preſent* ſhall be treaſur'd in my Heart.
Are theſe the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives?
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own Diſgrace,
And take thy Torch from this deteſted Place;
Inſtead of that, let Furies light their Brands;
And fire my Pile with their infernal Hands.
With happier Fortune may my Siſters Wed;
Warn'd by the dire Example of the Dead.
For thee, poor Babe, what Crime could they pretend?
How could thy Infant Innocence offend?
A Guilt there was; but Oh that Guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a Sin that was not thine.
Thy Mother's Grief and Crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!

Unhappy

Unhappy Off-ſpring of my teeming Womb!
Drag'd headlong from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!
Thy un-offending Life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy Grave!
Nor on thy Tomb could offer my ſhorn Hair;
Nor ſhew the Grief which tender Mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my Arms be loſt,
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghoſt.
But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Deſpair,
Perform his Fun'rals with paternal Care.
His ſcatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn;
And once more join us in the pious Urn.
If on my wounded Breaſt thou drop'ſt a Tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my Breaſt that Wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt Deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel Father's Will.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By *ED. POLEY*, Eſq;

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *who was Son to* Theſeus *and* Phædra, *in returning from the* Trojan *War into his own Country, was by a Tempeſt driven upon the Coaſts of* Thrace, *where* Phillis, *who was then Queen of* Thrace, *entertain'd and marry'd him. When he had ſtay'd with her ſome Time, he heard that* Meneſtheus *was dead, (who, after he had conquer'd* Theſeus, *had uſurp'd the Government of* Athens) *and under pretence of ſettling his own Affairs, he went to* Athens, *and promis'd the Queen that he would come back again in a Month. When he had been gone four Months, and that ſhe had heard no News of him, ſhe writes him this Letter.*

YOu've gone beyond your Time, and ought to give
So kind a Wife as *Phillis* leave to grieve.
You promis'd me you would no longer ſtay,
Than 'till the firſt full Moon ſhould light your Way.
Thrice did it ſince its borrow'd Light renew,
And thrice has chang'd, but not ſo much as you.
Did you the Days, and Hours, and Minutes tell,
As *Phillis* does, and they that love ſo well,

You'd

You'd ſay 'twere time to weep; your Sorrows too
Would juſtify thoſe Tears ſhe ſheds for you.
Still did I hope, and thought you'd ſtill be here;
We hardly can believe thoſe Things we fear;
Now 'tis too plain, and, ſpight of Love and you,
I muſt both fear it, and believe it too.
How oft did I deceive my ſelf, and ſwore
I ſaw your Ship juſt making to the Shore?
Then curs'd thoſe Friends I thought had caus'd your ſtay:
Would you were half ſo innocent as they.
Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming Billows toſt,
You might be Shipwreck'd whilſt you ſought the Coaſt.
And griev'd t'have injur'd whom I thought ſo true,
I begg'd that Pardon I'd refus'd to you.
Then, cruel Man! did I the Gods implore
To let you live, tho' I ne'er ſaw you more.
When I a favourable Gale eſpy'd,
He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
And thus my Love ſtill ſought ſome new Pretence,
And I grew eloquent in your Defence.
Yet thou avoid'ſt me ſtill, nor do I ſee
Thoſe Promiſes thou mad'ſt to Heav'n and me.
" But thy falſe Vows, alas! were all but Wind,
" Thy Vows and Wiſhes made the Gale more kind:
" They fill'd your Sails, and you were forc'd away,
" By the ſame Wiſhes, which you made to ſtay.
What have I done, but lov'd to an Exceſs?
You'd not been guilty had I lov'd you leſs.
My only Crime is, loving you too well;
But ſure ſome Merit in that Crime does dwell.

Where's

Where's now your Faith? And where's the Love you bore?
Where are the Gods by whom you falſly ſwore;
Where's *Hymen* too, who join'd our tender Years?
He bid me love, and baniſh'd all my Fears.
You ſwore by th' ſwelling Billows of the Main,
Which you oft try'd, and yet would truſt again,
Rather than ſtay with me, tho' much more kind,
And conſtant too, than are the Seas or Wind.
You ſwore by the Great Ruler of the Flood,
The Heav'nly Author of your Royal Blood;
(If e'er a God had any thing to do
In one ſo falſe and ſo unkind as you)
You ſwore by *Venus*, and the fatal Steel
Of thoſe proud Darts, which too much I feel;
And by great *Juno*, whoſe reſiſtleſs Art
Gave thee my Hand, when I had giv'n my Heart.
Thou ſwor'ſt ſo much, that if each God ſhould be
Juſt to revenge his injur'd ſelf and me,
Such num'rous Miſchiefs on thy Head would fall,
Thou'dſt not have room enough to bear them all.
Diſtracted I, as if I'd fear your Stay,
Repair'd your Ships to hurry you away.
What Haſte you wanted, my curs'd Care ſupply'd,
Oars to your Sails, and Current to your Tide.
Thus was I falſely by my ſelf betray'd,
And periſh'd by the Wounds my Hands have made.
I fooliſhly believ'd thoſe Oaths you ſwore,
The Race you boaſted, and the Gods you bore.
Who could have thought ſuch gentle Words e'er hung
Upon a treacherous, deluding Tongue?

I ſaw

I ſaw your Tears, and I believ'd them all;
Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
What needed all that num'rous Perjury?
One was enough to her that lov'd like me.
I'm not aſham'd I did your Ships receive,
And your own Wants did carefully relieve;
Thoſe Debts I ow'd you on a nobler Score;
But then, 'tis true, I ſhould have done no more.
All I repent, is that I baſely ſtrove
T'increaſe your Welcome by a nuptial Love.
That Night that uſher'd in th' unhappy Day,
Which did me to your guilty Love betray;
I wiſh that fatal Night had been my laſt;
Then I had dy'd, but then I had been chaſte.
I hop'd you were, 'cauſe I deſerv'd you, *True!*
Is it a Crime to wiſh what is our due?
'Tis ſure no mighty Glory to deceive
A tender Maid, ſo willing to believe.
My Weakneſs does but heighten your Offence,
You kindly ſhould have ſpar'd my Innocence.
You've gain'd a Maid that lov'd you, and may't be
Your greateſt *Prize*, and only *Victory*.
May your proud *Statue*, rais'd by this Succeſs,
Shame your great *Father*, 'cauſe his *Crimes* were leſs;
And when late Story ſhall of *Tyrants* tell,
And who by *Syron*, and *Procruſtes* fell;
The *Centaurs* Flight, the *Thebans* Overthrow,
Who 'twas durſt force the diſmal Shades below;
Then for your *Honour* ſhall at laſt be ſaid,
Here's He, who by a wretched Wile betray'd
A Loving, Innocent, Believing Maid.

Of all thoſe *Acts*, we in your *Father* knew,
His *Treachery* alone remains in you.
What only can excuſe the *Ills* you do,
You both *inherit* and *admire* it too.
He *Ariadne* did betray, but ſhe
Enjoys a *Huſband* mightier far than He.
But the ſcorn'd *Thracians* my Embraces ſhun,
'Cauſe I from them into thy *Arms* did run.
Let her, they cry, to learned *Greece* be gone,
We'll find a Monarch to ſupply the Throne.
Thus all we do depends on an ill *Fate*,
Which does for ever on th' Unhappy wait;
But may that *Fate* all his beſt Thoughts attend,
Who judges others *Actions* by the End.
For ſhou'dſt thou ever bleſs theſe Seas again,
They'd praiſe that Love of which they now complain.
Then would they ſay, *What could ſhe better do,*
Both for her ſelf, and for her Kingdom too?
But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,
Forget'ſt my *Empire*, and forget'ſt my *Bed*.
Methinks I ſee thee ſtill, *Demophoon*,
Thy Sails all hoiſted, ready to be gone.
When boldly thou did'ſt my ſoft Limbs embrace,
And with long Kiſſes dwelt'ſt upon my Face;
Drown'd in my *Tears*, and in your own you lay,
And curs'd the Winds that haſten'd you away.
Then parting cry'd, (methinks I hear thee ſtill)
Phillis *I'll come, you may be ſure I will.*
Can I expect that thou'lt e'er ſee this Shore,
Who left'ſt it that thou ne'er might'ſt ſee me more?

And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may
Be only Guilty in too long a Stay.
What do I aſk? Thou, by new charms poſſeſs'd,
Forget'ſt my *Kindneſs* on another *Breaſt*;
And, better to compleat the *Treachery*,
Swear'ſt all thoſe Oaths, which thou haſt broke to me.
And haſt (falſe Man) perhaps forgat my Name,
And aſk'ſt too, who I am, and whence I came?
But that thou better may'ſt remember me,
Know, thou ungrateful Man, that I am ſhe,
Who, when thou'dſt wander'd all the Ocean o'er,
Harbour'd thy Ships, and welcom'd thee to Shore;
Thy Coffers ſtill repleniſh'd from my own,
And to that height a Prodigal was grown,
I gave thee all thou aſk'dſt, and gave ſo faſt,
I gave my ſelf into thy Pow'r at laſt;
I gave my *Scepter* and my *Crown* to *Thee*,
A Weight too heavy to be borne by me.
Where *Hæmus* does his ſhady Head diſplay,
And gentle *Hebrus* cuts his *Sacred* Way,
So great's the *Empire*, and ſo wide the *Land*,
Scarce to be govern'd by a *Woman*'s Hand,
She whom *Fate* would not ſuffer to be Chaſt,
Whoſe Nuptials with a Fun'ral Pomp was grac'd;
Shrill Cries diſturb'd us 'midſt our ſwiſteſt Joys,
And our drawn Curtains trembled with the Noiſe,
Then cloſe to thee I clung, all drown'd in Tears,
And ſought my Shelter, where I'd found my Fears.
And now while others drown their *Care* in Sleep,
I run to th' barren *Shore* and *Rocks*, to weep,
And view with longing *Eyes* the ſpacious Deep.

All Day and Night I the *Wind*'s Courſe ſurvey,
Impatient 'till I find it blows this Way:
And when a-far, a coming Sail I view,
I thank my Stars, and I conclude 'tis you;
Then with ſtrange haſte I run my Love to meet;
Nor can the flowing Waters ſtop my Feet.
When near, I grow more fearful than before,
A ſudden Trembling ſeizes me all o'er,
And leaves my Body breathleſs on the Shore.
Hard by, where two huge Mountains guard the Way,
There lyes a fearful, ſolitary *Bay*;
Oft I've reſolv'd, while on this Place I've ſtood,
To throw my ſelf into the raging Flood,
Wild with Deſpair, and I will do it ſtill,
Since you continue thus to uſe me ill.
And when the kinder Waves ſhall waft me o'er,
May'ſt thou behold my Body on the Shore
Unburied lye; and though thy Cruelty
Harder than Stone, or than thy ſelf ſhould be,
Yet ſhalt thou cry, aſtoniſh'd with the Show,
Phillis, *I was not to be follow'd ſo.*
Raging with Poiſons would I oft expire,
And quench my own by a much happier Fire.
Then to revenge the Loſs of all my Reſt,
Would ſtab thy Image in my tortur'd Breaſt.
Or by a Knot (more welcome far to me
Than that, falſe Man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
Strangle that Neck, where thoſe falſe Arms of thine,
With treach'rous Kindneſs, us'd ſo oft to twine;
And as becomes a poor unhappy Wife,
Repair my ruin'd Honour with my Life.

When

When we can once with our hard Fate comply,
'Tis eaſy then to chooſe the Way to die.
Then on my Tomb ſhall the proud *Cauſe* be read,
And thy ſad *Crime* ſtill live, when I am dead:
Poor Phillis *dy'd, by him ſhe lov'd oppreſs'd;*
The trueſt Miſtreſs, by the falſeſt Gueſt.
He was the cruel Cauſe of all her Woe,
But her own Hand perform'd the fatal Blow.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By Mr. *ED. FLOYD.*

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *the Son of* Theſeus *and* Phædra, *returning from the* Trojan *Wars, was by adverſe Winds driven on the* Thracian *Shore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by* Phillis, *Daughter to* Lycurgus *and* Cruſtumena, *King and Queen of* Thrace: *With whom, after he had a while remain'd, hearing of the Death of* Mneſtheus *(the Depoſer of his Father) he went to take Poſſeſſion of his own Realm of* Athens, *yet with earneſt Proteſtations of returning within the Space of one Month. But being detain'd paſt the appointed time by the Diſtractions his People were under, he gave occaſion to* Phillis *(impatient of delays) to write him this Epiſtle.*

PHillis (who entertain'd thy Love and Thee,
Faithleſs *Demophoon)* blames thy Perjury;
How when with Pain we parted didſt thou mourn,
And ſeem'dſt to live alone for thy Return!
How didſt thou limit my Diſtreſs, and ſwear
Within one Month thy ſpeedy Preſence here!
Yet now four Moons are weary'd out, and ſee
Thee ſtill regardleſs of thy Vows and me.
Hadſt thou a tender Senſe to know the Pain
Of abſent Lovers, who expect in vain,

Thou

Thou wouldſt not call me haſty, nor upbraid
Theſe humble Murmurs of a Wife betray'd.
We're ſlow in our believing Ill, for I
Flatter'd my ſelf that yet I ſhou'd not die:
My ſelf I've oft deluded, — thought thee kind —
—— Thy Ship returning with a proſp'rous Wind:
Theſeus I've curſt, and yet unjuſtly him,
For thou perhaps art Author of thy Crime.
The dang'rous Shoals of *Hebrus* made me mourn,
As fancying thee expos'd in thy Return.
Oft for thy Health I've ſought the Gods by Pray'r,
And Incenſe burnt to place thee in their Care.
Whene'er the Wind ſtood fair, I fancy'd ſtreight
Thy ſudden Preſence, or thy certain Fate.
Then have I ſtudy'd Reaſons for thy Stay,
And urg'd my Wit to favour thy Delay:
Yet doſt not thou the Senſe of Vows retain,
To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
Thy ſtricteſt Vows did mix with common Air,
Nor does thy tardy Fleet the Fault repair.
Thy Abſence fully does my Crime reprove,
And ſeems deſign'd to pay ſo cheap a Love.
My only Fault was loving eaſily;
And yet that Fault claims Gratitude in thee.
Where's now thy Faith,—thy ſuppliant Hands, and where
The God prophan'd by thy fallacious Pray'r?
Where's *Hymen* now that ſhould our Hearts unite,
Bleſs and ſecure our conjugal delight?
Firſt, by the Sea thou ſwor'ſt thy Meaning juſt,
The Sea that then thou wert about to truſt:

Thou ſwor'ſt by thy pretended Grandſire's Name,
The God that does rebellious Storms reclaim.
By *Venus* and by Love's Artillery,
The Inſtruments of mighty Woes to me:
By *Juno*, who of Marriage Vows takes care,
And *Ceres*, who the hallow'd Torch does bear:
Shou'd theſe wrong'd Pow'rs be juſt, cou'dſt thou withſtand
The angry ſtroke of an Almighty Hand?
Thy Ships I did repair, thy Sails improve,
And ſtrengthen'd the Deſerter of my Love.
I gave thee Oars as Inſtruments of ſpeed,
And ſharpen'd all the Darts by which I bleed.
Thy Words—thy Kindred Gods—whate'er was feign'd
With Joy I heard, with Faith I entertain'd:
View'd with regard thy falſe commanded Tears,
Thy artful Sorrow, and thy ſeeming Fears.
Thy Arts of Love to me thou might'ſt have ſpar'd,
For I was too unhappily prepar'd.
Nor ſhou'd I grieve to have well treated thee,
And limited my Hoſpitality,
But to admit thee looſely to my Breaſt,
Is Treaſon, fatal to my preſent Reſt.
Ah! had I dy'd before that Evening came,
I then had dy'd in Peace, ſecure of Fame.
Yielding I hop'd thy Gratitude might move,
And ſhewing mine, deſerve thy utmoſt Love.
But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
(All pitileſs) a frail believing Maid:
A Maid that lov'd thee thou haſt robb'd of Fame,
And may no greater Honour reach thy Name.

In *Athens* when thy Statue ſhall be plac'd
Near thy great Father with his Trophies grac'd;
When *Scyron* and *Procruſtes* ſhall be read,
Scinis and *Minotaure* in triumph led:
Thebes quite reduc'd, the *Centaurs* overcome,
Hell ſtorm'd, and the black King diſturb'd at home;
Thy hated Image thus inſcrib'd ſhall end—
—*He who betray'd his Miſtreſs and his Friend.*
Of all thy mighty Father has atchiev'd,
Thou lik'ſt that *Ariadne* was deceiv'd:
What he repented, thou doſt ſtill admire,
And only to his Treachery art Heir:
(Unenvy'd) ſhe enjoys a nobler Mate,
And drawn by harneſs'd Tygers, rides in State.
The *Thracians*, whom I ſcorn'd, now ſhun my Bed,
As one by ſtrange pollated hands miſ-led:
Says one, Let learned *Athens* be her place,
Some nobler Hand ſhall govern warlike *Thrace*.
The End proves all—and may he never hit
His raſh Preſage, who dares condemn thee yet,
For ſhould'ſt thou now return, each will conclude
I ſtudy'd with my own my Country's Good:
I've fail'd, alas! Thou no Review doſt make
Or of my Palace or the Cryſtal Lake.
My Eyes retain thy graceful Image, when
With mournful Bows thou bad'ſt me hope again.
Thou did'ſt embrace me, and with ſuch delay,
That long-breath'd Kiſſes ſeem'd to mean thy Stay;
Thou didſt exchange, and mix our Tears, and ſwear
The Wind was inauſpicious, when 'twas fair;

When our Divorce thou cou'dſt no more decline,
Thou ſaid'ſt, *Expect me*—Phillis, *I am thine:*
Him I expect, who meant to come no more,
And Ships no more deſign'd to touch this Shore:
Yet ſtill I hope—ah! come, tho' paſt thy time,
That thy Delay may be thy only Crime.
Some wanton Maid (perhaps) ſeduces thee.
And buys thy Love with cheap Diſcourſe of me.
Thou can'ſt not be unmindful who I am,
Conſult thy ſelf for my neglected Name;
Phillis, thy conſtant, hoſpitable Friend,
Who did her Harbour and Aſſiſtance lend:
Love, Empire, All ſubmitted to thy Will,
Who gave thee much, and wiſh'd to give thee ſtill;
Lycurgus' Land ſurrender'd to thy Sway,
And to thy Hand its Scepter did convey,
As far as *Rhodope* and *Hæmus* go,
And the ſoft Streams of ſacred *Hebrus* flow;
Thee my laſt Bluſhes bleſt, thy Loves long Toils
Rewarded with my conquer'd Virgin Spoils.
The howling Fiends and ominous Birds of Night
With diſmal Notes perform'd each Nuptial Rite:
With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alecto* came,
To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.
On Rocks I walk—and o'er the barren Sand,
Far as my Eyes can reach the ſpacious Strand,
Look out all Hours to ſee what Wind ſtands fair,
By Earth's cold Damp untir'd, or Heav'n's bleak Air;
When any diſtant Sail I chance to ſpy,
I fancy, thy looſe Streamers drawing nigh;

Launch'd

Launch'd into Sea, the tardy Gales I chide,
And to meet thee I ſtem th' impetuous Tide;
When their Approach declares my Hopes are vain,
I fainting crave th' Aſſiſtance of my Train.
Above the Bay, which the ſpent Billows blocks,
And forms a Precipice of pendent Rocks,
Thence my Deſpair preſented me a Grave,
And nought but thy Return my Life ſhall ſave.
May ſome kind Wave to thy own Shore convey,
And at thy Feet thy floating *Phillis* lay,
Thy melting Heart this diſmal Sound will groan,
In theſe Embraces join'd, we meet too ſoon—
Oft have I thirſted for a pois'nous Draught,
As oft a Death from ſome kind Poniard ſought;
Oft round that Neck a ſilken Twine I caſt,
Which once thy dear perfidious Arms embrac'd.
By Death I'll heal my preſent Infamy,
But ſtay to chooſe the ſpeedieſt way to die.
This ſad ſhort Epitaph ſhall ſpeak my Doom,
And fix my mournful Story on my Tomb,
This Monument did falſe Demophoon *build,*
With the cold Aſhes of his Miſtreſs fill'd;
He was the Cauſe, and her's the Hand that kill'd.

HYPERMNESTRA TO LINUS.

By Mr. *WRIGHT*.

The ARGUMENT.

Danaus, *King of* Argos, *had by ſeveral Wives fifty Daughters, his Brother* Egyptus *as many Sons.* Danaus, *refuſing to Marry his Daughters to his Brother's Sons, was at laſt compelled by an Army. In Revenge, he Commands his Daughters each to Murther her Huſband on the Wedding Night: All obey'd but* Hypermneſtra, *who aſſiſted her Huſband* Linus *to eſcape; for which being afterwards impriſoned and put in Irons, ſhe writes this Epiſtle.*

TO that dear Brother who alone ſurvives,
Of Fifty, late, whoſe Love betray'd their Lives,
Writes ſhe that ſuffers in her Lord's Defence:
Unhappy Wife, whoſe Crime's her Innocence!
For ſaving him I love, I'm Guilty call'd:
Had I been truly ſo, I'd been extoll'd.
Let me be Guilty ſtill, ſince this they ſay
Is Guilt, I glory thus to diſobey.
Torments nor Death ſhall draw me to repent;
Though againſt me they uſe that Inſtrument
From which I ſav'd a Huſband's dearer Life,
And with one Sword kill *Linus* and his Wife;

Yet

Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,
Or bluſh t'have lov'd: That let my *Siſters* do:
Such Shame, and ſuch Repentance is their due.
I'm ſeiz'd with Terror, while I but relate,
And ſhun Remembrance of a Crime I hate!
The frightful Memory of that dire Night
Enervates ſo my Hand I ſcarce can write.
Howe'er I'll try. With Ceremony gay
About the Set of Night, and Riſe of Day,
The wicked Siſters were in Triumph led,
And I among 'em, to the Nuptial Bed.
The Marriage Lights, as Fun'ral Lamps appear,
And threatning Omens meet us ev'ry where.
Hymen they call: *Hymen* neglects their Cries:
Nay *Juno* too from her own *Argos* flies.
Now come the Bridegrooms, high with Wine, to find
Something with us, more lov'd than Wine, behind.
Full of impatient Love, careleſs and brave,
They ſeize the Bed, not ſeeing there a Grave.
What follow'd, Shame forbids me to expreſs;
But who ſo Ignorant as not to gueſs.
Now their tir'd Senſes they to Sleep commit,
A Sleep as ſtill as Death; ah, too like it!
'Twas then, methought, I heard their Groans that dy'd
Alas! 'twas more than Thought! I, terrify'd,
Lay trembling, cold, and without Pow'r to move
In that dear Bed, which you had made me love.
While you in the ſoft Bonds of Sleep lay faſt,
Charm'd with the Joys of Love, then newly paſt:
Fearing to diſobey, I riſe at laſt.

Witneſs,

Witneſs, ſweet Heav'ns, how tender was the Strife,
Betwixt the Name of Daughter and of Wife.
Thrice o'er your Breaſt, which did ſo lately join
In ſuch an Ecſtaſy of Love to mine,
I rais'd the pointed Steel to pierce that Part;
But ah! th' Attempt ſtrook nearer to my Heart.
My Soul divided thus, theſe Words, among
A thouſand Sighs, fell ſoftly from my Tongue.
'Doſt thou not heed a Father's awful Will?
'Doſt thou not fear his Pow'r? On then, and kill.
'How can I kill, when I conſider who?
'Can I think Death? againſt a Lover too?
'What has my Sex with Blood and Arms to do?
'Fye, thou art by Love to Shame betray'd;
'Thy Siſter-Brides by this have all obey'd;
'With Shame their Courage and their Duty ſee:
'If not a Daughter, yet a Siſter be.
'No, I will never ſtrike: If one muſt die,
'*Linus* ſhall live, and my Death his ſupply.
'What has he done, or I, what greater Ill?
'For him to die, and I much worſe, to kill?
'Were he as guilty as my Father wou'd
'Preſent him, why muſt I be ſtain'd with Blood?
'Poniards and Swords ill with my Sex agree:
'Soft Looks, and Sighs of Love, our Weapons be.
As I lamented thus, the Tears apace
Dropt from my pitying Eyes, on thy lov'd Face.
While you, with kind and am'rous Dreams poſſeſt,
Threw careleſly your dear Arm o'er my Breaſt,
There thinking to repeat Joys lately known,
Your Hand upon my Sword was almoſt thrown.

'Twas

'Twas time to call; no longer I forebore,
Dreading the Day's Approach, my Father more.
Wake, *Linus*, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
Or ſleep for ever here! Th' Alarm you take,
Start up; aſk twenty Queſtions in one Breath:
To all I anſwer thus —— Delay is Death;
Fly while 'tis dark, and 'ſcape eternal Night.
While it was dark you made a happy Flight:
I ſtay'd to meet the Terrors of the Light.
With Day my Father comes, the Dead to view;
And finds the diſmal Sum one ſhort, by you.
Enrag'd to ſee his Treachery betray'd,
By his Command, I'm thus in Fetters laid.
Is this Reward due to my Love from Fate?
Ah, wretched Flame! Paſſion unfortunate!
Since *Io* ſuffer'd under *Juno*'s Rage,
Nothing that rivall'd Goddeſs can aſſwage.
Th' unhappy Miſtreſs of the mighty *Jove*,
Chang'd to a Cow, a Form unapt for Love,
Views in her Father's Streams her Head's Array,
Sees her own Horns, and frighted, ſtarts away.
When ſhe'd complain, ſhe lows; and equal Fears
From her new ſelf ſurpriſe her Eyes and Ears.
In vain to loſe the frightful Shape ſhe tries,
For *Io* follows ſtill, where *Io* flies.
In vain ſhe wanders over Lands and Seas;
Can ſhe find Cure whoſe ſelf is the Diſeaſe?
Sadly ſevere the Change in her appear'd,
Whoſe Beauty *Jove* has lov'd, and *Juno* fear'd:
Graſs and the Springs her Food and Drink ſupply:
Her only Lodging's the unſheltring Sky.

What

What need I urge Antiquity? my Fate
Is a freſh Inſtance of the Goddeſs' Hate.
A double ſtock of Tears by me are ſpilt,
Both for my Brothers Death, and Siſters Guilt.
Yet, as if that were ſmall, theſe Chains arrive,
'Cauſe I, alone, am guiltleſs, you alive.
But, my dear Lord, if any Thought you have,
Or of the Love, or of the Life I gave:
If any Memory with you does laſt,
Or of the Pleaſures, or the Dangers paſt,
Now, *Linus*, now ſome Help to her afford,
Who wants the Liberty ſhe gave her Lord.
If Life forſake me ere I you can ſee,
And Death, before my *Linus*, ſet me free,
Yet my unhappy Earth from hence remove,
And give thoſe Obſequies are due to Love.
When I'm interr'd I know ſome Tears will fall:
Then let this little Epitaph be all.
Here lies a Love compleat, tho' hapleſs Wife,
Who catch'd the Death aim'd at her Huſband's Life.
Here I muſt reſt my Hand, tho' much remains,
'Tis quite diſabled with the Weight of Chains.

ARIADNE to THESEUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Minus, *King of* Crete, *by a ſharp War compell'd the* Athenians, *(who had treacherouſly ſlain his Son* Androgeos) *to ſend yearly ſeven young Men, and as many Virgins, to be devour'd by the* Minotaure; *a Monſter begotten by a Bull upon his Wife* Paſiphæ, *while he was engaged in that War. The Chance at laſt fell upon* Theſeus *to be ſent among thoſe Youths; who by the Inſtruction of* Ariadne *eſcaped out of the Labyrinth, after he had kill'd the* Minotaure, *and, together with her, fled to the Iſle of* Naxos. *But, being commanded by* Bacchus, *he forſook her, while ſhe ſlept. When ſhe awak'd, and found her ſelf deſerted, ſhe writes this Letter.*

THan ſavage Beaſts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am ſpar'd!
Theſe Lines from that unhappy Shore I write,
Where you forſook me in your faithleſs Flight,
And the moſt tender Lover did betray,
While lock'd in Sleep, and in your Arms ſhe lay.
When Morning Dew on all the Fields did fall,
And Birds with early Songs for Day did call;
Then I, half ſleeping, ſtretch'd me tow'rds your Place,
And ſought to preſs you with a new Embrace:

Oft

Oft ſought to preſs you cloſe, but ſtill in vain;
My folding Arms came empty back again.
Startled, I roſe, and found that you were gone,
Then on my widow'd Bed fell raging down:
Beat the fond Breaſt, where, ſpight of me, you dwell,
And tore that Hair, which you once lik'd ſo well.
By the Moon's Light I the wide Shore did view,
But all was Deſart, and no Sight of you.
Then every Way with Love's mad Haſte I fly,
But ill my Feet with my Deſires comply;
Weary they ſink in the deep yielding Sands,
Refuſing to obey ſuch wild Commands.
To all the Shore of *Theſeus* I complain,
The Hills and Rocks ſend back that Name again:
Oft they repeat aloud the mournful Noiſe,
And kindly aid a hoarſe and dying Voice.
Tho' faint, yet ſtill impatient, next I try
To climb a rough ſteep Mountain which was nigh:
(My furious Love unuſual Strength ſupply'd:)
From thence, caſting my Eyes on every Side,
Far off the flying Veſſel I eſpy'd.
In your ſwell'd Sails the wanton Winds did play,
(They court you ſince they ſee you falſe as they.)
I ſaw, or fancy'd that I ſaw you there,
And my chill Veins froze up with cold Deſpair:
Thus did I languiſh, 'till returning Rage
In new Extreams did my fir'd Soul engage.
Theſeus, I cry, perfidious *Theſeus* ſtay!
(But you are deaf, deaf as the Winds, or Sea!)
Stay your falſe Flight, and let your Veſſel bear
Hence the whole Number which ſhe landed here!

In

In loud and doleful Shrieks I tell the reſt;
And with freſh Fury wound my hated Breaſt.
Then all my ſhining Ornaments I tear,
And with ſtretch'd Arms wave them in open Air,
That you might ſee her whom you could not hear.
But when out of my Sight the Veſſel flew,
And the Horizon ſhut me from the View;
From my ſad Eyes, what Floods of Tears did fall?
('Till then Rage would not let me weep at all.)
Still let them weep, for loſing Sight of you,
'Tis the whole Buſineſs which they ought to do.
Like *Bacchus'* raving Prieſts ſometimes I go:
With ſuch wild Haſte, with Hair diſhevel'd ſo.
Then on ſome craggy Rock ſit ſilent down,
As cold, unmov'd, and ſenſeleſs as the Stone.
To our once happy Bed I often fly;
(No more the Place of mutual Love and Joy.)
See where my much-lov'd *Theſeus* once was laid,
And kiſs the Print which his dear body made.
Here we both lay, I cry, falſe Bed reſtore
My *Theſeus*, kind and faithful as before.
I brought him here, here loſt him while I ſlept.
How well, falſe Bed, you have my Lover kept!
Alone and helpleſs in this deſart Place,
The Steps of Man or Beaſt I cannot trace;
On every ſide the foaming Billows beat,
But no kind Ship does offer a Retreat.
And ſhould the Gods ſend me ſome lucky Sail,
Calm Seas, good Pilots, and a proſp'rous Gale;
Yet then my Native Soil I durſt not ſee,
But a ſad Exile muſt for ever be.

From

From all *Crete*'s hundred Cities I am curſt,
From that fam'd Iſle where Infant *Jove* was nurſt.
Crete I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,
Betray'd my Father, who that Crown does wear,
When to your Hands the fatal Clew I gave,
Which thro' the winding Lab'rinth led you ſafe:
Then how you lov'd, how eagerly embrac'd!
How oft you ſwore, by all your Dangers paſt,
That with my Life your Love ſhould ever laſt!
Ah, perjur'd *Theſeus*, I thy Love ſurvive,
If one forſaken and expos'd does live.
Had you ſlain me, as you my Brother ſlew,
You'd then abſolv'd your ſelf from ev'ry Vow;
Now both my preſent Grief denies me Reſt,
And all, that a wild Fancy can ſuggeſt
Of dreadful Ills to come, diſtracts my Breaſt.
Before my Eyes a thouſand Deaths appear,
I live, yet ſuffer all the Deaths I fear.
Sometimes I think that Lions there do go,
And ſcarce dare truſt my Sight, that 'tis not ſo.
Imagine that fierce Wolves are howling there,
And at the imagin'd Noiſe ſhrink up with Fear.
Then think what Monſters from the Sea may riſe,
Or fancy bloody Swords before my Eyes.
But moſt I dread to be a Captive made,
And ſee theſe Hands in ſervile Works employ'd,
Unworthy my Extraction from a Line
On one ſide Royal, and on both Divine:
And, (which my Indignation more would move,)
Unworthy her whom *Theſeus* once did love.

If

If tow'rds the Sea I look, or tow'rds the Land,
Objects of Horror ſtill before me ſtand.
Nor dare I look tow'rds Heav'n, or hope to find
Aid from thoſe Gods who chang'd my *Theſeus'* Mind.
If Beaſts alone within this Iſland ſtay,
Behold me left to them a helpleſs Prey!
If Men dwell here, they muſt be ſavage too;
This Soil, this Heav'n made gentle *Theſeus* ſo.
Would *Athens* never had my Brother ſlain,
Nor for his paid ſo many Lives again.
Would thy ſtrong Arm had never giv'n the Wound,
Which ſtruck the doubtful Monſter to the Ground;
Nor I had giv'n the guiding Thread to thee,
Which, to my own Deſtruction, ſet thee free.
Let the unknowing World thy Conqueſt praiſe,
It does not *Ariadne's* Wonder raiſe:
So hard a Heart, unarm'd, might ſafely ſcorn
The Strength and Sharpneſs of the Monſter's Horn:
If Flint or Steel could be ſecure of Wound,
No room for Fear could in that Breaſt be found.
Curſt be the Sleep which ſeal'd theſe Eyes ſo faſt!
Curſt, that begun, it did not ever laſt!
For ever curſt be that officious Wind,
Which fill'd thy Sails, and in my Ruin join'd!
Curſt Hand, which me, and which my Brother kill'd!
(With what Misfortunes our ſad Houſe 't has fill'd!)
And curſt the Tongue, which with ſoft Words betray'd,
And empty Vows, a poor believing Maid!
Sleep and the Winds againſt me had combin'd
In vain, if perjur'd *Theſeus* had not join'd.

Poor

Poor *Ariadne*, thou muſt periſh here,
Breathe out thy Soul in ſtrange and hated Air,
Nor ſee thy pitying Mother ſhed one Tear:
Want a kind Hand which thy fix'd Eyes may cloſe,
And thy ſtiff Limbs may decently compoſe.
Thy Carcaſs to the Birds muſt be a Prey.
Thus *Theſeus* all thy Kindneſs does repay!
Mean while to *Athens* your ſwift Ship does run;
There tell the wondring Crowd what you have done:
How the mixt Prodigy you did ſubdue;
The Beaſt and Man, how with one Stroke you ſlew.
Deſcribe the Lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
You 'ſcap'd from all thoſe perplex'd Mazes free.
Tell, in return, what gen'rous Things you've done:
Such Gratitude will all your Triumphs crown!
Sprung ſure from Rocks, and not of human Race!
Thy Cruelty does thy great Line diſgrace.
Yet couldſt thou ſee, as barb'rous as thou art,
Theſe diſmal Looks, ſure they would touch thy Heart.
You cannot ſee, you think you ſaw me now
Fix'd to ſome Rock, as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the Waves which roll below.
Look on my torn and my diſorder'd Hairs,
Look on my Robe wet through with Show'rs of Tears.
With the cold Blaſts ſee my whole Body ſhakes,
And my numm'd Hand unequal Letters makes.
I do not urge my hated Merit now,
But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe.
I neither ſav'd your Life, nor ſet you free:
Yet therefore muſt you force this Death on me?

Ah!

Ah! ſee this wounded Breaſt worn out with Sighs,
And theſe faint Arms ſtretch'd to the Seas and Skies,
See theſe few Hairs yet ſpar'd by Grief and Rage,
Some Pity let theſe flowing Tears engage.
Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
Yet lay my Aſhes in their peaceful Urn.

HERMIONE

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

By *JOHN PULTNEY*, Eſq;

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione, *the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helena, *was by* Tyndarus *her Grandfather (to whom* Menelaus *had committed the Government of his Houſe when he went to* Troy) *contracted to* Oreſtes. *Her Father* Menelaus, *not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to* Pyrrhus, *the Son of* Achilles, *who returning from the* Trojan *Wars, ſtole her away. Whereupon ſhe writes to* Oreſtes *as follows.*

THIS, dear *Oreſtes*, this, with Health to you,
From her that was your Wife and Couſin too;
Your Couſin ſtill, but oh! that dearer Name
Of Wife, another now does falſely claim.
What Woman can, I have already done,
Yet I'm confin'd by rough *Achilles'* Son.
With much of Pain, and all the Art I knew,
I ſtrove to ſhun him, yet all would not do.
Stand off, ſaid I, foul Raviſher take heed,
My injur'd Huſband will revenge this Deed;
Yet he, more deaf than angry Tempeſts are,
To his loath'd Chamber dragg'd me by the Hair.

Had

Had *Troy* ſtill ſtood, had every *Grecian* Dame
Become a Prey to th' haughty Victor's Flame,
What could I more have ſuffer'd than I do?
Far more than poor *Andromache* e'er knew.
But oh, my Dear! if, as I have for thee,
Thou haſt a tender Care, or Thought for me,
Come bravely on, and as robb'd Tygers bold,
Snatch me half murther'd from the Monſter's hold.
Can you purſue each petty Robber's Life?
And yet thus tamely loſe a raviſh'd Wife?
Think how my Father *Menelaus* rag'd
For his loſt Queen, think what a War he wag'd,
When pow'rful *Greece* was in his Cauſe engag'd.
Had he ſat quietly, and nothing try'd,
As once ſhe was, ſhe'd ſtill been *Paris'* Bride.
Prepare no Fleet, you will no Forces need,
By you, and only you, I would be freed.
Not but wrong'd Marriage is a Cauſe alone
Sufficient for th' engaging World to own.
Sprung from the Royal *Pelopean* Line,
You are no leſs by Blood than Marriage mine.
Theſe double Ties a double Love perſuade,
And each ſufficient to deſerve your Aid.
I to your Arms was by my Guardian giv'n,
The only Bliſs I would have begg'd from Heav'n.
But that unknown, (O my unhappy Fate!)
My Father gave me to the Man I hate.
Juſt were thoſe Infant Vows to you I made,
But this laſt Act has all thoſe Vows betray'd.
Too well he knows what 'tis to be in Love;
How can he then my Paſſion diſapprove?

Since

Since Love himſelf has felt, he will, nay muſt,
Allow this Paſſion in his Daughter juſt.
My Fate reſembles my wrong'd Father's Caſe,
And *Pyrrhus* is that Thief that *Paris* was.
Let my proud Goaler the brave Deeds run o'er,
Count all the Laurels his great Parents wore,
What e'er his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.
Let him claim Kindred with ſome God above,
You are deſcended from the mighty *Jove*.
Brave as you are, I wiſh 'twere underſtood
By ſomething elſe, than by *Ægiſthus'* Blood;
Yet you are Innocent, Fate drew the Sword,
And a religious Duty gave the Word.
With this the Tyrant does my Lord diſgrace,
And what's ſtill worſe, dares do it to my Face:
Whilſt burſt with Envy, I am forc'd to be
Rackt, and tormented with his Blaſphemy.
Shall my *Oreſtes* be abus'd, and I
As one that's unconcern'd ſit careleſs by?
No, though diſabled, and of Arms bereft,
Yet as a Woman I have one way left,
Tears I can ſhed, ſuch as will yield Relief
To my ſick Mind, choak'd with exceſs of Grief;
For when the big-charg'd Storm hath loſt its Pow'r,
It ſighs it ſelf into a ſilent Show'r.
This I can do, whilſt by each other preſt,
The dewy Pearls run trickling o'er my Breaſt.
But how ſhou'd I this fatal Woe eſcape?
All our whole Race was ſubject to a Rape:
I need not tell, how, in ſoft Feathers dreſt,
The wanton God his ſofter Nymph poſſeſt;

How

How thro' the Deep in unknown Ships convey'd
Hippodamé was from her Friends betray'd;
How the fair *Tyndaris*, by Force detain'd,
By th' *Amyclæan* Brethren was regain'd,
How afterwards by all the *Grecian* Pow'r
She was brought back from the *Idæan* Shore.
I ſcarce remember that ſad Day, and yet,
Young as I was, I do remember it.
Her Brothers wept, her Siſter, to remove
Her Fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own *Jove*,
Mother, ſaid I, in a weak mournful Tone,
Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?
When you are gone, why ſhou'd I ſtay behind?
All this I ſpoke, but ſpoke it to the Wind.
Now like the reſt of my curſt Pedigree,
By this loath'd Wretch I am detain'd from thee.
The brave *Achilles* wou'd have blam'd his Son,
Nor, had he liv'd, wou'd this have e'er been done.
He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide
Thoſe two, whom Marriage had ſo firmly ty'd.
What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your Hate,
Or what curs'd Star rules my unhappy Fate?
Why am I plagu'd by your injurious Pow'r,
Robb'd of my Parents in a tender Hour?
He to the War, ſhe with her Lover fled,
Though living both, yet both to me were dead.
No babbling Words, half fram'd upon my Tongue,
Lull'd me to ſoft Repoſe when I was young.
Your tender Neck was ne'er embrac'd by me,
Nor ſat I ever ſmiling on your Knee;

You never tended me, nor was I led
By thee (dear Mother) to my Marriage-Bed.
At your Return, I ſaw, but knew you not;
So ſure my Mother's Face I had forgot.
I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no Feature there,
Yet thought 'twas you, 'cauſe ſo divinely Fair.
Such was our Ignorance, even you, alas!
Aſk'd your own Daughter, where your Daughter was.
Thou, my *Oreſtes*, wert my ſole Delight,
Yet thee too I muſt loſe, unleſs you fight.
Pyrrhus withholds me from thy Arms, that's all
Hermione has gain'd by *Ilium*'s Fall.
Soon as the early Harbinger of Day
Gilds the glad Orb with his reſplendent Ray;
My Grief's made gentler by th' approaching Light,
And ſome Pain ſeems to vaniſh with the Night;
And when a Darkneſs o'er the Earth is ſpread,
And I return all penſive to my Bed,
Tears from my Eyes, as Streams from Fountains flow,
I ſhun this Huſband, as I ſhun a Foe.
Oft grown unmindful through diſtractive Cares,
I've ſtretch'd my Arms, and touch'd him unawares;
Strait then I check the wand'ring Senſe, and fly
To the Bed's utmoſt Limits, yet I lie
Reſtleſs even there, and think I'm ſtill too nigh.
Oft I for *Pyrrhus* have *Oreſtes* ſaid,
But bleſt the Error which my Tongue had made.
Now by that Royal God, whoſe Frown can make
The Vaſſal Globe of his Creation ſhake,
Th' Almighty Sire of our unhappy Race,
And by the ſacred Urn that does embrace

Thy

Thy Father's Duſt, whoſe once loud Blood may boaſt
Thou in Repoſe haſt laid his ſleeping Ghoſt;
I'll either live my dear *Oreſtes'* Wife,
Or to untimely Fate reſign my Life.

LEANDER to HERO.

By Mr. *TATE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Leander, *accuſtom'd nightly to ſwim over the* Helleſpont *to viſit* Hero *(Prieſteſs of* Venus' *Temple) being at laſt hinder'd by Storms from his wonted Courſe, ſends her the following Epiſtle.*

REceive this Letter from *Leander*, fraught
With Service which he rather would have brought.
Read with a Smile,—and yet, if thou would'ſt crown
My wiſer Wiſhes, read them with a Frown:
That Anger from thy Kindneſs will proceed,
'Cauſe of *Leander* thou canſt only read.
The Seas rage high, and ſcarce could we prevail
With the moſt daring Mariner to ſail.
Embark'd at laſt, and ſkulking in the Hold,
My Stealth is to my jealous Parents told,
As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.
I writ, ſince Writing was my ſole Relief,
And o'er the dewy Sheets thus breath'd my Grief.
Bleſt Letter, go, my tend'reſt Thoughts convey,
To her warm Lip thy Signets ſhe will lay,
And with a Kiſs diſſolve thy Seals away.

Sev'n

Sev'n tedious Nights guiltleſs of Sleep I've ſtood;
Sigh'd with the Winds, and murmur'd with the Flood;
Then climbing th' utmoſt Cliffs her Coaſt to view,
My Tears, like Glaſſes, th' Object nearer drew:
By th' adverſe Winds and Waves detain'd on Shore,
My Thoughts run all our former Pleaſures o'er,
And in ſoft Scenes of Fancy re-enjoy
The Bliſs that did our Infant Loves employ.
'Twas Night (a Curſe on the impert'nent Light
That pry'd and marr'd the Pleaſures of that Night)
When firſt I ſwam the Ford; while *Cynthia*'s Beams
Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the Streams.
My drooping Arms, in hopes they ſhall at length
Embrace thy Neck, feel freſh Supplies of Strength,
The wond'ring Waves to their new Fury yield,
Not *Tritons* faſter plow the liquid Field.

Soon on the Temple's Spire your Torch I ſpy'd,
Fix'd like a Star my wat'ry Courſe to guide;
Which, Planet-like, ſhoots Vigour through my Veins;
The Warmth of my Immortal Love ſuſtains,
In the cold Flood, Life's periſhing Remains.

But now the gentleſt Star that bleſt my Way,
Your bright ſelf on the Turret I ſurvey.
Then with redoubled Strokes the Waves divide,
And by my *Hero* am at laſt deſcry'd:
Scarce could your careful Confident reſtrain,
But you would plunge, and meet me in the Main;
And made ſo far your kind Endeavours good,
That Ankle-deep on the Ford's Brink you ſtood,
And ſeem'd the new-ris'n *Venus* of the Flood.

The Shore now gain'd, to your dear Arms I flew,
All dropping as I was with briny Dew;
Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome Gueſt;
Your warm Lip to my bloodleſs Cheek you preſt,
Nor felt my Locks diſtilling on your Breaſt.
Your haſty Robes are o'er my Shoulders thrown,
To ſhroud my ſhiv'ring Limbs, you ſtript your own:
Forgetting how your too officious Care
Left thee (my tend'reſt Part) expos'd to Air;
The Night and we are conſcious to the reſt;
Delights that ought not, cannot be expreſt;
We knew ſhort Space was to our Pleaſures ſet,
And therefore lov'd not at the common rate;
But th' utmoſt Fury of our Flames employ'd,
The Minutes flew leſs faſt than we enjoy'd.
With ſuch diſpatch that Night's dear Joys we wrought,
To recollect would make an Age of Thought.
At length the ſickning Stars began t' expire,
And I with them am ſummon'd to retire.
Confus'dly then we our Love-Taſk diſpatcht,
Ten thouſand Kiſſes in a Minute ſnatcht.
Your Woman chid that I ſo long delay'd,
You preſt me cloſe, then aſk'd me why I ſtaid.
My Stay you firſt reprov'd, and then my Haſte,
Nor cry'd Farewell, 'till you had claſp'd me faſt.
Day broke ere we our Am'rous Strife could end;
Then ſighing I to the cold *Becch* deſcend.
Truſt me, the Seas from your dear Coaſts ſeem ſteep,
And all the Way methinks I climb the Deep.
But when reviſiting your Shores, I ſeem
Deſcending ſtill, and rather fall than ſwim.

I loath my Native Soil, and only prize
That Region where my Love's dear Treaſure lies.
Why is not *Seſtos* to *Abydus* join'd?
Since we united are in Heart and Mind.
The ſame our Hopes, our Fears, and our Deſires,
Love is our Life, and one Love both inſpires.
But ah! what Mis'ries on that Love attend,
Whoſe Joys on hum'rous Seas and Winds depend?
I by their Quarrel loſe, forc'd to delay
My tender Viſit, 'till they end the Fray.
When firſt I croſt the Gulph, the *Dolphins* gaz'd,
The Sea Nymphs fled, the *Tritons* were amaz'd.
But now no more I ſeem a Prodigy,
But paſs for an Inhabitant o' th' Sea.
And ſince my Paſſage is by Storms withſtood,
I'm nightly miſs'd by th' Brothers of the Flood.
Oft have I curſt the tedious Way, but oh!
I wiſh in vain that tedious Paſſage now.
Yield me again, kind Floods, my tireſome Way,
'Twas never half ſo tireſome as my Stay.
Muſt then my Halcyon Love all Winter ſleep,
And ne'er launch forth into a troubled Deep?
Muſt I deſiſt my Homage to perform,
And ſculk at home for ev'ry peeviſh Storm?
If thus the Summer Guſts detain my Courſe,
How ſhall I through the Winter Surges force?
Abſence ev'n then I ſhall not long ſuſtain,
But boldly plunge into the raging Main;
And if the ſwelling Floods not ſoon aſſwage,
I'll make my Boaſting good, and dare their Rage.

My vent'rous 'Scape ſhall in your Arms be bleſt,
Or if I'm loſt, my anxious Love find Reſt.
The Waves at leaſt will do my Corps the grace
To waſt it to my wonted landing Place:
Or if its own accord the am'rous Clay
Will thither float, nor loſe ſo known a Way!
I gueſs your Kindneſs will ev'n then perform
To the cold Trunk, what you were wont when warm;
Your ſelf diſmantling, you will ſhroud me o'er,
And grieve to find your Boſom's Warmth no more
Have Pow'r, my vital Spirits to reſtore.
If this ſad Fancy diſcompoſe thy Breaſt,
Think 'twas but Fancy, and reſume thy Reſt.
Invoke the wat'ry Pow'rs, (thy Pray'rs are Charms)
T' aſſwage the Storm, and yield me to thy Arms.
But when to your dear Manſion I arrive,
Looſe ev'ry Wind, and let the Tempeſt drive.
'Twill give my Stay Pretence, nor can you chide
Whilſt Thunder pleads ſo loudly on my ſide.
'Till then permit this Letter to ſupply
The Author's Place, and in thy Boſom lie.
Lodg'd in thy Breaſt, my Paſſion 'twill impart,
And whiſper its ſoft Meſſage to thy Heart.

HERO's Answer.

By the ſame Hand.

WITH ſuch Delight I read your Letter o'er,
Your Preſence only could have giv'n me more.
Excuſe my Paſſion, if it ſoar above
Your Thought; no Man can judge of Woman's Love.
With Buſineſs you, or Pleaſures, may ſuſtain
The Pangs of Abſence, and divert the Pain.
The Hills, the Vales, the Woods, and Streams are ſtor'd
With Game, and Profit with Delight afford.
Whilſt Gins for Beaſts, and Snares for Fowls you ſet,
You ſmile, and your own am'rous Chains forget.
Ten thouſand Helps beſides affect your Cure,
Whilſt Woman's ſole Relief is to endure.
Or with my Confident I hold Diſcourſe:
Debating what ſhould interrupt your Courſe:
Or viewing from aloft the troubled Tide,
Mix in the Fray, and with the Tempeſt chide.
Or in the Storm's leaſt Interval ſuſpect
Your Stay, and almoſt charge you with Neglect.
I ſeek your Footſteps on the Sands in vain,
The Sands no more confeſs thee than the Main.
I watch th' arriving Barks, and never fail
T' inquire of you, and write by ev'ry Sail.

Still as the ſetting Sun reſtores the Night,
(The Night to me more welcome than the Light,)
I fix my flaming Torch to guide my Love,
Nor ſhines there any friendlier Star above.
Then with my Work or Book the Time I cheat,
And 'midſt the Taſk *Leander*'s Name repeat.
My wedded Thoughts no other Theme purſue,
I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
What think'ſt thou, Nurſe, does my *Leander* come?
Or waits he 'till his Parents ſleep at home?
For he is forc'd to ſteal his Paſſage there,
As nightly we by Stealth admit him here.
Think'ſt thou that now he ſtrips him in the Bay,
Or is already plung'd, and on his Way?
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, with tedious Watching ſpent,
Makes half Replies, and Nodding gives Aſſent.
Yet cannot I the ſmalleſt Pauſe allow,
But cry, He is launch'd forth for certain now.
Then ev'ry Moment thro' the Window peep;
With greedy Eyes examine all the Deep;
And whiſper to the Floods a tender Pray'r
In your behalf, as if I ſpy'd you there.
Or to beguile my Griefs my Ear incline,
And take each gentle Breeze's Voice for thine:
At laſt, ſurpriz'd with Sleep, in Dreams I gain
That Bliſs for which I wak'd ſo long in vain.
To ſhroud you then my Shoulders I diveſt,
And claſp you ſhiv'ring to my warmer Breaſt;
A Lover need not be inform'd the reſt.
Theſe Pleaſures oft my ſlumb'ring Thoughts employ,
But ſtill they're Dreams, and yield no ſolid Joy.

Tho'

Tho' ne'er ſo lively the Fruition be,
To fill my Bliſs I muſt have very thee.
At preſent, I confeſs, the Seas are rough,
But were laſt Night compos'd, and calm enough;
Why did you then my longing Hopes delay?
Why diſappoint me with a total Stay?
Is it your Fear that makes my Wiſhes vain?
When rougher, you have oft engag'd the Main;
If it be Fear, that friendly Fear retain,
Nor viſit me 'till you ſecurely may;
Your Danger would afflict me more than Stay.
Dread ev'ry Guſt that blows, but oh! my Mind
Miſgives, leſt you prove various as that Wind.
If e'er you change, your Error ſecret keep,
And in bleſt Ignorance permit me ſleep.
Not that I am inform'd y' are chang'd at all,
But abſent Lovers fear whate'er may fall.
Detain'd by th' Floods, your Stay I will not blame;
But leſs I dread the Floods than ſome new Flame.
Be huſht ye Winds, ye raging Billows ſleep,
And yield my Love ſafe Paſſage thro' the Deep.
Bleſt Sign, the Taper ſparkles whilſt I pray,
A Gueſt i' th' Flame! *Leander*'s on his Way!
Our Houſhold Altar yields propitious Signs,
From which my Nurſe your ſwift Approach divines:
The Crickets too of your Arrival warn,
And ſay our Number ſhall increaſe ere Morn.
Come, gentle Youth, and with thy Preſence make
The glad Conjecture true; the Day will break,

And

And marr our Bliſs; prevent the haſt'ning Morn;
To me and Love's forſaken Joys return.
My Bed without thee will afford no Reſt,
There is no Pillow like *Leander*'s Breaſt.
Doſt thou ſuſpect the Time will be too ſhort?
Or want'ſt thou Strength th'Adventure to ſupport?
If this detain thee, Oh! no longer ſtay,
I'll plunge and meet thee in the Flood half way.
Thus in the verdant Waves our Flames ſhall meet,
And Danger make the ſoft Embrace more ſweet.
Our Love's our own, which yet we take by Stealth,
Like Midnight Miſers from their hidden Wealth.
'Twixt Decency and Love unhappy made,
Whilſt Fame forbids what our Deſires perſuade.
How are thou nightly ſnatch'd from me away,
To dare the Flood, when Sailors keep the Bay?
Yet be adviſ'd, thou Conqu'ror of the Tide,
Nor in thy youthful Strength ſo much confide,
Think not thine Arms can more than Oars prevail;
Nor dare to ſwim, when Pilots fear to ſail.
With much Regret I cautiouſly perſuade,
And almoſt wiſh my Counſel diſobey'd.
Ye when to the rough Main my Eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my laſt Night's Viſion leſs affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a ſacred Rite,)
A ſporting *Dolphin*, whilſt the Flood retir'd,
Lay hid i' th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.
Whate'er the Dream portend, as yet reſide
In the ſafe Port, nor truſt th' inconſtant Tide.

The

The Storm (too fierce at laſt) will ſoon decay,
Then with redoubled Speed redeem your Stay.
'Till then theſe Sheets ſome Pleaſure may impart;
They bring what moſt you prize, your *Hero*'s Heart.

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS.

By *THO. FLATMAN*, Eſq;

The ARGUMENT.

Proteſilaus, *lying Wind-bound at* Aulis, *in the* Grecian *Fleet, deſign'd for the* Trojan *War, his Wife* Laodamia *ſends this following Epiſtle to Him.*

HEalth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What *Laodamia* ſends, the Gods convey.
The Wind that ſtill in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not ſo croſs to keep him here?
Let the Wind raiſe an Hurricane at Sea,
Were he but ſafe and warm aſhore with me.
Ten thouſand Kiſſes I had more to give him,
Ten thouſand Cautions, and ſoft Words to leave him;
In Haſte he left me, ſummon'd by the Wind
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)
The Seaman's Pleaſure is the Lover's Pain,
(*Proteſilaus* is from my Boſom ta'en!)
As from my faultring Tongue half Speeches fell,
(Scarce could I ſpeak that wounding Word, *Farewell,*)
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it ſo)
Fill'd ev'ry Sail with Joy, my Breaſt with Wo;
There went my dear *Proteſilaus*———

While

While I could ſee thee, full of eager Pain,
My greedy Eyes epicuriz'd on thine,
When thee no more, but thy ſpread Sails I view,
I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had loſt them too;
But when nor thee, nor them I could deſcry,
And all was Sea that came within my Eye,
They ſay, (for I have quite forgot) they ſay
I ſtrait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compaſſionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old Man,
My Mother too, to my Aſſiſtance ran;
In haſte, cold Water on my Face they threw;
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado;
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My Anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my Heart burſt out the former Flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd Locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus'* frolic Rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
The Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia*.
Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my Dear does lie,
What Pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* Die?
Shall Curls adorn my Head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright Tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied Negligence I'll be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.
O *Paris!* rais'd by Ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!

O that the *Grecian Dame* had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to her!
O *Menelaus!* timely ceaſe to ſtrive;
With how much Blood wilt thou thy Loſs retrieve?
From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home.
But my Heart fails me, when I think of War;
The ſad Reflections coſt me many a Tear:
I tremble when I hear the very Name
Of ev'ry Place where thou ſhalt fight for Fame.
Beſides th' adventurous *Raviſher* well knew
The ſafeſt Arts his Villany to purſue;
In noble Dreſs he did her Heart ſurprize,
With Gold he dazzled her unguarded Eyes,
He back'd his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortreſs in.
Againſt the Power of Love, and Force of Arms,
There's no Security in the brighteſt Charms.
Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they ſay) experienc'd in War.
My Dear, if thou haſt any Love for me,
Of that fame *Hector* pr'ythee mindful be,
Fly him be ſure, and every other Foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an *Hector* too.
Remember, when for Fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
For what Wounds thou receiv'ſt, are giv'n to her.
If by thy Valour *Troy* muſt ruin'd be,
May not the Ruin leave one Scar on thee;
Sharer in th' Honour, from the Danger free!

Let

Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his Way
Through the falſe *Raviſher*'s Troops to his *Helena*.
Great by his Vict'ry, as his Cauſe is good,
May he ſwim to her in his Enemies Blood,
Thy Caſe is different——May'ſt thou live to ſee
(Deareſt) no other Combatant but me!
Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breaſt, find out a nobler Prey:
Why ſhould you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?
My poor good-natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's Field what Wonders can he do!
Great is his Proweſs, and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woo.
Now I muſt own, I fear'd to let thee go:
My trembling Lips had almoſt told thee ſo.
When from thy Father's Houſe thou didſt withdraw,
Thy fatal Stumble at the Door I ſaw,
I ſaw it, ſigh'd, and pray'd the Sign might be
Of thy Return a happy Prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my Fear,
Be not too brave,——Remember, Have a care,
And all my Dreads will vaniſh into Air.
Among the *Grecians* ſome one muſt be found
That firſt ſhall ſet his Foot on *Trojan* Ground;
Unhappy ſhe that ſhall his Loſs bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy Courage then may fail.
Of all the Ships, be thine the very laſt,
Thou the laſt Man that lands; there needs no haſte
To meet a potent and a treach'rous Foe;
Thou'lt land, I fear, too ſoon, tho' ne'er ſo ſlow.

At thy Return ply ev'ry Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deſerted Shoar.
All the Day long, and all the lonely Night,
Black Thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:
Darkneſs, to other Womens Pleaſures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the Torments of my Mind;
I court e'en Dreams, on my forſaken Bed,
Falſe Joys muſt ſerve, ſince all my true are fled.
What's that ſame airy *Phantom* ſo like thee?
What Wailings do I hear, what Paleneſs ſee?
I wake, and hug my ſelf, 'tis but a-Dream——
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their Flame.
The want of hallow'd Wine my Tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred Fire burn bright and high.
When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe Arms of mine,
Theſe longing Arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thy ſelf alone,
To learn the wond'rous Actions thou haſt done?
Which when in rapt'rous Words thou haſt begun,
With many and many a Kiſs, pr'ythee tell on;
Such Interruptions graceful Pauſes are,
A Kiſs in Story's but an Halt in War.
But when I think of *Troy*, of Winds and Waves,
I fear the pleaſant Dream my Hope deceives:
Contrary Winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In ſpite of Wind and Tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus to thy Country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpite of Wind and Tide thou went'ſt from home.
To his own City *Neptune* ſtops the Way,
Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.

Return,

Return, ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;
Your Stay is not of Chance, but Deſtiny:
How can your Arms expect deſir'd Succeſs,
That thus contend for an *Adultereſs?*
But, let not me foreſpeak you, no, —— ſet Sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a proſp'rous Gale!
Ye *Trojans!* with Regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt Encounter with your Enemy;
I ſee fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
To buckle on her luſty Bridegroom's Arms;
She gives him Arms, and Kiſſes ſhe receives.
(I hate the Tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home;
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do whate'er ſhe ſay.
Now he returns! — ſee with what am'rous Speed
She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his Head,
And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.
We Women, too too credulous, alas!
Think what we fear will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the Leaguer thou doſt lye,
Thy *Picture* is ſome Pleaſure to my Eye;
That I careſs in Words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
'Twere very thee, could it thy Mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like thee) 'twould anſwer me again.
By thy Return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt Religious are,

By

By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which Time may on it ſnow, in future Years,
I come, where-e'er thy Fate ſhall bid thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the Gods ſay No.
Farewell, —— but pr'ythee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

OENONE to PARIS.

By Mr. *JOHN COOPER.*

The ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, *being with Child of* Paris, *dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand:* Priam, *conſulting the Prophets, was anſwer'd, the Child ſhould be the Cauſe of the Deſtruction of* Troy; *wherefore* Priam *commanded it ſhould be delivered to wild Beaſts as ſoon as born, but* Hecuba *conveys it ſecretly to Mount* Ida, *there to be foſter'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in Love with the Nymph* Œnone, *but at length being known and own'd, he ſails into* Greece, *and carries* Helen *to* Troy, *which* Œnone *hearing, writes him this Epiſtle.*

READ this, (if your new Bride will ſuffer) read;
And no Upbraiding from *Mycena* dread.
Only *OEnone* here does of her Swain
(If he will let her call him hers) complain.
What God has robb'd me of your Love and you?
Or from what Crime of mine proceeds my Woe?
Misfortunes, when deſerv'd, we may endure,
But when unjuſtly borne, can find no Cure.
Tho' now a Prince, not yet ſo great you was,
When a fam'd Nymph, I ſtoop'd to your Embrace:
A Slave you was (forgive what I have ſaid)
Slave as you was, I took you to my Bed.

Often,

Often, amidſt your Flocks, beneath ſome Shade,
On Leaves and Flow'rs we am'rouſly were laid.
As oft, upon the Straw, our Joys we prov'd
In ſome low Shed from Winter Storms remov'd.
When you roſe up to hunt, I ſhew'd you Game,
Surpris'd the Infant Savage and his Dam:
Companion of your Sports, the Toils did place,
And chear'd the ſwift-pac'd Hounds upon the Chace!
Upon the Trees your Sickle carv'd my Name,
And ev'ry Beech is conſcious of your Flame.
Well I remember that tall Poplar Tree,
(Its Trunk is fill'd, and with Records of me.)
Which, may it live! on the Brook's Margin ſet,
Has on its knotty Bark theſe Verſes writ:
When Paris *lives not to* Œnone *true,*
Back Xanthus' *Streams ſhall to their Fountain flow.*
Turn! turn ye Streams! and *Xanthus* backwards go:
The faithleſs *Paris* has forgot his Vow.
Calm was our Love, bleſt with delightful Eaſe,
'Till a black Storm o'ercaſt my former Peace,
When the three Heav'nly Beauties bleſt thine Eyes,
Deſign'd thee Umpire to beſtow the Prize.
As from your Mouth the fatal Story came,
A ſwift cold Trembling ſhot thro' all my Frame.
To ancient Sages my juſt Doubts I bear,
And all conclude ſome dreadful Miſchief near.
Now the tall Pines into ſtrong Barks you ſhape,
Which ſweep the Surface of the yielding Deep.
From your ſwoln Eyes the Tears at Parting crept,
Deny it not, nor be aſham'd you wept:

(Your

(Your Love was then no Injury to your Fame,
You daily burn in a more ſhameful Flame.)
You wept, and on my Eyes you gazing ſtood,
Whoſe falling Tears increas'd the briny Flood.
About my Neck your wreathing Arms you flung,
Cloſer than Vines to their lov'd Elms you clung:
When for your Stay you did the Tempeſts blame,
How oft they laugh'd who knew the Ocean calm;
'Midſt thouſand Kiſſes, when you bid Farewell,
Scarce could your Tongue the fatal Meſſage tell.
You are embark'd: Againſt your Galley's Side
Thy plying Oars beat up the foaming Tide:
'Till hurry'd from my Sight, your Ships I view,
Then my ſalt Tears the parched Sands bedew.
Soon, ye Sea Gods, again ſoon may he come,
(I fondly pray'd) but to my Ruin ſoon.
The Gods my Wiſhes do ſucceſsful make,
But all, alas! for that curſt Strumpet's ſake:
My Pray'rs into another's Arms have brought you back.
A vaſt high Rock there is, whoſe craggy Sides
Suſtain the Fury of encroaching Tides;
Your Sails hence ſpy'd, I hardly could delay,
Plung'd in the Deep to meet you by the way;
When one I ſaw, while a ſhort Pauſe I made,
Upon the Deck in glorious Purple clad:
Gods! how I ſhook! Fear did my Soul poſſeſs
With Horror, to behold th' unuſual Dreſs.
As nearer to the Shoar your Veſſel came,
I ſpy'd, O blaſting Sight! the charming Dame;
Nay more, —— her wanton Head (into the Sea
Why leapt I not?) upon your Boſom lay.

'Twas

'Twas then I beat my Breaſt, and tore my Hair,
With all the Symptoms of a deep Deſpair.
I fill'd the Air with my diſtracted Cries,
And *Ida*'s Mount reſounded with the Noiſe.
Thence with dire Imprecations I remov'd
Unto thoſe conſcious Caves, where once we lov'd.
Hear me, ye Gods! May the curſt *Helen* be
As wretched full as ſhe has render'd me;
May ſhe complain of falſe and broken Vows,
And pine, like me, for a regardleſs Spouſe.
Now they do Charm, who from their Husbands fly,
And the wide Ocean plow, to follow thee;
When a poor Shepherd, a ſmall Flock you fed,
Then I, and only I, vouchſaf'd my Bed.
Nor think I ſue to be in Courts ador'd,
And own'd the Daughter of all *Aſia*'s Lord;
Tho' your great Parents need not be aſham'd
When 'mongſt their many Children I am nam'd.
A Scepter would not ill become this Hand,
So much I wiſh and merit to command.
Deſpiſe me not, becauſe with you I lay,
And paſs'd, on new-fall'n Leaves, the well-ſpent Day;
For thy *OEnone*'s worthy of a Bed,
Not with green Leaves but gaudy Purple ſpread.
Safe you may ſleep and harmleſs in my Arms,
Your Joys uninterrupted with Alarms:
But with my Rival thus you muſt not live,
For *Greece* in Arms demands the Fugitive;
Ruin is all the Dow'ry ſhe can give.
Aſk your grave Friends, with piercing Wiſdom fraught,
Whom many Years have much Experience taught,

Aſk

Aſk Sage *Antenor*, and your aged Sire,
If ſhe's to be reſtor'd whom they require.
Baſe Man! your Country for her ſake deſtroy'd,
Shame's on your part, and Juſtice on their ſide.
Or can you think that ſhe will conſtant prove,
Who was ſo eaſily entic'd to love?
When once debauch'd, our Sex for ever burn
In lawleſs Fire; Virtue knows no Return;
Diſhonour never gives a ſecond Blow;
And once a Whore ſhe will be ever ſo.
But her firm Love that Scruple has remov'd;
Vain Man! ev'n thus *Atrides* once ſhe lov'd.
Alone he lies, poor cred'lous Cuckold, now!
And does deplore what you ere while muſt do.
Fool that he was to think ſhe could be true!
Happy *Andromache!* who juſtly art
Poſſeſſed of a firm and loyal Heart!
A Faith like hers thou haſt beheld in me,
And *Hector's* Virtue ſhould have ſhin'd in thee;
But thou art lighter than the ſapleſs Leaf,
Of which the Autumn Blaſts the Trees bereave;
Or than the Stalks of the well-ripen'd Wheat,
Made the Winds ſport by the Sun's parching Heat.
Well I remember what your Siſter ſaid,
When the ſtrange God poſſeſs'd the furious Maid;
OEnone, *ceaſe to plow up fruitleſs Lands,*
And ſow thy Seed upon the barren Sands.
The Grecian *Heifer comes, who reaps thy Joys,*
The Bane of Troy, *and* Priam's *ancient Houſe.*
She comes! forbid it, Heav'n: And in the Deep,
Now, now, ye Gods, ſink down the guilty Ship;

Now is the time to plunge it in the Flood,
It brings Deſtruction, and is fraught with Blood.
She ſaid: Her People ſnatch'd her from my View,
As thro' the Woods full of the God ſhe flew.
Too true ſhe ſpoke! my Joys that Heifer prove,
Does in my Groves and Flow'ry Meadows move,
And all the pleaſant Paſtures of my Love.
Fair tho' ſhe be, your *Helen* is a Whore,
Whom each new Face draws from her Native Shore.
With *Theſeus* thus the falſe Inconſtant fled;
But he untouch'd reſtor'd the ſpotleſs Maid.
Ah who can Faith to the forg'd Story yield?
His Veins with youthful Blood and Vigour fill'd,
A Lover too! could he his Joys forbear?
And in Poſſeſſion of his Heav'n deſpair?
Miſcall not thus her ready Flight a Rape,
Her wicked ſelf contriv'd the wiſh'd Eſcape.
But I, falſe as you are, have kept my Vows,
Tho' your Example would my Crimes excuſe.
Long time I liv'd a Tenant of the Groves,
The common Object of the *Satyrs* Loves;
Me, *Faunus* too, who o'er the Mountains fled,
Purſu'd, with Leafy Chaplets on his Head;
And *Phœbus*, who, but with much Force, obtain'd
That Bliſs for which the reſt in vain complain'd.
I tore my Hair, while my ſoft Limbs he preſt,
And that curſt Face for which I was diſgrac'd.
No ſordid Recompence of Wealth I fought;
That Creature's mean whoſe Love is to be bought;
But me the grateful God with Knowledge ſtor'd,
And the ſame Gifts for which himſelf's ador'd.

For

For no one Plant the fertile Earth does yield,
But in its Virtues I am amply ſkill'd.
Wretch! of what uſe does thy vain Knowledge prove?
No Drug, alas! can cure the Wounds of Love.
Not *Phœbus'* ſelf, the Author of our Art,
Could in this caſe guard his Immortal Heart:
Nought or from Earth, or Heav'n can cure my Wound,
In thee alone muſt my Relief be found:
My *Paris* can, and he muſt Pity ſhow,
To her who merits all he can beſtow:
For I am yours, with you of old did paſs,
In childiſh Innocence, my Infant Days;
And I beſeech you, Gods, to fix my Doom,
And give that Bleſſing to the time to come.
So in his Arms, to whom my Youth I lent,
Shall the Remains of my bleſt Life be ſpent.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE FOREGOING EPISTLE OF OENONE TO PARIS.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

TO thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,
Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
To thee I write, mine, whilst a Shepherd's Swain,
But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.
Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide
What Love, and all our Vows so firmly ty'd!
What God, our Loves industrious to prevent,
Curst thee with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content?
Greatness, which does at best but ill agree
With Love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me.

Whilst

Whilſt thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdeſs,
My raging Paſſion can have no Redreſs.
Wou'd Heav'n, when firſt I ſaw thee, thou hadſt been
This Great, this Cruel Celebrated Thing,
That without Hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mix'd my Adoration with the Crowd;
Unwounded then I had eſcap'd thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe lovely Authors of my Miſeries.
Not that leſs Charms their fatal Pow'r had dreſt,
But Fear and Awe my Love had then ſuppreſt:
My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wonder'd, and have wiſht that he,
Whom Heav'n ſhould make me love, might look like thee.
More in a ſilly Nymph had been a Sin.
This had the height of my Preſumption been:
But thou a Flock didſt feed on *Ida*'s Plain,
And hadſt no Title, but *The Lovely Swain.*
A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
Than that of being own'd King *Priam*'s Son.
Whilſt me a harmleſs Neighb'ring Cottager
You ſaw, and did above the reſt prefer.
You ſaw! and at firſt ſight you lov'd me too,
Nor cou'd I hide the Wounds receiv'd from you.
Me all the Village Herdſmen ſtrove to gain,
For me the Shepherds ſigh'd and ſu'd in vain,
Thou hadſt my Heart, and they my cold Diſdain.
Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and Firſt-born
Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my native Scorn.

My Love, like hidden Treaſure long conceal'd,
Cou'd only, where 'twas deſtin'd, be reveal'd.
And yet how long my Maiden Bluſhes ſtrove
Not to betray the eaſy new-born Love.
But at thy ſight the kindling Fire wou'd riſe,
And I, unſkill'd, declare it at my Eyes.
But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecſtaſy
Poſſeſt thy Soul at this Diſcovery!
Speechleſs, and panting at my Feet you lay,
And ſhort-breath'd Sighs told what you could not ſay.
A thouſand times my Hand with Kiſſes preſt,
And look'd ſuch Darts, as none cou'd e'er reſiſt.
Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine!
You ſaw the Fears my kind Diſorder ſhows,
And broke your Silence with a thouſand Vows!
Heav'ns, how you ſwore! by ev'ry Pow'r Divine!
You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!
Each God, a ſacred Witneſs you invoke,
And wiſh'd their Curſe, when e'er thoſe Vows you broke.
Quick to my Heart the perjur'd Accents ran,
Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.
Vows are Love's poiſon'd Arrows, and the Heart
So wounded, rarely finds a Cure in Art.
At leaſt this Heart which Fate has deſtin'd yours,
This Heart unpractis'd in Love's myſtick Pow'rs;
For I am ſoft, and young as *April* Flow'rs.
Now uncontrol'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!

Soft

Soft were the Hours! and lavishly the Day
We gave entirely up to Love and Play.
Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,
And, seated on some shady flow'ry Bed,
Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed.
And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung
Upon the charming Music of thy Tongue,
And never thought the blessed Hours too long.
No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
Or had so soft an Art in whispering Love:
No wonder that thou art ally'd to *Jove*.
And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,
The God appear'd in ev'ry Grace, and Look.
Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,
The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids.
Thus whilst all Hearts you rul'd without Controul,
I reign'd the abs'lute Monarch of your Soul.
Each *Beech* my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;
And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,
Grow still a Witness of my Wrongs when dead!
Close by a silent Silver Brook there grows
A Poplar, under whose dear gloomy Boughs
A thousand times we have exchang'd our Vows!
Oh may'st thou grow! to an endless Date of Years!
Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;
When Paris *to* OEnone *proves untrue*,
Back Xanthus' *Streams shall to their Fountain flow.*
Turn! turn your Tide! back to your Fountains run!
The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!

Curſt be that Day, may Fate point out the Hour,
As Ominous in his black Kalendar;
When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*
Deſcended to thee in the Myrtle Grove,
In ſhining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds;
Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty ſhrouds;
But ev'ry Charm and Grace expos'd to view,
Left Heav'n to be ſurvey'd and judg'd by you.
To bribe thy Voice, *Juno* wou'd Crowns beſtow;
Pallas more gratefully wou'd dreſs thy Brow
With Wreaths of Wit; *Venus* propos'd the Choice
Of all the faireſt *Greeks*; and had thy Voice.
Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didſt deſpiſe,
And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
This when you told, Gods! what a killing Fear
Did over all my ſhivering Limbs appear!
And I preſag'd ſome ominous Change was near!
The Bluſhes left my Cheeks, from ev'ry Part
The Blood ran ſwift to guard my fainting Heart.
You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd
Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd
Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd.
But ſoon the envying Gods diſturb our Joys,
Declare thee great! and all my Bliſs deſtroys!
And now the Fleet is anchor'd in the Bay
That muſt to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.
Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace
At their firſt Homage beautify'd your Face!
Yet this no Wonder or Amazement brought,
You ſtill a Monarch were in Soul and Thought!

Nor

Nor cou'd I tell which moſt the Sight augments,
Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Diſcontents.
You kiſt the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
And mingled yours with the ſoft-falling Tide,
And 'twixt your Sighs a thouſand times you ſaid,
Ceaſe, my Œnone! *ceaſe, my charming Maid!*
If Paris *lives his* Native Troy *to ſee,*
My lovely Nymph, thou ſhalt a Princeſs be:
But my prophetick Fear no Faith allows,
My breaking Heart reſiſted all thy Vows.
Ah muſt we part! I cry'd; *Thoſe killing Words*
No further Language to my Grief affords.
Trembling, I fell upon thy panting Breaſt,
Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppreſt,
Whilſt Sighs and Looks, all dying, ſpoke the Reſt.
About thy Neck my feeble Arms I caſt,
Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* ſo faſt.
To ſtay, what dear Excuſes didſt thou frame,
And fancied Tempeſts when the Seas were calm!
How oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,
When they, alas, were only ſo to me!
How oft new Vows of laſting Faith you ſwore,
And 'twixt your Kiſſes all the old run o'er.
But now the wiſely Grave, who Love deſpiſe,
(Themſelves paſt Hope) do buſily adviſe,
Whiſper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear.
For *Troy*, they cry, theſe Shepherds Weeds lay down!
Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
Be ſure that Crown does far leſs eaſy ſit
Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, leſs innocent and ſweet.

'Nor can thy Beds of State ſo grateful be,
'As thoſe of Moſs, and new-fall'n Leaves with me.
Now tow'rds the *Beach* we go, and all the Way
The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and Springs ſurvey;
That were ſo often conſcious to the Rites
Of ſacred Love, in our dear ſtol'n Delights.
With Eyes all languiſhing, each Place you view,
And ſighing, cry'd, *Adieu, dear Shades Adieu!*
Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to do,
Refuſe a Crown, or thoſe dear Shades forego!
Glory and Love the great Diſpute purſu'd!
But the falſe Idol ſoon the God ſubdu'd.
And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
Are looſen'd, to receive the flying Gales;
Whilſt I half dead on the forſaken Strand,
Beheld thee ſighing on the Deck to ſtand,
Wafting a thouſand Kiſſes from thy Hand.
And whilſt I cou'd the leſſening Veſſel ſee,
I gaz'd, and ſent a thouſand Sighs to thee;
And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore,
Quick to return thee to our Ruſtick Shore.
Now like a Ghoſt I glide thro' ev'ry Grove,
Silent, and ſad as Death, about I rove,
And viſit all our Treaſuries of Love!
This Shade th' account of thouſand Joys does hide,
As many more this murm'ring River's ſide,
Where the dear Graſs, as ſacred, does retain
The Print, where thee and I ſo oft have lain.
Upon this Oak thy Pipe and Garlands plac'd,
That *Sycamore* is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.

Here

Here feed thy Flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy ſcorn;
Like me forſaken, and like me forlorn!
A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd ſurvey
Far from the blueiſh Shore, and diſtant Sea,
Whoſe hanging Top with Toil I climb each Day,
With greedy View I run the Proſpect o'er,
To ſee what wiſh'd-for Ships approach our Shore:
One Day all hopeleſs on its Point I ſtood,
And ſaw a Veſſel bounding o'er the Flood,
And as it nearer drew, I cou'd diſcern
Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern,
Upon the Deck a Canopy was ſpread
Of Antick Work in Gold and Silver made,
Which, mix'd with Sun-beams, dazzling Light diſplay'd.
But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
(Curſt be the Sight) a fatal Beauty ſate,
And fondly you were on her Boſom lay'd,
Whilſt with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd:
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that Hair
Of which, as ſacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.
Oh! hadſt thou ſeen me then in that mad State,
So ruin'd, ſo deſign'd for Death and Fate,
Fix'd on a Rock, whoſe horrid Precipice
In hollow Murmurs wars with angry Seas,
Whilſt the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,
Ruffling my careleſs and diſhevel'd Hair,
I look'd like the ſad Statue of Deſpair.
With out-ſtretch'd Voice I cry'd, and all around
The Rocks and Hills my dire Complaints reſound.

I rend my Garments, tear my flatt'ring Face,
Whoſe falſe deluding Charms my Ruin was.
Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Deſpair,
Or Winds let looſe in unreſiſting Air,
Raging and frantick through the Woods I fly,
And *Paris!* lovely, faithleſs *Paris!* cry.
But when the Echo's found thy Name again,
I change to new Variety of Pain.
For that dear Name ſuch Tenderneſs inſpires,
As turns all Paſſion to Love's ſofter Fires.
With Tears I fall to kind Complaints again;
So Tempeſts are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.
Say, lovely Youth, why wouldſt thou thus betray
My eaſy Faith, and lead my Heart aſtray?
I might ſome humble Shepherd's Choice have been,
Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, thoſe Eyes ne'er ſeen;
And in ſome homely Cott, in low Repoſe,
Liv'd undiſturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
All Day by ſhaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
And in ſome honeſt Arms at Night have ſlept,
Then unupbraided with my Wrongs thou'dſt been
Safe in the Joys of the fair *Grecian* Queen.
What Stars do rule the Great? No ſooner you
Became a Prince, but you were perjur'd too:
Are Crowns and Falſhoods then, conſiſtent Things?
And muſt they all be faithleſs who are Kings?
The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
Even tho' it renders me my *Paris'* Scorn.
And I had rather this Way wretched prove,
Than be a Queen, and faithleſs in my Love.

Not

Not my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,
To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee.
A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,
Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in Thought.
Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,
And brings thee but the Leavings of a Feast:
With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,
Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape:
So now from *Atreus'* Son, with thee is fled,
And still the Rape hides the adulterous Deed.
And is it thus great Ladies keep entire
That Virtue they so boast, and you admire?
Is this a Trick of Courts? Can Ravishment
Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?
Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,
Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
How much more happy are we rural Maids,
Who know no other Palaces than Shades?
Who want no Titles to enslave the Crowd,
Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud:
No Arts our Good to show, our Ills to hide,
Nor know to cover Faults of Love with Pride.
I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,
And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.
To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
For one soft Hour with thee, my charming Swain,
Wou'd recompence an Age to come of Shame,
Cou'd it as well but satisfy my Fame.
But oh those tender Hours are fled and lost,
And I no more of Fame, or thee, can boast!

'Twas

'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
'Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy.
'Tis falſe and broken Vows make Love a Sin,
Hadſt thou been true, we innocent had been.
But thou leſs Faith than *Autumn* Leaves doſt ſhow,
Which every Blaſt bears from their native Bough.
Leſs Weight, leſs Conſtancy, in thee is born,
Than in the ſlender mildew'd Ears of Corn.

Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my Hair,
Where myſtick Pinks and Dezies mingled were,
You ſwore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:
And when with eager Kiſſes preſt my Hand,
Have ſaid, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd Command:*
And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry Green,
With charming, wiſhing Eyes ſurvey my Mien,
And cry, *The Gods deſign'd thee for a Queen!*
Why then for *Helen* doſt thou me forſake?
Can a poor empty Name ſuch Diff'rence make?
Beſides, if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,
Since *Helen* does to *Menelaus* belong.
Be Juſt, reſtore her back, ſhe's none of thine,
And, charming *Paris*, thou art only mine.
'Tis no ambitious Flame that makes me ſue
To be again belov'd, and bleſt with you;
No vain Deſire of being ally'd t' a King;
Love is the only Dowry I can bring,
And tender Love is all I aſk again.
Whilſt on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War muſt wait
With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace Gate,

Rouze

Rouze your ſoft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,
And rudely ſnatch you from her faithleſs Arms:
Turn then, fair Fugitive, ere 'tis too late,
Ere thy miſtaken Love procures thy Fate;
Ere a wrong'd Huſband does thy Death deſign,
And pierce that dear, that faithleſs Heart of thine.

PARIS

PARIS to HELENA.

By Mr. *RICHARD DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris, *having ſail'd to* Sparta *for the obtaining of* Helen, *whom* Venus *had promiſed him as the Reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by* Menelaus, Helen's *Huſband; but he being call'd away to* Crete, *to take Poſſeſſion of what was left him by his Grandfather* Atreus, *commends his Gueſt to the Care of his Wife. In his Abſence* Paris *Courts her, and writes to her the following Epiſtle.*

ALL Health, fair Nymph, thy *Paris* ſends to thee,
Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a Paſſion that it ſelf has ſhown?
Does not my Love it ſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
'Till Time with our kind Wiſhes ſhall comply,
'Till all our Joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their Price by the allay of Fear.
In vain I ſtrive; who can that Fire conceal,
Which does it ſelf by its own Light reveal?

But

But if you needs would hear my trembling Tongue
Speak what my Actions have declar'd ſo long,
I Love; you've there the Word that does impart
The trueſt Meſſage from my bleeding Heart.
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair Phyſician, my Diſeaſe,
And with ſuch Looks this ſuppliant Paper grace,
As beſt becomes the Beauties of that Face.
May that ſmooth Brow no angry Wrinkle wear,
But be your Looks as kind as they are fair.
Some Pleaſure 'tis to think theſe Lines ſhall find
An Entertainment at your Hands ſo kind,
For this creates a Hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that Hope be true! nor I complain
That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.
For know, leſt you through Ignorance offend
The Gods, 'tis Heav'n that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the Pow'rs Divine
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my Deſign.
Great is the Prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my Due or Merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as her ſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the Dangers of the faithleſs Sea.
She with a kind and an auſpicious Gale
Drove the good Ship, and ſtretch'd out ev'ry Sail.
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming Deep,
Still o'er the Main does her wide Empire keep.

Still may she keep it, and as she with ease
Allays the Wrath of the most angry Seas,
So may she give my stormy Mind some Rest,
And calm the raging Tempest of my Breast.
And bring home all my Sighs and all my Moans
To their wish'd Harbour, and desir'd Repose.

Hither my Flames I brought, not found 'em here;
I my whole Course by their kind Light did steer:
For I by no Mistake or Storm was toss'd
Against my Will upon this happy Coast.
Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main
To venture Life, like sordid Fools, for Gain.
No; may the Gods preserve my present Store,
And only give me you to make it more.
Nor to admire the Place came I so far;
I have Towns richer than your Cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from *Fame* due,
You were my Wish, before your Charms I knew.
Bright Images of you my Mind did draw,
Long ere my Eyes the lovely Object saw.
Nor wonder that with the swift-winged Dart,
At such a Distance you could wound my Heart:
So Fate ordain'd, and left you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the Truth I shall relate.

Now in my Mother's Womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal Burthen longing for the Day,
When she in a mysterious Dream was told,
Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;
Frighted she rises, and her Vision she
To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he.

They

They ſing that I all *Troy* ſhould ſet on Fire:
But ſure Fate meant the Flames of my Deſire.
For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,
My native Greatneſs every thing diſclos'd,
Beauty, and Strength, and Courage join'd in one,
Through all Diſguiſe ſpoke me a Monarch's Son.
A Place there is in *Ida*'s thickeſt Grove,
With Oaks and Fir-trees ſhaded all above,
The Graſs here grows untoucht by bleating Flocks,
Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.
From hence *Troy*'s Tow'rs, Magnificence and Pride,
Leaning againſt an aged Oak, I ſpy'd.
When ſtraight methought I heard the trembling Ground
With the ſtrange Noiſe of trampling Feet reſound.
In the ſame Inſtant *Jove*'s great Meſſenger,
On all his Wings borne through the yielding Air,
Lighting before my wond'ring Eyes did ſtand,
His golden Rod ſhone in his ſacred Hand:
With him three charming Goddeſſes there came,
Juno and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.
With an unuſual Fear I ſtood amaz'd,
'Till thus the God my ſinking Courage rais'd:
Fear not; *Thou art* Jove's *Subſtitute below*,
The Prize of heav'nly Beauty to beſtow;
Contending Goddeſſes appeal to you,
Decide their Strife; He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then Bolder grown, I throw my Fears away,
And ev'ry one with curious Eyes ſurvey.
Each of 'em merited the Victory,
And I, their doubtful Judge, was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by Three.

But

But yet that One there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more pow'rful Charms my Heart aſſail'd.
Ah! would you know who thus my Breaſt could move?
Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty Bribes they all for Conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will Empires, *Pallas* Valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft Eaſe, or glorious Toils of War;
But *Venus* gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake,
They're dang'rous Gifts, O do not, do not take!
I'll make Thee Love's immortal Pleaſures know,
And Joys that in full Tides for ever flow.
For, if you Judge the Conqueſt to be mine,
Fair Leda's *fairer Daughter ſhall be thine.*
She ſpake: And I gave her the Conqueſt due,
Both to her Beauty, and her Gift of you.
Mean-while (my angry Stars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal *Priam*'s Son,
All the glad Court, all *Troy* does celebrate,
With a new Feſtival, my Change of Fate.
And as I languiſh now, and die for thee,
So did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.
You in full Pow'r over a Heart do reign,
For which a thouſand Virgins ſigh'd in vain:
Nor did Queens only fly to my Embrace,
But Nymphs of Form Divine, and Heav'nly Race:
I all their Loves with cold Diſdain repreſt,
Since Hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing Breaſt.
Your charming Form all Day my Fancy drew,
And when Night came, my Dreams were all of you.

What

What Pleaſures then muſt you your ſelf impart,
Whoſe Shadows only ſo ſurpriz'd my Heart?
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigh'r,
That was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a Fire!
For now no longer could my Hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd Object thro' the Main.
I fell the ſtately Pine, and ev'ry Tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding Sea;
Fetch'd from *Gargarian* Hills, tall Firs I cleave,
And *Ida* naked to the Winds I leave,
Stiff Oaks I bend, and ſolid Planks I form,
And ev'ry Ship with well-knit Ribs I arm.
To the tall Maſt I Sails and Streamers join,
And the gay Poops with painted Gods do ſhine.
But on my Ship does only *Venus* ſtand
With little *Cupid* ſmiling in her Hand,
Guide of the Way ſhe did her ſelf command.
My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my Thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt *Ægean* Sea;
My anxious Parents my Deſires withſtand,
And both with pious Tears my Stay command:
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd Hair,
Juſt as our haſty Ships to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetick Fury cries aloud,
Oh whither ſteers my Brother thro' the Flood?
Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed,
To what a raging Fire theſe Waters lead.
True were her Fears, and in my Breaſt I feel
The ſcorching Flames her Fury did foretell.
Yet out I ſail, and favour'd by the Wind,
On your bleſt Shore my wiſh'd-for Haven find:

Your

Your Husband then, so Heav'n, kind Heav'n ordains,
In his own House his Rival entertains;
Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious Traveller's enquiring Sight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taste no Pleasure in the idle Show.
But at thy Sight! oh! where was then my Heart!
Out from my Breast it gave a sudden Start,
Sprung forth and met half-way the fatal Dart.
Such, or less charming, was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival Goddesses she strove.
But Fairest, hadst thou come among the Three,
Even she the Prize must have resign'd to Thee.
Your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,
And all the World sounds with fair *Helen*'s Name;
Nor lives there She whom Pride it self can raise
To claim with you an equal Share of Praise:
Do I speak false? rather Report does so,
Detracting from you in a Praise too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your Beauty does your Fame excel.
Well then might *Theseus*, he who all Things knew,
Think none was worthy of his Theft but you:
I this bold Theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would so dear a Prize restore:
Ah! would these Hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; sooner I with Life it self could part,
Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding Heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet sure some Taste of Love I first would take,

Would

Would first in all your blooming Excellence
And Virgin Sweets feaſt my luxurious Senſe;
Or if you would not let that Treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the Flow'r as it did grow.
Come then into my longing Arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal Conſtancy,
Which never 'till my fun'ral Pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent Fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Scepters and Crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.
And when bright *Pallas* did her Bribes prepare,
One ſoft Embrace from you I did prefer
To Courage, Strength, and all the Pomp of War.
Nor ſhall I ever think my Choice was ill,
My Judgment's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true
As they were plac'd above all Things but you.
I am, as well as you, of Heav'nly Race,
Nor will my Birth your mighty Line diſgrace;
Pallas and *Jove* our noble Lineage head,
And them a Race of God-like Kings ſucceed.
All *Aſia*'s Scepters to my Father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his Pow'r allow.
There you ſhall ſee the Houſes roof'd with Gold,
And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and Divine Walls admire,
Built to the Conſort of *Apollo*'s Lyre.
What need I the vaſt Flood of People tell,
That over its wide Banks does almoſt ſwell?

You

You ſhall gay Troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,
And *Trojan* Wives ſhining in ev'ry Street.
How often then will you your ſelf confeſs
The Emptineſs and Poverty of *Greece?*
How often will you ſay, one Palace there
Contains more Wealth than do whole Cities here?
I ſpeak not this your *Sparta* to diſgrace,
For whereſoe'er your Life began its Race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt Place.
Yet *Sparta*'s poor; and you, that ſhould be dreſs'd
In all the Riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid Place
Suits with the Beauty of your charming Face.
That Face with coſtly Dreſs and rich Attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing World admire.
When you the Habit of my *Trojans* ſee,
What, think ye, muſt that of their Ladies be?
O! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor diſdain
A *Trojan* in your Bed to entertain.
He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,
That to the Gods does mix Immortal Wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her roſy Bed
The Goddeſs of the Morning bluſhing led;
So was *Anchiſes* of our *Trojan* Race,
Yet *Venus* ſelf to his deſir'd Embrace,
With all her Train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his Arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater Man.
I'm ſure my Father never made the Sun
With frighted Steeds from his dire Banquet run:

No

No Grand-father of mine is ſtain'd with Blood,
Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* Flood.
None of our Race does in the *Stygian* Lake
Snatch at thoſe Apples he wants Pow'r to take.
But ſtay; ſince you with ſuch a Huſband join,
Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.
He (Gods!) a Wretch unworthy of thoſe Charms,
Does all the Night lie melting in your Arms,
Does ev'ry Minute to new Joys improve,
And riots in the luſcious Sweets of Love.
I but at Table one ſhort View can gain,
And that too only to increaſe my Pain:
O may ſuch Feaſts my worſt of Foes attend,
As often I at your ſpread Table find.
I loath my Food, when my tormented Eye
Sees his rude Hand in your ſoft Boſom lie.
I burſt with Envy when I him behold
Your tender Limbs in his looſe Robe enfold.
When he your Lips with melting Kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my Eyes I the large Goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict Embraces cloſe,
My hated Meat to my dry'd Palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again to ſee
That Sigh with ſcornful Smiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with Wine would quench my hot Deſire
In vain; for ſo I added Fire to Fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my Head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing Eyes again.
What ſhall I do? your Sports with Grief I ſee,
But it's a greater, not to look on Thee.

With all my Art I ſtrive my Flames to hide,
But through the thin Diſguiſe they are deſcry'd;
Too well, alas! my Wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping Eyes away,
Leſt he the Cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray?
What Tales of Love tell I, when warm'd with Wine?
To your dear Face applying ev'ry Line.
In borrow'd Names I my own Paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more Freedom in Diſcourſe to gain,
For my Excuſe I Drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe Garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling Breaſts reveal,
Breaſts white as Snow, or the falſe Down of *Jove*,
When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love:
Whilſt with the Sight ſurpriz'd I gazing ſtand,
The Cup I held, dropt from my careleſs Hand.
If you your young *Hermione* but kiſs,
Straight from her Lips I ſnatch the envy'd Bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, Love-Songs I ſing,
And wafted Kiſſes from my Fingers fling.
Your Women to my Aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but Deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected Pray'r.
Oh! that by ſome great Prize you might be won,
And your Poſſeſſion might the Victor crown:
As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won,
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done.

But

But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And my ſelf proſtrate at your Feet to lay.
O thou, thy Houſe's Glory, brighter far
Than thy Two ſhining Brothers friendly Star!
O worthy of the Bed of Heav'n's great King,
If ought ſo fair but from him ſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,
Or here a wretched baniſh'd Lover die.
With no ſlight Wound my tender Breaſt does ſmart,
My Bones and Marrow feel the piercing Dart;
I find my Siſter true did Propheſy,
I with a Heav'nly Dart ſhould wounded die;
Deſpiſe not then a Love by Heav'n deſign'd,
So may the Gods ſtill to your Vows be kind.
Much I could ſay, but what, will beſt be known
In your Apartment, when we are alone.
You bluſh, and with a ſuperſtitious Dread
Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed:
Ah! *Helen*, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch Beauty can from Faults be free?
Or change that Face, or you muſt needs be kind;
Beauty and Virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright *Venus* do our Theſts approve;
Such Theſts as theſe gave you your Father *Jove*.
And if in you ought of your Parents laſt,
Can *Jove* and *Leda*'s Daughter well be chaſte?
Yet then be chaſte when we to *Troy* ſhall go;
(For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo.)
But let us now enjoy that pleaſing Sin,
Then Marry, and be Innocent again.

Ev'n your own Huſband doth the ſame perſuade;
Silent himſelf, yet all his Actions plead:
For me they plead; and he, good Man, becauſe
He'll ſpoil no Sport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other Time to viſit *Crete?*
Oh! how prodigious is a Huſband's Wit!
He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My Dear,
Inſtead of me, you of your Gueſt take care.
But you forget your Lord's Command, I ſee,
Nor take you any Care of Love or me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he does know
The Treaſure that he holds, in holding you?
No: did he underſtand but half your Charms,
He durſt not truſt 'em in a Stranger's Arms.
If neither his nor my Requeſt can move,
We're forc'd by Opportunity to Love;
We ſhould be Fools, ev'n greater Fools than he,
Should ſo ſecure a Time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious Winter Nights you lie
In a cold Widow'd Bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual Joys our willing Bodies join,
That happy Night ſhall the Mid-day out-ſhine:
Then will I ſwear by all the Pow'rs above,
And in their awful Preſence ſeal my Love.
Then, if my Wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
I with our Flight ſhall win you to comply;
But if nice Honour little Scruples frame,
The Force I'll uſe ſhall vindicate your Fame.
Of *Theſeus* and your Brothers I can learn,
No Precedents ſo nearly you concern;

You

You *Theſeus*, they *Leucippus'* Daughter ſtole,
I'll be the Fourth in the illuſtrious Roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my Fleet does ſtay,
And waiting Winds murmur at our Delay.
Thro' *Troy*'s throng'd Streets you ſhall in Triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new Goddeſs here below.
Where-e'er you tread, Spices and Gums ſhall ſmoke,
And Victims fall beneath the fatal Stroke.
My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,
All *Troy* to you with Preſents ſhall reſort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid;
What there you'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, leſt War purſue our haſty Flight,
And angry *Greece* ſhould all her Force unite.
What raviſh'd Maid did ever Wars regain?
Vain the Attempt, and Fear of it as vain.
The *Thracians Orythia* ſtole from far,
Yet *Thrace* ne'er heard the Noiſe of following War.
Jaſon too ſtole away the *Colchian* Maid,
Yet *Colchos* did not *Theſſaly* invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole *Ariadne* too,
Yet *Minos* did not with all *Crete* purſue.
Fear in theſe Caſes than the Danger's more,
And when the threat'ning Tempeſt once is o'er,
Our Shame's then greater than our Fear before.
But ſay from *Greece* a threatned War purſue,
Know I have Strength and wounding Weapons too.
In Men and Horſe more numerous than *Greece*,
Our Empire is not in its Compaſs leſs.
Nor does your Huſband *Paris* ought excel
In Gen'rous Courage, or in Martial Skill.

Ev'n but a Boy, from my ſlain Foes I gain'd
My ſtollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd;
Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce
Deiphobus and great *Ilioneus*.
Nor Hand to Hand more to be fear'd am I,
Then when from far my certain Arrows fly.
You for his Youth can no ſuch Actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd Skill attain.
But could he, *Hector*'s your Security,
And he alone an Army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid Proweſs find
Of him that Heav'n has for your Bed deſign'd.
Either no War from *Greece* ſhall follow thee,
Or if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a Wife,
That Prize would give the Coward's Courage life.
All After-Ages ſhall your Fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole World on fire.
To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in *Troy* ſhall find.

HELEN to PARIS.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of MULGRAVE, *and Mr.* DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen, *having receiv'd the foregoing Epiſtle from* Paris, *returns the following Anſwer: Wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his Preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Virtue; then owns her ſelf to be ſenſible of the Paſſion, which he had expreſs'd for her, tho' ſhe much ſuſpected his Conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her Inclination to be favourable to him. The whole Letter ſhewing the extream Artifice of Woman-kind.*

WHEN looſe Epiſtles violate chaſte Eyes,
She half Conſents, who ſilently Denies:
How dares a Stranger, with Deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and Hoſpitable Rights prophane?
Was it for this, your Fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling Seas, and ev'ry faithleſs Wind?
(For tho' a diſtant Country brought you forth,
Your Uſage here was equal to your Worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?

Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt Diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.
Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,
Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my Honour ſtill without a Stain,
Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
Your Boldneſs I with Admiration ſee;
What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me?
Becauſe a Hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond Prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your Blame,
But ſure my Part was nothing but the Shame:
Yet the baſe Theft to him no Fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.
Rude Force might ſome unwilling Kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever cou'd obtain.
You on ſuch Terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the Youth reſtor'd me to my Friends,
And modeſt Uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed;
Did he repent, that *Paris* might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome Fate that ſets me above Wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy Tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with Love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face,

But

But all your Sex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield: and Love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the Reſt?
Fair *Leda*'s Story ſeems at firſt to be
A fit Example ready found for me;
But ſhe was Cozen'd by a borrow'd Shape,
And under harmleſs Feathers felt a Rape:
If I ſhould yield, what Reaſon could I uſe?
By what Miſtake the loving Crime excuſe?
Her Fault was in her powerful Lover loſt.
But of what *Jupiter* have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to Hero's, and to Kings ſucceed,
Our Famous Race does no Addition need,
And great Alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that's come her ſelf from mighty *Jove*,
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty Place
Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam*'s ancient Race,
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the firſt.
The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your Letter fill'd with Promiſes of all
That Men can good, and Women pleaſant, call,
Gives Expectation ſuch an ample Field,
As wou'd move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great *Juno*'s Laws,
Your ſelf ſhall be the dear, the only Cauſe;
Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean Thoughts of Gain.

Not that ſo fair a Preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize.
But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such Pains, and run ſuch Hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand Things that Love has made you do:
Your eager Eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual Ardor preſs my Hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the Glaſs,
Nor wou'd you let the leaſt Occaſion paſs,
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for Things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to my ſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no Miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing Grove,
Under my Name, thoſe charming Words, *I Love.*
I frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your Flame,
But now, alas, am come to Write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your Face has ſuch peculiar Charms,
That who can hold from flying to your Arms!
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,
May ſome bleſt Maid poſſeſs with Innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but Virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the Thing you Love.
What you deſire is ſought by all Mankind:
As you have Eyes, ſo others are not Blind.

Like

Like you they ſee, like you my Charms adore,
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our Coaſt been brought,
My Virgin Love when thouſand Rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my Voice;
Nor cou'd my Huſband juſtly blame my Choice.
For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is Maſter of my Fate.
More to my Wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent Lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak Woman's Will,
And urge not her you Love, to ſo much Ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted Fame your Prey.
Some Right you claim, ſince naked to your Eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed Beauty's Prize.
One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns, but ſhe
Obtain'd her Cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of Belief ſo light,
To think ſuch Nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a Sight.
Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd;
A Bribe ſo mean, your Sentence had not gain'd.
With partial Eyes I ſhou'd my ſelf regard,
To think that *Venus* made me her Reward:
I humbly am content with human Praiſe;
A Goddeſs's Applauſe wou'd Envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay, for 'tis confeſt,
The Men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For Miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.

One

One Joy I have, that I had *Venus'* Voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'reignty,
Juno and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.
Am I your Empire then, and your Renown?
What Heart of Rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear Witneſs, Oh you Pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the Arts of Love!
My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men:
This is th' Eſſay of my unpractis'd Pen:
Happy thoſe Nymphs, whom Uſe has perfect made;
I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious Eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a Surpriſe.
For now the Rumour ſpreads among the Crowd,
At Court in Whiſpers, but in Town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off Loving were your better Way,
Yet if you will diſſemble it you may.
Love ſecretly: the Abſence of my Lord
More Freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay;
Call'd by Affairs of Conſequence away.
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift Return he cou'd:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy Care, but moſt my *Trojan* Friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious Winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your Confidence.

Abſent.

Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands.*
My Fame's my Burthen; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter Ground of Jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great Beauty through great Danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his Venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my Virtue was my Guard.
He fear'd my Face, but truſted to my Life,
The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.
You bid me uſe th' Occaſion while I can,
Put in our Hands by the good eaſy Man.
I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear.
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our Flames are mutual, and my Huſband's gone:
The Nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One Houſe contains us, and weak Walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd:
Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conſpires
To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.
You court with Words, when you ſhou'd Force employ:
A Rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd Joy.
Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
Our Sex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid! for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling Fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change.
And, like themſelves, their wand'ring Paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,
Were both by truſting of their Gueſts betray'd.

How

How can I doubt that other Men deceive,
When you your ſelf did fair *OEnone* leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your Treachery,
You make a Merit of that Crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the Night,
Your Sails are hoiſted, and you take your Flight:
Some bawling Mariner our Love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd Joys.
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam's* Court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my Fame;
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame:
In *Aſia* what Reception ſhall I find?
And what Diſhonour leave in *Greece* behind?
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
And what will all your modeſt Matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,
My future Conduct juſtly may ſuſpect:
And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own Example, loſt.
I from your Rage a Strumpet's Name ſhall hear,
While you forget what Part in it you bear.
You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:
Deep under Ground Oh let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my Command:
Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.

Shou'd

Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
What Help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?
Medea was by *Jaſon*'s Flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt Hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no Cheat.
And Love contributes to its own Deceit.
The Ships, about whoſe Sides loud Tempeſts roar,
With gentle Winds were waſted from the Shore.
Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand
Sprung from her Womb conſum'd the *Trojan* Land.
To ſecond this, old Prophecies conſpire,
That *Ilium* ſhall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire:
Both give me Fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
For they who loſt their Cauſe, Revenge will take;
And for one Friend two Enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but ſhou'd I follow you,
The Sword would ſoon our fatal Crime purſue:
A Wrong ſo great my Huſband's Rage would rouze,
And my Relations would his Cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your Strength and Courage, but, alas!
Your Words receive ſmall Credit from your Face.
Let Heroes in the duſty Field delight,
Thoſe Limbs were faſhion'd for another Fight.
Bid *Hector* ſally from the Walls of *Troy*,
A ſweeter Quarrel ſhould your Arms employ.
Yet Fears like theſe ſhou'd not my Mind perplex,
Were I as Wiſe as many of my Sex.
But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your Deſire.

You laſt demand a private Conference,
Theſe are your Words, but I can gueſs your Senſe.
Your unripe Hopes their Harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand;
My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,
And may hereafter better News impart.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By Mr. *RHYMER.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen *having carry'd all the* Grecian *Princes to the Siege of* Troy; Ulyſſes, *among the reſt, there ſignaliz'd his Manhood and Prudence particularly. But the Siege at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains,* Penelope *ſends this Letter in queſt of him. She had render'd her ſelf as deſervedly famous on her part by reſiſting all the while the Importunity of her Suitors with an unuſual Conſtancy and Fidelity. She complains to* Ulyſſes *of their Carriage, ſhe likewiſe tells him her Apprehenſions and Fears for him during the War and ſince; acquaints him with the ill Poſture of his Family through his Abſence, and deſires him to haſten Home as the only means to ſet all right again.*

TO Your *Penelope* at length break home,
Send no Excuſe, nor ſtay to write, but come.
Our Trouble long, *Troy* does not hold you now;
Nor twenty *Troy's* were worth all this ado.

Wou'd

Wou'd ſome juſt Storm and raging Sea had drown'd
The Ruffian, when for *Lacedæmon* bound;
I ſhou'd not then of tedious Days complain,
Nor cold a-nights, and comfortleſs have lain;
Nor ſhould this Pains to paſs the Ev'nings take,
And work, and weave, ev'n till my Fingers ake.
I always fear'd worſe Dangers than the true,
(As always Love unquiet Fears purſue)
Fancy'd thee by fierce *Trojans* compaſs'd round,
And *Hector*'s Name ſtill ſtruck me to the Ground.
When told of *Neſtor*'s Son, by *Hector* ſlain,
Streight *Neſtor*'s Son rouz'd all my Fears again.
When for his Sham how dear *Patroclus* paid:
I wept to find that Wit no better ſped.
Tlepolemus by *Trojan* Jav'lin kill'd,
Through all my Veins an icy Terror thrill'd:
Whatever *Greeks* miſcarry'd in the Fray,
I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.
Heav'n for chaſte Love haſt better Fate in ſtore,
My Huſband lives, and *Troy* is now no more.
Our Captains well return'd, each Altar flames,
And Temples all Barbarian Booty crams;
For their ſafe Loves the Women Off'rings bring,
And *Trojan* Fates by ours defeated ſing.
All ſtand amaz'd to hear both old and young,
And liſt'ning Wives upon their Huſbands hung.
Some on the Table draw each bloody Fight,
And ſpilling Wine the whole ſad *Iliad* write.
This *Simois*, that the *Sigean* Land,
And there did *Priam*'s lofty Palace ſtand,

Here

Here ſkulk'd *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles* dar'd,
There *Hector* torn, the foaming Horſes ſcar'd.
All did old *Neſtor* to your Son explain,
To ſeek you ſent; who told me all again.
Your Sword how *Dolon*, no, nor *Rheſus* 'ſcap'd,
Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.
Fool-hardy you, and us remembring ill,
Nightly amidſt thoſe *Thracian* Tents to ſteal,
There Numbers ſlay, one only aiding thee.
Thou haſt been Wiſe, and would'ſt have thought on me.
Still pant I, told, how all in Triumph brave,
Round your Friends Camp thoſe *Thracian* Steeds you drave.
But what avails it me that *Troy* did yield,
And by your Proweſs now the Town's a Field?
As when *Troy* ſtood, I ſtill remain alone;
Th' Effect continues, tho' the Cauſe is gone:
To others ſack'd, to only me upheld,
Ev'n whilſt it lies by *Greek* Abiders till'd.
For *Priam*'s Tow'rs, now lofty Corn appears,
And *Phrygian* Blood a pond'rous Harveſt rears.
No Houſe remains, nought of a *Trojan* found,
Unleſs you dig their Bones from under Ground.
Where art thou, Conqueror? what detains thee now?
Or may not I your new Atchievements know!
Whatever Skipper hither comes aſhore,
For thee I aſk, and aſk him o'er and o'er;
Nor parts he, 'till I ſcribble half a Sheet,
To give thee, ſhould ye ever chance to meet.
We ſent to *Pylos*, *Neſtor*'s ancient Seat,
From *Pylos* we no certain Tidings get:

To

To *Sparta* ſent, the *Spartans* nothing know,
What Courſe you ſteer, nor where you wander now.
Wou'd thoſe ſame God-built Walls were ſtanding ſtill,
(Now I repent that e'er I wiſh'd 'em Ill)
Then where thou fought'ſt, I ſurely ſhould have learn'd,
Nor ſave for War, the common Grievance, mourn'd.
Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,
And a wild Field lies open to my Care.
By Sea, or Land whatever Dangers ſway,
Thoſe I ſuſpect the Cauſes of your Stay.
Whilſt thus I ſimply muſe, who knows your Mind?
Perhaps abroad ſome other Love you find:
Perhaps to her your dowdy Wife define;
Who knows no more, ſo that her Cup board ſhine.
No; vaniſh jealous Thoughts, nor fright me more,
He wou'd be with me, were it in his Pow'r.
My Sire would force me from my Widow's Bed,
Blames my Delay, and chides and ſhakes his Head.
Let him chide on, yours ſtill, yours only, I,
Penelope, *Ulyſſes'* Wife will die.
Yet by my chaſte Deſires, and Virtue bent,
His Temper does a little now Relent.
From *Crete* and *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zant* ſet out,
To Court me come a wild unruly Rout;
Who revel in your Houſe without Controul,
And eat, and waſte your Means, our Blood and Soul.
Of *Medon*, *Polybus*, *Piſander*, fell
Eurymachus, alas, why ſhould I tell?
With many more (you ſadly out o' th' way)
Feed here, and on your Subſtance let 'em prey.

The

The Beggar *Irus*, and that Goat-herd Clown,
Melanchius, range and rummage up and down.
So kept your Houſe, ſuch ſtout Defenders we,
A helpleſs Wife, old Man, and little Boy;
Whom late by Treach'ry we had well nigh loſt,
'Gainſt all our Minds as he to *Pylos* croſt:
But Heav'ns preſerve him 'till he die in Courſe,
Having firſt clos'd mine Eyes, and alſo yours.
Thus the old Nurſe, the *Hind*, and *Hogherd* pray;
True Servants all, and faithful in their Way.
Diſarm'd by Age, *Laertes* is not fit
Amidſt thoſe Bullies to maintain your Right.
Age, if he lives, *Telemachus* may bring
To Strength, but yet he needs his Father's Wing.
I, what am I? Alas my Help is ſmall!
Come you, the Strength and Safety of us all.
So may your Son in virtuous Arts increaſe,
So may the Old *Laertes* die in Peace;
Who in my Bloom did at your Parting mourn,
I wither'd grow, in waiting your Return.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By the Honourable Mrs. *WHARTON.*

*P*Enelope this ſlow Epiſtle ſends
To him on whom her future Hope depends;
'Tis your *Penelope*, diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Who aſks no Anſwer, but your quick Return.
Priam and *Troy*, the *Grecian* Dames juſt Hate,
Have long ere this, 'tis known, receiv'd their Fate,
For which thy Abſence pays too dear a Rate.
O ere my Hopes and Joys had found their Graves,
Why did not *Paris* periſh by the Waves?
I ſhould not then paſs tedious Nights alone,
Courting with fervent Breath the riſing Sun;
But all in vain, for Day is Night to me;
Nor Day nor Night brings Comfort, only thee.
My tender Hands with weaving would not tire,
Nor my ſoft Thoughts with unobtain'd Deſire.
Still did my Mind new fearful Forms preſent,
To kill my Hopes, and raiſe my Diſcontent.
Love, jealous Love, has more than Eagles Eyes
To ſpy out Sorrows, but o'er-look our Joys;
I fancy'd furious *Trojans* ſtill were nigh
To ſlay my Lord, and all my Hopes deſtroy.

As there the Arms of *Hector* ſtill prevail,
Here at his very Name my Cheeks grew pale;
When told *Antilochus* by him was ſlain,
My Hopes decay'd, my Fears reviv'd again.
I wept when young *Patroclus* was o'erthrown,
To find how weak the Arts of Wit were grown.
The Deeds of fierce *Tlepolemus* alarm'd
My tender Soul, and all my Spirits charm'd.
Each fatal Scene Grief to my Heart did ſhow,
Whate'er they felt, I ſuffer'd here for you.
But virtuous Love propitious Heav'n befriends,
My Huſband's ſafe, on whom my Life depends;
Troy is o'erthrown, and all our Sorrow ends.
The *Grecians* Triumph they at large declare,
The Fall of *Ilium*, and the Foes Deſpair.
Old Men and tender Maids with Pleaſure hear
The fatal End of all their Griefs and Fear.
The joyful Wife from ſoft Embraces now
Will hardly time to hear theſe Tales allow,
Forgets long Abſence, and renews her Vow.
Some on the Tables their feign'd Combats draw,
With ſparing Bowls the Victor ſpeaks his Joy,
And with ſpilt Wine deſcribes the famous *Troy*;
Here, ſays he, *Priam*'s Palace did appear,
The far-fam'd River *Simois* glided here;
Here 'twas *Achilles* fought, *Ulyſſes* too;
At that to guard my Heart my Spirits flew:
Achilles' mighty Name paſs'd careleſs by,
But at this Name *Penelope* could die.
One ſhows the Place where mangled *Hector* lay,
To fierce *Achilles*' Fury made a Prey,

Deſcribes

Deſcribes the Horſes which his Body drew,
Taught by an Inſtinct they before ne'er knew,
To fear the Man, who could no more purſue.
Breathleſs on Earth was laid the Soul of *Troy*,
The Army's Triumph, and the City's Joy.
This *Neſtor* told your Son, whom my fond Haſte
Sent to enquire of Dangers which were paſt.
He told how *Reſus* was with *Dolon* ſlain;
Theſe tedious Tales did but augment my Pain,
I liſten'd ſtill to hear of you again.
How truly Valiant were you, tho' Unkind?
You little thought of what you left behind,
When in the Night you ventur'd to invade
The *Thracian* Camp, my Soul was fill'd with Dread.
Aſſiſted but by one their Strength you prove,
Too ſtrong your Courage, but too weak your Love.
But what remains to me for Conqueſts paſt,
If, like that City, ſtill my Hopes lie waſte?
Your Preſence would my ſpringing Joy renew;
Would *Troy* were glorious ſtill, ſo I had you.
Others I ſee their Victories enjoy,
Driving along the fatted Spoils of *Troy*:
Th' unhappy Beaſts compell'd turn Rebels now,
And where their Captive Maſters mourn, muſt Plough.
Where barren Walls were once, now fruitful Fields
Expect the Sickle, and glad Harveſt yield.
Still they inſult upon the conquer'd Foes,
Raiſing their bury'd Limbs with crooked Ploughs;
Ev'n Death to them is not the End of Woes.
Graſs grows, where once the Tow'rs erected high
Of ſtately *Ilium* durſt out-face the Sky.

But

But why do I glad Victories relate?
I have no Conqueſt, but the Conquer'd's Fate.
Thou, mighty Victor, from my Arms art fled,
Deſpair here triumphs, and my Comfort's dead;
Thy Image ſtill I find within my Heart,
But if thou ſtay'ſt, with that and Life I part.
Whatever Stranger lands upon our Shore,
Thither I run, wing'd Hope flies on before;
I aſk, Where is my Lord? Will he return?
Is he in Health? Or muſt I ever mourn?
Then to his Hands a Letter ſtrait I give,
And cry, Give this to him in whom I live.
But if no quick Reply the Stranger makes,
The ſpringing Blood my trembling Cheeks forſakes.
I fear your Death, and more I fear your Scorn,
I think *Penelope* is now forlorn,
Ulyſſes falſe, and all his Vows forſworn.
I ſent to *Pylos* to enquire for thee,
But found thee there a Stranger as to me;
To *Sparta*, but could there no Tidings hear:
Where art thou, my *Ulyſſes*, tell me where?
Where doſt thou hide thy ſelf t'increaſe my Fear?
None of thy Victories to me return,
Apollo's City's vanquiſh'd, yet I mourn:
Ah! would it ſtood, that Scene of Pomp and Pride,
Then I ſhould know where all my Hopes reſide:
But now, alas! I know not where thou art,
My Vows are turn'd, and help to break my Heart.
What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my Care,
I know not where to limit now my Fear;

My Sorrows wander in ſo large a Field,
I fear all Dangers Sea and Earth can yield.
Forgive me, dear *Ulyſſes*, if ſometimes
My eager Love dares tax thy Heart of Crimes.
I ſometimes think ſome crafty Stranger may
Have made thy abſent wand'ring Heart a Prey;
Where to make ſure the Vows to her are ſworn,
Penelope each Day is made a Scorn.
Thou tell'ſt her, the weak Diſtaff is my Care,
I know no Art the Conqu'ror to inſnare;
The homely Duties of a Wife I prove,
But never knew to fix a wand'ring Love.
When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep Deſpairs,
Then ſtrait I rave, and chide away thoſe Fears;
I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy Pow'r
Ulyſſes were *Penelope*'s this Hour.
My Father adds to my inſulting Fate,
Bidding me quit thoſe Robes and widow'd State;
And laughs to hear me feign ſome weak Excuſe,
Rather than all my Vows and Hopes abuſe:
But let him laugh, I'm thine and only thine,
Tho' much I fear *Ulyſſes* is not mine;
My fix'd Reſolves at length have conquer'd him,
He thinks I may be true without a Crime.
Slaves I have many, who affect to move,
But vainly tempt my fix'd and conſtant Love:
Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all thoſe Arts
Which captive and ſecure leſs faithful Hearts;
They Lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,
Thy Wealth is theirs, who bleſs thy kind Delay,
All but thy Wife to them is made a Prey.

Why

Why ſhould I reckon up each hated Name,
Hateful to me, and cruel to thy Fame?
Pylander, *Polybus* and *Medon* here
Are fierce thro' Pow'r, feeble thro' Deſpair.
Why ſhould I name the ſly *Eurymachus*,
The curſ'd and covetous *Antinous*?
Ulyſſes, theſe and more to thy Diſgrace
Live on thy Riches, while thy Herds decreaſe;
The mean *Melanthus* and poor *Irus* too
Are ever in the way t'aſſiſt the Crew,
Whoſe careleſs Riots all my Hopes undo:
Alone upon thy Succour we depend,
We are but Three, and weakly we defend;
I am a Woman, and *Laertes* old,
Telemachus too young, the Foe too bold;
Telemachus nigh loſt the other Day,
For he for *Pylos* had prepar'd his Way
Againſt my Will, who ne'er could have deſign'd
Parting with th' only Pledge you left behind.
O may he live, that when I'm freed by Death,
Ulyſſes' Soul may in his Boſom breath.
The little Family you left behind
Thus pray for him, whom all the Gods deſign'd
Heir to thy Wealth, and to thy richer Mind.
Laertes 'mongſt his Foes is old and weak,
His Pow'r decays, in vain his Help I ſeek.
Your Son may live, the Foe may grow leſs ſtrong,
As yet they're pow'rful, and their Hopes are young.
Return, my wand'ring Lord, the only Scope,
Of all our Pray'rs, the End of all our Hope;

Return, and teach your Son, like you, to know
The Arts to govern, and ſubdue a Foe;
Inſtruct his tender Years for Learning fit,
His Blood is thine, and thine may be his Wit;
Return, and bleſs *Laertes*, ere he dies,
With thy dear Sight, then cloſe his willing Eyes;
Return, and bleſs thy Wife, whoſe Youth decays
With ſhedding Tears at thy unkind Delays,
Return, Life of our Hopes, Light of our Days.

HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

By Mr. *SETTLE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece, put Jason *upon a Voyage to* Colchos. *In his Passage, he stopp'd at the Island of* Lemnos, *of which Place* Hypsipyle *was then Queen, fam'd for her Pious saving of her Father* Thoas, *in a general Massacre of the Men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of* Jason *was so kind, as induced him to stay there two Years, at the End of which he left the Island, and the Queen, (then big with Child;) and after a thousand Vows of Constancy, and speedy Return, pursues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at* Colchos, *where* Æta *was King.* Medea *his Daughter falls in Love with* Jason, *and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden Fleece; with which, and* Medea, *he sail'd home to* Thessaly. Hypsipyle, *hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival* Medea, *writes him this Epistle.*

LAden, they say, with *Jason*'s Golden Prize,
Proud *Argos* in *Thessalia*'s Harbour lies.
I would Congratulate your safe Return;
But from your Pen I should that Safety learn.
When from my slighted Coast you bore away,
Spight of the Winds, you show'd less Faith than They.

If 'twas too much t'enjoy my deareſt Lord,
Sure I deſerv'd one Line, one tender Word.
Why did Fame firſt, and not their Conqu'ror, ſhow,
How War's fierce God ſaw his tam'd Bulls at Plow.
How th' Earth-born Warriors roſe, and how they fell
By their own Swords, without your conqu'ring Steel.
How in your Charms the fetter'd Dragon lay,
Whilſt your bold Hand bore the curl'd Gold away.
When doubtful Tongues ſhall *Jaſon*'s Wonders tell,
Would I could ſay, See here's my Oracle.
But tho' unkind Love's Silence I deplore,
Your Heart ſtill mine, I would deſire no more.
But ah, that Hope is vain;—a Witch deſtroys
My fancy'd Pleaſures, and my promis'd Joys.
Would I could ſay (but oh, Love's Fears too ſtrong!)
Would I could ſay, I guiltleſs *Jaſon* wrong.
Lately a Gueſt came from th' *Hemonian* Land:
My Door ſcarce reach'd, with Tranſport I demand
How fares my *Jaſon?* His ſad Look he bore,
Fixt with an ominous Silence on the Floor.
My Robes I tore, and thus, with Horror, cry'd,
Lives he? or with one Wound both Hearts muſt bleed?
He lives, ſaid he; to which I made him ſwear:
He ſwore by Heav'n, yet I retain'd my Fear.
My Senſe return'd to aſk your Deeds; he ſaid,
That the yok'd Bulls of *Mars* in Chains you led:
The Snakes own Teeth a Crop of Heroes bore,
Whilſt a rough native Caſe their Limbs huſkt o'er:
And by their own Inteſtine Fury ſlain;
One Day's ſhort Age compleats their active Reign.

Again,

Again I aſk, Does my dear *Jaſon* live?
Such Ebbs and Flows Love's Fears and Hopes do give;
He fatally proceeds, and with much Art
Would hide, yet ſhews the Falſeneſs of your Heart.
Ah, where's your Nuptial Faith, that flatt'ring Stile,
Love's Torch, more fit to light my Fun'ral Pile!
I have no lawleſs Plea to *Jaſon*'s Love;
Juno and *Hymen* our juſt Chaplets wove:
Ah no! not theſe mild Gods: *Erinnys*' Hand,
At our curſt Rites, held her infernal Brand.
Why to my *Lemnos* did your Veſſel ſteer?
Or why, fond Fool, did I admit you here?
Here no bright Ram with golden Glory ſhone,
Nor was my *Lemnos* the *Ætean* Throne.
At firſt——(but Fates all faint Reſolves withſtand)
I thought t'expel you with a female Hand.
The *Lemnian* Ladies are in Arms well ſkill'd:
Their Guard has been my Life's ſecureſt Shield.
But in my City, Roof, my Soul receiv'd,
For two bleſt Years my darling *Jaſon* liv'd.
Forc'd the third Summer to a ſad Farewel,
Mixt with his Tears theſe parting Accents fell.
Do not at our divided Fates repine,
Thine I depart, to return ever Thine.
May our yet unborn Pledge live long, to prove
The Object of its Rival Parents Love.
'Twixt Sighs and Tears, thro' thoſe falſe Gales did pour
Theſe falſer Show'rs, till Grief could ſpeak no more.
You were the laſt the fatal *Argo* reach'd,
Whoſe ſwelling Sails th' o'erhaſty Winds had ſtretch'd.

The furrowing Keel the Sea's green Surface plow'd:
You to the Shore, to th' Seas I gazing bow'd.
In haſte I ran to an adjacent Tow'r:
My Tears o'er all my Face and Boſom ſhow'r.
There my wet Eyes my wafted Soul purſue,
And ev'n beyond their natural Opticks flew.
A thouſand Vows for your Return I made;
You are return'd, and they ſhould now be paid.
My Vows for curs'd *Medea*'s Triumphs pay!
My Heart to Grief, my Love to Rage gives way.
Shall I deck Temples, and make Altars ſhine,
For that falſe Man that lives, but lives not mine!
I never was ſecure. 'Twas my long Dread,
You by your Father's Choice a *Greek* might Wed.
To no *Greek* Bride, t' an unexpected Foe,
My Wounds I t' a Barbarian Harlot owe:
One who by Spells and Herbs, does Hearts ſurpriſe:
Nor are her Slaves the Trophies of her Eyes.
She from her Courſe the ſtruggling Moon would hold,
The Sun himſelf in Magick Shades infold;
She curbs the Waves, and ſtops the rapid Floods,
And from their Seats removes whole Rocks and Woods.
With her diſhevell'd Hair the wand'ring Hag
Does half-burnt Bones from their warm Aſhes drag.
In molten Wax, tho' abſent, kills by Art,
Arm'd with her Needle, goars a tortur'd Heart.
Nay, what Deſert and Form ſhould only move,
By Philters ſhe ſecures her *Jaſon*'s Love.
How can you doat on ſuch infernal Charms,
And ſleep ſecurely in a *Syren*'s Arms?

You,

You, as the Bulls, ſhe does t'her Yoke ſubdue,
And as ſhe tam'd the Dragon, Conquers you.
Tho' your great Deeds, and no leſs Race you boaſt,
Link'd to that Fiend your ſullied Fame is loſt.
Nay by the cenſuring World 'tis juſtly thought,
Your Conqueſts by her Sorceries were wrought;
And the *Phryxean* Ram's Triumphant Oar,
They ſay, not *Jaſon*, but *Medea* bore.
This Northern Bride your Parents diſapprove;
Conſult your Duty in your Nobler Love.
Let ſome wild *Scythian* her loath'd Bed poſſeſs,
A Miſtreſs only fit for Savages.
Jaſon, more falſe, more changeable than Wind,
Have Vows no Weight, and Oaths no Pow'r to bind?
Mine you departed: ah, return mine too,
Let my kind Arms their long-loſt Scenes renew.
If high Birth, and great Names your Heart can turn,
Know, I'm the Royal *Thoas'* Daughter born.
Bacchus my Grandſire is, whoſe Bride divine
All leſſer Conſtellations does out-ſhine.
My Dow'r Theſe and Fertile *Lemnos* make,
All theſe and me, thy Equal Title, take.
Nay I'm a Mother: A kind Father be,
And ſoften all the Pains I've borne for thee.
Yes Heav'n with Twins has bleſt our Genial Bed;
And would you in their Look their Father read?
His treacherous Smiles they are too young to wear,
In all things elſe you'll find your Picture there:
I'ad ſent thoſe Envoys in theſe Letters ſtead,
Both for their own and Mother's Wrongs to plead,

Had not their Stepdame's Murthers bid 'em ſtay;
Too dear a Treaſure for that Monſter's Prey.
Would her deaf Rage, that rent her Brother's Bones,
Spare my young Blood, or hear their tender Groans?
Yet in your Arms this dearer Traitreſs lies;
Above my Truth, you this falſe Poiſ'ner prize.
This mean Adult'rate Wretch was baſely kind;
Love's ſacred Lamp our chaſte Embraces join'd;
Her Father ſhe betray'd, mine lives by me,
I *Lemnos'* Pride, ſhe *Colchos'* Infamy.
And thus her Guilt my Piety outvies,
Whilſt with her Crimes her Dow'r your Heart ſhe buys.
Falſe Man, I blame, not wonder at the Rage
O' th' *Lemnian* Dames: Wrongs do all Arms engage.
Suppoſe, in Vengeance to your Guilt, juſt Heav'n
Had on my Shore the perjur'd *Jaſon* driv'n;
Whilſt I with my young Twins to meet you came,
And made you call on Rocks to hide your Shame.
How could you look upon my Sons and Me?
Traitor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?
Perhaps indeed I *Jaſon* had not hurt,
But 'tis my Mercy more than his Deſert:
The Harlot's Blood had ſprinkled all the Place,
Daſh'd in your faithleſs, and once charming Face.
I to *Medea*, ſhould *Medea* prove:
And if *Jove* hears the Pray'rs of injur'd Love,
May that loath'd Hag, that has my Bed enjoy'd,
Be by my Fate and her own Arts deſtroy'd.
Like me a Mother, and a Wife forlorn,
Be from her Raviſh'd Lord and Children torn.

May her ill-gotten Trophies never laſt,
But round the World be th' hunted Monſter chac'd.
Thoſe Dooms her Sire, and murther'd Brother met,
May ſhe t'her Huſband and her Sons repeat.
Driv'n from the World, let her attempt the Skies,
'Till in Deſpair by her own Hand ſhe dies.
Thus wrong'd *Thoantius* prays, your Lives curſt Remnant lead,
An Execrable Pair, in a Deteſted Bed.

MEDEA to JASON.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon *arrives with his Companions at* Colchos, *where the Golden Fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake ſeveral Adventures; firſt to yoke the Wild Bulls, then to ſow the Serpent's Teeth; from whence ſhould inſtantly riſe an Army, with which he muſt encounter; and laſtly to make his Paſſage by the Dragon that never ſlept. In order to this, he ſolicits* Medea, *Daughter to the King, and ſkillful in Charms, by whoſe Aſſiſtance (on Promiſe of Love) he gains the Prize. Then flies with her; the King purſues them.* Medea *kills her little Brother, ſcatters his Limbs, and whilſt the King ſtays to gather them up, eſcapes with her Lover into* Theſſaly; *where ſhe reſtores decrepit* Æſon *to his Youth. On the ſame Promiſe perſuades* Pelias *his Daughters to let out their Father's Blood, but deceitfully leaves them Guilty of Parricide. For this, and other Crimes,* Jaſon *caſts her off: Marries* Creüſa *Daughter to* Creon *King of* Corinth; *on which the enrag'd* Medea, *according to the various tranſports of her Paſſion, writes this complaining, ſoothing, and menacing Epiſtle.*

YET I found leiſure, tho' a Queen, to free
By Magick Arts thy *Grecian* Friends and thee;

The

The Fates ſhould then have finiſh'd, with my Reign,
The Life that ſince was one continu'd Pain.
Who would have dreamt the Youth of diſtant *Greece*,
Should e'er have ſail'd to ſeize the *Phrygian* Fleece!
That th' *Argo* ſhould in View of *Colchos* ride!
A *Grecian* Army ſtem the *Phaſian* Tide!
Why were thoſe Snares, thy Locks, ſo tempting made!
A Tongue ſo falſe, ſo pow'rful to perſuade!
No doubt but he that had ſo raſhly ſought
Our Shore, with the fierce Bulls unſpell'd had fought,
And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had ſown,
'Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'erthrown.
How many Frauds had then expir'd with thee!
As many killing Griefs remov'd from me!
'Tis ſome Relief, when ill Returns are made,
With Favours done th' Ungrateful to upbraid:
This Triumph will afford ſome little Eaſe,
Falſe *Jaſon* leave me this ——

When firſt your doubtful Veſſel reach'd our Port,
And you had Entrance to my Father's Court;
There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,
My Royal Father might with hers compare.
With Princely Pomp was your Arrival grac'd,
The meaneſt *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.
Then firſt I gaz'd my Liberty away!
And date my Ruin from that fatal Day!
Fate puſht me on, and with your Charms combin'd;
I view'd your ſparkling Eyes, 'till I was blind.
You ſoon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide
A Flame that by its own Light is deſcry'd?

But now that Task's propos'd, and thou muſt tame
The Bulls with brazen Hoofs, and Breath of Flame.
With theſe the fatal Field thou art to Plow,
From whence a ſudden Hoſt of Foes muſt grow.
Thoſe Dangers paſt, ſtill to the Golden Prey
The baleful fiery Dragon guards the Way.
Thus ſpake the King; your Knights ſtart from the Feaſt,
And ev'n your Cheeks a pale Deſpair confeſt.
Where then was your ador'd *Creüſa*'s Dow'r?
And where her Father *Creon*'s boaſted Pow'r?
Sad went'ſt thou forth; my pitying Eyes purſue,
I ſigh'd, and after ſent a ſoft Adieu!
In reſtleſs Tears I ſpent that tedious Night,
Preſenting ſtill thy Dangers to my Sight;
The Savage Bulls, and more the ſavage Hoſt,
But th' horrid Serpent did affright me moſt!
Thus toſt with Fear and Love, (Fear ſwell'd the Flame)
My Siſter early to my Apartment came;
Sad and dejected ſhe ſurpriz'd me there,
With Eyes diſtilling, and diſhevell'd Hair;
On your behalf ſhe ſought me, nor cou'd crave
My Aid for you, ſo freely as I gave!
A Grove there is, an awful gloomy Shade,
Too cloſe for ev'n the Sun himſelf t'invade;
Theſe Woods with great *Diana*'s Fane was grac'd,
I' th' midſt the Goddeſs in high Tripods plac'd.
There (if that Place you can remember yet,
Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met.
Then, thus in ſoft deluding Sounds you ſaid ——
" Take Pity on our Suff'rings, Royal Maid!

" Reſt

" Reſt pleas'd, Thou haſt the Pow'r to kill, but give
" Proofs of Diviner Might, and make us Live!
" By our Diſtreſſes, (which thy Art alone
" Has Pow'r to ſuccour,) By th' all-ſeeing Sun,
" By the chaſte Deity that governs here,
" And what-e'er elſe you Sacred hold or Dear,
" Take pity on our Youth, and bind us ſtill
" Eternal Servants to *Medea*'s Will!
" And if a Stranger's Form can touch your Mind,
" (If ſuch bleſt Fate was e'er for me deſign'd!)
" This Fleſh to Duſt diſſolve, this Spirit to Air,
" When I think any but *Medea* Fair.
" Be conſcious *Juno*, witneſs to my Vow,
" And this dread Goddeſs at whoſe Shrine we bow.
Your charming Tongue ſtopt here, and left the reſt
To be by yet more pow'rful Tears expreſt.
I yield ——— and by my Art inſtruct you now,
To yoke the Braſs-hooft Bulls, and make 'em plow.
Then with a daring Hand you ſow the Field,
That for an Harveſt does an Army yield;
Ev'n I look pale, that gave the pow'rful Charms,
To ſee the wondrous Crop of ſhining Arms!
'Till th' Earth-born Brothers in fierce Battle join'd,
Their ſudden Lives more ſuddenly reſign'd:
The Serpent next, a yet more dangerous Toil,
With ſcaly Boſom plows the yielding Soil,
O'erſhades the Field with vaſt expanded Wings,
And brandiſhes in Air his threatning Stings!
Where was *Creüſa* at this needful hour?
Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchleſs Dow'r?

Medea

Medea, that *Medea*, that is now
Deſpis'd, thought poor, held guilty too by you
'Twas ſhe that charm'd the wakeful Dragon's Sight,
Gave you the Fleece, and then ſecur'd your Flight:
To merit you, what could I more have done?
My Father I betray, my Country ſhun,
And all the Hazards of an Exile run!
Tho', whilſt I yield me thus a Robber's Prize,
My tender Mother in my Abſence dies,
And at her Feet my breathleſs Siſter lies.
Why left I not my Brother too? —— cold Fear
Arreſts my Hand, and I muſt finiſh here!
This Hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,
What then it dar'd to act, dreads now to write.
To the rough Seas undaunted I repair;
For after Guilt, what can a Woman fear?
Why 'ſcap'd our Crimes thoſe Seas? we ſhould have dy'd;
For Falſhood thou, and I for Parricide,
The juſtling Iſles ſhould there have daſh'd our Bones,
And hung us Piece-meal on the ragged Stones;
Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in his rav'nous Den,
Wrong'd *Scylla* thus ſhou'd uſe ungrateful Men!
Charybdis too ſhou'd in our Fate have ſhar'd,
Nor ought of our ſad Wreck her Whirl-pool ſpar'd.
Yet ſafe we reach your Shore: the *Phrygian* Fleece
Is made an Off'ring to the Gods of *Greece*.
The *Pelian* Daughters pious Bloody Deed
I paſs, that raſhly made their Father bleed;
Your Safety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud:
The Guilt that others blame, you ſhou'd applaud!

But

But 'ſtead of Thanks, your Court I am forbid:
Your ſelf forbad me, faithleſs *Jaſon* did!
With none but my two Infants I depart,
And *Jaſon*'s Form, that ne'er forſakes my Heart.
At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs ſurprize
My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes;
The Rabble ſhout, the Clamour nearer drew,
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:
My Servants weep in Corners, and refuſe
Th' ingrateful Taſk of ſuch unwelcome News!
I yet forbear t' enquire, tho' ſtill my Breaſt
The dreadful Apprehenſions did ſuggeſt.
My youngeſt Boy now from the Window ſpy'd
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,
" Look Mother, look! ſee where my Father rides,
" With ſhining Reins his Golden Chariot guides.
At this, my pale forſaken Breaſt I tore,
Nor ſpar'd the Face, whoſe Beauties charm no more.
Alas! what did I ſpare! ſcarce cou'd I ſpare
My Honour, ſcarcely thee, cou'd ſcarce forbear
To force my Paſſage to the Chariot now,
And tear the Garland from thy perjur'd Brow.
Offended Father, now thy Griefs diſcharge!
My Brother's Blood is now reveng'd at large.
The Man (for whom I fled and injur'd thee!
Whoſe Love ſole Comfort of my Flight cou'd be)
Th' ungrateful Man has now forſaken me!
I tam'd the Bulls, and cou'd the Serpent bind,
But for perfidious Love no Spell can find:
The Dragon's baleful Fires my Arts ſuppreſt,
But not the Flames that rage within my Breaſt.

In

In Love my pow'rfull'ſt Herbs are uſeleſs made,
In vain is *Hecate* ſummon'd to my Aid;
I ſigh the Day, the Night in Watches ſpend,
No Slumbers on my careful Brows deſcend:
With *Popy ies* Juice in vain my Eyes I ſteep,
And try the Charm that made the Dragon ſleep.
I only reap no Profit from my Charms!
They ſav'd, but ſav'd thee for my Rival's Arms!
There, 'cauſe you know the Theme will grateful be,
Perhaps you're ſo unjuſt t'exclaim on me!
To tax my Manners, rally on my Face,
And make th' Adult'reſs Sport with my Diſgrace!
Laugh on, proud Dame; but know thy Fate is nigh,
When thou ſhalt yet more wretched be than I;
When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd ſits ſtill,
Sword, Flame, and Poiſon, have forgot to Kill.
If Pray'rs the flinty *Jaſon*'s Breaſt can move,
My juſt Complaint will ſure ſucceſsful prove.
Stretch'd at thy Feet a ſuppliant Princeſs ſee;
Such was thy Poſture, when ſhe pity'd thee.
And tho' a Wife's diſcarded Title fail,
My Infants ſtill are thine, let them prevail!
So much th'are thine, ſo much thy Likeneſs bear,
Each Look I caſt, is follow'd by a Tear.
Now by the Gods, by all our paſt Delights,
By thoſe dear Pledges of our Am'rous Nights,
Reſtore to me thy Love; I claim my Due;
Be to my Merit, and thy Promiſe true.
I aſk thee not what I perform'd for thee,
To ſet me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free;

I only crave thy Love, thy Love reſtore,
For which I've done ſo much, and ſuffer'd more.
Do'ſt thou demand a Dow'r?—'twas paid that Day
When thou didſt bear the Golden Fleece away:
Thy Life's a Dow'r, and thy dear Foll'wers Health,
The Youth of *Greece*; weigh theſe with *Creon*'s Wealth.
To me thou ow'ſt that thou art *Creon*'s Heir,
That now thou liv'ſt to call *Creüſa* Fair!
You've wrong'd me all, and on you all—but hold,
I form Revenge, too mighty to be told!
My Thoughts are now to th' utmoſt Ruin bent!
Perhaps I ſhall the fatal Rage repent.
But on——for I (whate'er the Miſchief be)
Shall leſs repent than that I truſted thee!
The God alone that rages in my Breaſt,
Can ſee the dark Revenge my Thoughts ſuggeſt:
I only know 'twill ſoon effected be,
And when it comes, be Vaſt, and Worthy me.

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

By Mr. *OTWAY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *the Son of* Ægeus, *having ſlain the* Minotaur, *promiſed to* Ariadne *the Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphæ, *for the Aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Siſter* Phædra *they went on Board and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd by* Bacchus, *he left* Ariadne, *and Married her Siſter* Phædra; *who afterwards, in* Theſeus *her Huſband's Abſence, fell in Love with* Hippolytus *her Son-in-Law, who had vowed* Celibacy, *and was a Hunter: wherefore ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this Epiſtle to give him an Account of her Paſſion.*

IF Thou'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall Health enjoy;
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my Lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets ſafe to fartheſt Shores may move:
By Letters Foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd,
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh to ſpeak, Love made me write.

'Tis

'Tis dang'rous to reſiſt the Pow'r of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:
He clear'd the Doubts that did my Mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring Thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that Breaſt of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll loſe no Care:
Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding, to worſt Pains does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young Bull or Courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find
No Reſt, th' unwonted Weight ſo toils my Mind.
When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our riper Years with Rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing Roſe,
Or the ripe Fruit that Courts him as it grows?
But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for Spotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh in thy Love I ſhall no Hazard run;
'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis courſely done.
And now ſhould *Juno* yield her *Jove* to me,
I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee:
Believe me too with ſtrange Deſires I change,
Among wild Beaſts I long with Thee to range,
To thy Delights and *Delia* I incline,
Make her my Goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:

I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,
And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,
Shaking my Dart; then, the Chace ended, lie
Stretch'd on the Graſs: And would'ſt not thou be by?
Oft in light Chariots I with Pleaſure ride,
And love my ſelf the furious Steeds to guide.
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I ſtray,
Or old *Cybele*'s Prieſts, as mad as they
When under *Ida*'s Hill they Off'rings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.
But ſtill each little Interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain.
Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
And, to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:
She, like my Mother, languiſht to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:
The faithleſs *Theſeus* by my Siſter's Aid
The Monſter ſlew, and a ſafe Conqueſt made:
Now in that Family my Right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame Terms a Slave;
'Twas fatal to my Siſter, and to me,
She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee.
Let Monuments of Triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
When firſt our Vows were to *Ekeuſis* paid,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid:
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect Conqueſt gain,
Whilſt Love's fierce Fever rag'd in ev'ry Vein;

White

White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head:
A modeſt Bluſh thy comely Face o'erſpread.
That Face which may be terrible in Arms;
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of Charms:
I love the Man whoſe Faſhion's leaſt his Care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs Locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:
To ſee thee poiſe the Jav'lin, moves Delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my Sight:
But to the Woods thy Cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a Life as mine:
Muſt cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
Muſt ſhe have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
That Pleaſure palls if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For *Cynthia*'s ſake unbend and eaſe thy Bow;
Elſe to thy Arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was ſlain,
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,
Who wiſely left old Age for Youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* cou'd enjoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* ſought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next bleſt *Sylvan* Pair:
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Deſarts are.

With

With thee, thro' dangerous Ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearleſs face the dreadful Boar.
Between two Seas a little *Iſthmus* lies.
Where on each Side the beating Billows riſe,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my Native *Crete*.
As we could wiſh, Old *Theſeus* is away
At *Theſſaly*, where always let him ſtay
With his *Perithous*, whom well I ſee
Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his Hate;
We both have ſuffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight:
My Brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my Siſter falſly run away;
And left expos'd to every Beaſt a Prey:
A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
A Mother worthy of a Son ſo brave,
From cruel *Theſeus* yet her Death did find,
Nor tho' ſhe gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in ſpight,
To Baſtardize, and Rob thee of thy Right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of *Phædra*'s Fault:
Rather, thou faireſt Thing the Earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt I'ad dy'd of Mother's Pains:
How can'ſt thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
From which himſelf ſo abjectly is fled?
The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names
Of worn-out Piety, in faſhion then
When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:

But

But braver *Jove* taught Pleaſure was no Sin,
And with his Siſter did himſelf begin.
Nearneſs of Blood, and Kindred beſt we prove,
When we expreſs it in the cloſeſt Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault ſhould be reveal'd:
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with Praiſe ſhall crown
A Mother's Kindneſs to a grateful Son.
No Need at Midnight in the Dark to ſtray,
T'unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,
No buſy Spies our Pleaſures to betray.
But in one Houſe, as heretofore, we'll live,
In publick Kiſſes take, in publick, give:
Tho' in my Bed thou'rt ſeen, 'twill gain Applauſe
From all, whilſt none have Senſe to gueſs the Cauſe:
Only make haſte, and let this League be ſign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
Now where are all my Boaſts of Greatneſs gone?
I ſwore I ne'er wou'd yield, reſolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's ſeldom in the right:
Now on my own I crawl, to claſp thy Knees:
What's decent no true Lover cares or ſees:
Shame, like a Beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,
But Beauty's Bluſhes ſtill are in my Face.
Forgive this fond Confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome Pity on my Suff'rings take.
What though 'midſt Seas my Father's Empire lies?
Tho' my great Grandſire thunder from the Skies?
What tho' my Father's Sire, in Beams dreſt gay,
Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?

Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
Then tho' thou wilt not me, their Honour ſave:
Jove's famous Iſland, *Crete*, in Dow'r I'll bring,
And there ſhall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus*' ſake then hear and grant my Pray'r,
So may'ſt thou never love a ſcornful Fair;
In Fields ſo may *Diana* grace thee ſtill,
And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, ſo may the Boar before thee fall.
So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,
Though thou their Sex deſpiſe, thy Thirſt allay.
Millions of Tears to theſe my Pray'rs I join,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear Eyes of thine,
Think that thou ſeeſt the Streams that flow from mine.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas, *the Son of* Venus *and* Anchiſes, *having, at the Deſtruction of* Troy, *ſaved his Gods, his Father and Son* Aſcanius *from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long toſt with Tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the Shore of* Libya, *where Queen* Dido, *(flying from the Cruelty of* Pygmalion *her Brother, who had killed her Huſband* Sichæus) *had lately built* Carthage. *She entertained* Æneas *and his Fleet with great Civility, fell paſſionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the laſt Favours. But* Mercury *admoniſhing* Æneas *to go in ſearch of* Italy, *(a Kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him.* Dido *ſoon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.*

SO, on *Meander*'s Banks, when Death is nigh,
The mournful *Swan* ſings her own Elegy.
Not that I hope, (for oh, that Hope were vain!)
By Words your loſt Affection to regain;
But having loſt whate'er was worth my Care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying Pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor *Dido* muſt be left,
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!

While you, with looſen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare
To ſeek a Land that flies the Searcher's Care.
Nor can my riſing Tow'rs your Flight reſtrain,
Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built Walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that Land
Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.
Suppoſe you landed where your Wiſh deſign'd,
Think what Reception Foreigners would find.
What People is ſo void of common Senſe,
To vote Succeſſion from a Native Prince?
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you ſeek;
New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break,
When will your Tow'rs the Height of *Carthage* know?
Or when your Eyes diſcern ſuch Crowds below?
If ſuch a Town, and Subjects you cou'd ſee,
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incenſe bright:
Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:
Æneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;
Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my Heart ſo ill!
My ſelf I cannot to my ſelf reſtore;
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,
And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.
I rave: Nor canſt thou *Venus'* Offspring be,
Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.
From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce *Tygreſs* come;

Or,

Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,
Got by the Winds, and in a Tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:
Like that, whoſe Rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy Billows ride!
The Winds and Waves are on the juſter ſide.
To Winter Weather and a ſtormy Sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from Heav'n's avenging Laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the Cauſe.
To ſhun my Love, if thou wilt ſeek thy Fate,
'Tis a dear Purchaſe, and a coſtly Hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the Tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace!
May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what Dangers Ships ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the Main?
Which, were it ſmooth, were ev'ry Wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand Forms of Death are in the Deep.
In that Abyſs the Gods their Vengeance ſtore,
For broken Vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
Their winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,
To vindicate the Juſtice of her State.
Thus, I to thee the Means of Safety ſhow:
And, loſt my ſelf, would ſtill preſerve my Foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy Death deſign:
O rather live, to be the Cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging Storm thy Veſſel tear,
(But Heav'n forbid my Words ſhould Omen bear)

Then, in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;
And my wrong'd Ghoſt be preſent to thy Eye.
With threat'ning Looks, think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair;
Then ſhou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;
What cou'dſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.
Have pity on thy Son, if not on me:
My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.
What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in Seas, who were from Fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor Parent didſt thou bear,
(Smooth Stories all to pleaſe a Woman's Ear)
Falſe as the Tale of thy Romantick Life;
Nor yet am I thy firſt deluded Wife.
Left to purſuing Foes *Creüſa* ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe Man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender Heart,
That ſuch Requital follow'd ſuch Deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like theſe,
Sev'n Winters kept thee wand'ring on the Seas.
Thy ſtarv'd Companions, caſt a-ſhore, I fed,
Thy ſelf admitted to my Crown and Bed.
To harbour Strangers, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the Cave which firſt my Ruin brought,
Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter ſought!
A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place:
The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.

I thought ſo then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my Fun'rals from below.
O Chaſtity and violated Fame,
Exact your Dues to my dead Huſband's Name!
By Death redeem my Reputation loſt;
And to his Arms reſtore my guilty Ghoſt.
Cloſe by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,
Is rais'd a Chapel to my murder'd Love;
There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue ſtands,
The pious Monument of Artful Hands:
Laſt Night, methought, he call'd me from the Dome,
And thrice with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.
She comes; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious Fears.
Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed;
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith miſ-led.
His Goddeſs Mother, and his Aged Sire
Borne on his Back, did to my Fall conſpire.
O! ſuch he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a Bluſh I might his Love purſue.
But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:
And as my Fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted Lord was at the Altar ſlain,
Whoſe Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain:
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,
To Foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;
And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands
I bought the Ground on which my City ſtands,
With all the Coaſt that ſtretches to the Sea;
Ev'n to the friendly Port that ſhelter'd thee:

Then rais'd theſe Walls, which mount into the Air,
At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.
For now they Arm; and round me Leagues are made,
My ſcarce eſtabliſh'd Empire to invade.
To Man my new-built Walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs Woman, and unſkill'd in War.
Yet thouſand Rivals to my Love pretend;
And for my Perſon, wou'd my Crown defend;
Whoſe jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my Huſband's Murd'rer leave my Life;
That to the Huſband he may add the Wife.
Go then: ſince no Complaints can move thy Mind;
Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious Hands no more be borne:
Thy Sacrilegious Worſhip they diſdain,
And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt Shame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.
The Babe unborn muſt periſh by thy Hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his Mother's Fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy Voyage does command;
Wou'd the ſame God had barr'd thee from my Land.
The ſame, I doubt not, thy Departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at Sea ſo many Years;
Where thy long Labours were a Price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe *Troy* would'ſt not repeat.

But

But *Tyber* now thou ſeek'ſt; to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy Search: Perhaps it will
To thy old Age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,
And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.
Here thou to *Carthage* may'ſt transfer thy *Troy*:
Here young *Aſcanius* may his Arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft Repoſe,
Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.
By *Cupid*'s Arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.
So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future Fortune ſtrive;
So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,
And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:
As thou haſt Pity on unhappy me,
Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.
I am not born from fierce *Achilles*' Line,
Nor did my Parents againſt *Troy* combine.
To be thy Wife, if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior Name admit my Love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.
Our *Libyan* Coaſts their certain Seaſons know,
When free from Tempeſts Paſſengers may go.
But now, with Northern Blaſts the Billows roar,
And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shore.
Leave to my Care the Time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.

Thy weary Men wou'd be with Eaſe content;
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Maſts are ſpent.
If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my Merit, give my Love.
Stay, 'till I learn my Loſs to undergo;
And give me Time to ſtruggle with my Woe.
If not: Know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My Life's too loathſome, and my Love too ſtrong.
Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my Lap the *Trojan* Sword I lay.
My Tears flow down; the ſharp Edge cuts their Flood,
And drinks my Sorrows, that muſt drink my Blood.
How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree!
My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new Wounds my Boſom I diſplay:
The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.
But thou, dear Siſter, and yet dearer Friend,
Shalt my cold Aſhes to their Urn attend.
Sichæus' Wife, let not the Marble boaſt,
I loſt that Title, when my Fame I loſt.
This ſhort Inſcription only let it bear,
" Unhappy *Dido* lies in Quiet here.
" The Cauſe of Death, and Sword by which ſhe dy'd,
" *Æneas* gave: The reſt her Arm ſupply'd.

THE FOREGOING

EPISTLE

OF

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

By another Hand.

SO in unwonted Notes, when ſure to die,
The mournful Swan ſings her own Elegy.
I do not hope by this to change my Fate,
Since Heav'n and you are both reſolv'd to hate:
Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no Wonder now
That you diſdain me when I meanly ſue;
Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you reſolve to go,
And leave th' Unhappy you have render'd ſo.
You and your Love, the Winds away muſt bear,
Forgot is all that you ſo oft did ſwear:
With cruel Haſte to diſtant Lands you fly,
Yet know not whoſe they are, nor where they lie.
On *Carthage* and its riſing Walls you frown,
And ſhun a Scepter, which is now your own;
All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,
And fondly ſeek a fancy'd Diadem.

And

And ſhould you reach at laſt this promis'd Land,
Who'll give its Power into a Stranger's Hand?
Another eaſy *Dido* do you ſeek;
And new Occaſions new-made Vows to break?
When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,
And ſee your Streets with Crowds of Subjects fill'd?
But tho' all this ſucceeded to your Mind,
So true a Wife no Search could ever find.

Scorch'd up with Love's fierce Fire my Life does waſte,
Like Incenſe on the flaming Altar caſt;
All Day *Æneas* walks before my Sight,
In all my Dreams I ſee him ev'ry Night:
But ſee him ſtill ungrateful as before,
And ſuch as, if I could, I ſhould abhor.
But the ſtrong Flame burns on againſt my Will,
I call him Falſe, but love the Traitor ſtill.

Goddeſs of Love, thee all the World adore!
And ſhall thy Son ſlight thy Almighty Pow'r?
His Brother's ſtubborn Soul let *Cupid* move,
Teach me to hate, or him to merit Love!
But the Impoſtor his high Birth did feign,
(Tho' to that Tale his Face did Credit gain,)
He was not born of *Venus*, who could prove
So cruel, and ſo faithleſs in his Love.
From Rocks or Mountains he deriv'd his Birth!
Fierce Wolves or Savage Tygers brought him forth!
Or elſe he ſprung from the tempeſtuous Main,
To which ſo eagerly he flies again.
How dreadful the contending Wayes appear!
Theſe Winter Storms by force would keep you here.

The

The Storms are kinder, and the Winds more true!
Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.
You'll ſhew your Hatred at too dear a Rate,
If, to fly me, you run on certain Fate.
Stay only till theſe raging Tempeſts ceaſe,
And breeding *Halcyons* all my Fears releaſe.
Then you perhaps may change your cruel Mind,
And will learn Pity from the Sea and Wind.
Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and ſeen?
And will you tempt the faithleſs Floods again?
Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be ſo;
Think to what diſtant Countries you would go.
There's not one God who will that Veſſel bleſs,
Which Lies, and Frauds, and Perjuries oppreſs.
The Sea let ev'ry faithful Lover fear.
The Queen of Love roſe thence, and Governs there.
Still the dear Cauſe of all my Ills I love,
And my laſt Words Heav'n for your Safety move;
That your falſe Flight may not as fatal be
To you, as your diſſembled Love to me.
But in the Storm, when the huge Billows roll,
(Th' unlucky Omen may kind Heav'n controul)
Think what diſtracting Thoughts will fill your Soul.
You'll then remember ev'ry broken Vow.
With Horror think on Murder'd *Dido* too.
My Ghoſt all pale and ghaſtly ſhall be there,
With mortal Wounds ſtill bleeding I'll appear.
Then you will own what to ſuch Crimes is due,
And think each Flaſh of Lightning aim'd at you.
Your cruel Flight till the next Calm delay,
Your quiet Paſſage will reward your Stay.

I beg not for my ſelf, but do not join
The Guilt of your *Aſcanius'* Death to mine.
What has your Son, what have your Gods deſerv'd?
For a worſe Fate were they from Flames preſerv'd?
But ſure you neither ſav'd them from the Fire,
Nor on your Shoulders bore your aged Sire;
But did contrive that Story, to deceive
A Queen, ſo fond, ſo willing to believe.
Your ready Tongue told many a pleaſing Lie,
Nor did it practiſe firſt theſe Cheats on me.
You by like Arts did fair *Creuſa* gain,
And then forſook her with a like Diſdain.
I've wept to hear you tell that Lady's Fate,
My ſelf now juſtly more unfortunate.
'Tis to revenge theſe Crimes the Gods engage,
And make you wander out your wretched Age.

A Ship-wreck'd Wretch I kindly did receive,
My Wealth and Crown to Hands unknown did give.
Had I ſtopp'd there, I had been free from Shame,
And had not ſtain'd my clear and ſpotleſs Fame.
Heav'n to betray my Honour did comply,
When Thunder and black Clouds fill'd all the Sky,
And made us to the fatal Shelter fly.
The Furies howl'd, and dire Preſages gave,
And ſhrieking Nymphs forſook the guilty Cave.
I cannot live, that Crime torments me ſo,
Yet full of Shame to my *Sichæus* go.

In a fair Temple built by ſkilful Hands,
A Sacred Image of *Sichæus* ſtands;
With ſnowy Fleeces dreſt, and Garlands crown'd,
From thence of late I've heard a diſmal Sound!

Four

Four times he call'd me with a hollow Voice,
My looſen'd Joints ſtill trembled at the Noiſe!
My deareſt Lord, your Summons I obey:
'Tis Shame to meet you makes this ſhort Delay.
Yet ſuch a Tempter might the Crime excuſe,
His Heav'nly Race, and all his ſolemn Vows!
The beſt of Fathers, the moſt pious Son!
Who could ſuſpect, He, who ſuch Things had done,
So well had acted all the Parts of Life,
Could have betray'd a Princeſs and a Wife?
Had he not wanted Faith, your ſelf muſt own
He had deſerv'd to fill my Bed and Throne.
In my firſt Youth what Cares diſturb'd my Peace!
And my Misfortunes with my Years increaſe!
My Huſband's Blood was by my Brother ſpilt,
And ſtill his Wealth rewards the proſp'rous Guilt.
Thro' Ways unknown a dang'rous Flight I take,
His Aſhes and my Native Soil forſake;
Here ſhelter'd from my Brother's Cruelty,
I bought this Kingdom, which I gave to thee.
My City did in Glory daily riſe,
Which all my Neighbours ſaw with envious Eyes,
And Force againſt unfurniſh'd Walls prepare,
Threat'ning a helpleſs Woman with a War.
Thoſe many Kings, who did my Bed deſire,
Now to revenge their ſlighted Love conſpire.
Go on, my People are at your Command,
Give me up bound to ſome fierce Rival's Hand:
Aſſiſt my cruel Brother's black Deſign;
Drunk with *Sichæus'* Blood, he thirſts for mine:

But

But then pretend to Piety no more,
The falſe and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.
Ev'n thoſe you ſnatch'd from *Troy*'s devouring Flame
Are griev'd that from ſuch Hands their Safety came.
A growing Infant in my Womb you leave;
Of your whole ſelf, you cannot me bereave.
You kill not *Dido* only, if you go,
The Guiltleſs and Unborn you murder too;
With me a new unknown *Aſcanius* dies:
Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his Cries.
But 'tis the God commands, and you obey:
Ah! would that he who now forbids your Stay,
Had never led your ſhatter'd Fleet this way!
And now this God commands you out again,
T' endure another Winter on the Main!
Scarce *Troy* reſtor'd to all her Ancient State,
Were worth the ſeeking at ſo dear a Rate.
Ceaſe then thro' ſuch vaſt Dangers to purſue
A Place, which, but in Dreams, you never knew:
In ſearch of which you your beſt Years may waſte,
And come a Stranger there, and old at laſt.
See at your Feet a willing People lies,
And do not offer'd Wealth and Pow'r deſpiſe.
Fix here the Reliques of unhappy *Troy*,
And in ſoft Peace, all you have ſav'd enjoy.
But if new Dangers your great Soul deſires,
If Thirſt of Fame your Son's young Breaſt inſpires,
You'll frequent Trials here for Valour find;
Our Neighbours are as rough as we are kind.

By

By your dear Father's Soul I beg your Stay,
By the kind Gods who hither bleſt your Way,
And by your Brother's Dart, which all obey!
So may white Conqueſt on your Troops attend,
And all your long Misfortunes here take end.
So with his Years may your Son's Hopes increaſe,
So may *Anchiſes'* Aſhes reſt in Peace.
Some Pity let a ſuppliant Princeſs move,
Whoſe only Fault was an Exceſs of Love.
I am not ſprung from any *Grecian* Race,
None of my Blood did your lov'd *Troy* deface:
Yet if your Pride think ſuch a Wife a Shame,
I'll ſacrifice my Honour to my Flame,
And meet your Love by a leſs glorious Name.
I know the Dangers of this ſtormy Coaſt,
How many Ships have on our Shelves been loſt.
Theſe Winds have driv'n the floating Sea-weed ſo,
That your intangled Veſſel cannot go.
Do not attempt to put to Sea in vain,
'Till happier Gales have clear'd your Way again:
Truſt me to watch the calming of the Sea,
You ſhall not then, tho' you deſir'd it, ſtay.
Beſides, your weary Seamen Reſt deſire,
And your torn Fleet new Rigging does require.
By all I ſuffer, all I've done for you,
Some little Reſpite to my Love allow.
Time and calm Thoughts may teach me how to bear
That Loſs, which now, alas! 'tis Death to hear.
But you reſolve to force me to my Grave,
And are not far from all that you would have.

Your

Your Sword before me, whilſt I write, does lie,
And by it, if I write in vain, I die.
Already ſtain'd with many a falling Tear,
It ſhortly ſhall another Colour wear.
You never could an apter Preſent make,
'Twill ſoon, the Life you made uneaſy, take.
But this poor Breaſt has felt your Wounds before;
Slain by your Love, your Steel has now no Pow'r.
Dear guilty Siſter, do not you deny
The laſt kind Office to my Memory;
But do not on my Fun'ral Marble join
Much wrong'd *Sichæus'* Sacred Name with mine.
" Of falſe *Æneas* let the Stone complain;
" That *Dido* could not bear his fierce Diſdain,
" But by his Sword, and her own Hand, was ſlain.

BRISEIS

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

By Sir *JOHN CARYL.*

The ARGUMENT.

In the War of Troy, Achilles *having taken and ſack'd* Chryneſium, *a Town in the* Lyrneſian *Country, amongſt his other Booty he took two very fair Women,* Chryſeis *and* Briſeis: Chryſeis *he preſented to King* Agamemnon, *and* Briſeis *he reſerv'd for himſelf.* Agamemnon, *after ſome time, was fore'd by the Oracle to reſtore* Chryſeis *to her Father, who was one of the Prieſts of* Apollo: *Whereupon the King by Violence took away* Briſeis *from* Achilles; *at which* Achilles *incenſt left the Camp of the* Grecians, *and prepared to ſail home; in whoſe Abſence the* Trojans *prevailing upon the* Grecians, Agamemnon *was compell'd to ſend* Ulyſſes *and others to offer him rich Preſents, and* Briſeis, *that he would return again to the Army: But* Achilles *with Diſdain rejected them all. This Letter therefore is written by* Briſeis, *to move him that he would receive her, and return to the* Grecian *Camp.*

CAptive *Briſeis* in a foreign Tongue,
More by her Blots, than Words, ſets forth her Wrong.
And yet theſe Blots, which by my Tears are made,
Above all Words, or Writing, ſhould perſuade.

Sub-

Subjects (I know) must not their Lords accuse;
Yet Pray'rs and Tears we lawfully may use.
When ravish'd from your Arms, I was the Prey
Of *Agamemnon*'s Arbitrary Sway,
I grant, you must at last have left the Field;
But for a Lover, you too soon did yield:
A Warrior's Glory it must needs disgrace,
At the first Summons to yield up the Place.
The Enemies themselves, no less than I,
Stood wond'ring at their easy Victory:
I saw their Lips in Whispers softly move,
Is this the Man so fam'd for Arms, and Love?
Alas! *Achilles*, 'tis not so we part
From what we love; and what is near our Heart.
No healing Kisses to my Grief you gave,
You turn'd me off an unregarded Slave.
Was it your Rage, that did your Love suppress?
Ah, love *Briseis* more, and hate *Atrides* less!
He is not born of a true Hero's Race,
Who lets his Fury of his Love take place.
Tygers and Wolves can fight, Love is the Test,
Distinguishing the Hero from the Beast.
Alas! when I was from your Bosom forc'd,
I felt my Body from my Soul divorc'd;
A deadly Paleness overspread my Face;
Sleep left my Eyes, and to my Tears gave place:
I tore my Hair, and did my Death decree;
Ah! learn to part with what you love, from me.
A bold Escape I often did essay,
But *Greeks* and *Trojans* too, block'd up the Way:

Yet

Yet tho' a tender Maid could not break thro',
Methinks *Achilles* ſhould not be ſo ſlow:
Achilles, once the Thunderbolt of War,
The Hope of conqu'ring *Greece*, and *Troy*'s Deſpair,
Me in his Rival's Arms can he behold?
And is his Courage with his Love grown cold?
But I confeſs, that my neglected Charms
Did not deſerve the Conqueſt of your Arms;
Therefore the Gods did, by an eaſier Way,
Our Wrongs atone, and Damages repay:
Ajax with *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* bring
Humble Submiſſions from their haughty King:
The Royal Penitent rich Preſents ſends,
The ſtrongeſt Cement to piece broken Friends.
When Pray'rs well ſeconded with Gifts are ſent,
Both mortal and immortal Pow'rs relent.
Twenty bright Veſſels of *Corinthian* Braſs,
Their Sculpture did the coſtly Mine ſurpaſs;
Seven Chairs of State of the ſame Art and Mold,
And twice five Talents of perſuaſive Gold;
Twelve fiery Steeds of the *Epirian* Breed,
Matchleſs they are for Beauty, and for Speed;
Six *Leſbian* Maids (but theſe I well cou'd ſpare)
Their Iſland ſack'd, theſe were the Gen'ral's ſhare;
And laſt a Bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)
At your own Choice out of the Royal Line:
With theſe they offer me: But might I chuſe,
You ſhould take me, and all their Gifts refuſe:
But me and thoſe you ſullenly reject;
What have I done, to merit this Neglect?

Is it that you, and Fortune jointly vow,
Whom you make Wretched, ſtill to keep them ſo?
Your Arms my Country did in Aſhes lay,
My Houſe deſtroy, Brothers and Huſbands ſlay.
It had been Kindneſs to have kill'd me too,
Rather than kill me with Unkindneſs now.
With Vows, as faithleſs as your Mother Sea,
You loudly promis'd, that you would to me
Country, and Brothers and a Huſband be.
And is it thus that you perform your Vow,
Ev'n with a Dowry to reject me too?
Nay, Fame reports, that with the next fair Wind,
Leaving your Honour, Faith, and Me behind,
You quit our Coaſts: Before that fatal Hour,
May Thunder ſtrike me, or kind Earth devour!
I all Things, but your Abſence, can endure!
That's a Diſeaſe, which Death muſt only cure.
If to *Achaia* you will needs return,
Leaving all *Greece* your ſullen Rage to mourn,
Place me but in the Number of your Train,
And I no ſervile Office will diſdain:
If I'm deny'd the Honour of your Bed,
Let me at leaſt be as your Captive led:
Rather than baniſh'd from your Family,
I will endure another Wife to ſee;
A Wife, to make the great *Æacian* Line,
Like Starry Heav'n, as numerouſly ſhine;
That ſo your ſpreading Progeny may prove
Worthy of *Thetis*, and their Grandſire *Jove*.
Let me on her an humble Handmaid wait,
On her, becauſe to you ſhe does relate.

I fear (I know not why) that ſhe may be
Than to her other Maids, more harſh to me:
But you are bound to guard your Conquer'd Slave,
And to maintain the Articles you gave:
Yet ſhould you yield to her imperious Sway,
Do what you will, but turn me not away.
But why ſhould you depart? the King repents;
The *Grecian* Army wants you in their Tents:
You conquer all, conquer your Paſſion too;
Or elſe, with *Hector*, you will *Greece* undo.
Take Arms *(Æacides)* but firſt take me,
Your juſter Rage let routed *Trojans* ſee.
For me begun, for me your Anger end;
The Fault I cauſ'd, let me have Pow'r to mend.
In this to me you may with Honour yield,
Rul'd by his Wife, *Oenides* took the Field.
His Mother's ſacred Curſes him diſarm'd,
Rul'd by his Wife's more pow'rful Spells uncharm'd,
His Armour once put off, he buckles on,
And fights and conquers for his *Calidon:*
That happy Wife prevail'd, why ſhould not I:
But you that Title, and my Pow'r deny:
Title, and Pow'r, and all ambitious Strife
Of being call'd your Miſtreſs, or your Wife,
I quietly lay down; but I muſt have
This Claim allow'd, to be your faithful Slave.
I by thoſe dread, ill-cover'd Aſhes ſwear,
(Alas their Tomb *Lyrneſian* Ruins are!)
Of my dead Spouſe, and by each ſacred Ghoſt
Of my three Brothers honourably loſt,

Who

Who for, and with their Country bravely fell;
By all that's awful both in Heav'n and Hell;
And laſt of all, by thine own Head and mine,
Whom Love, tho' parted now, did ſometimes join,
That I preſerve my Faith entire and chaſte,
That I no foreign Love, or Pleaſure taſte:
That no Aſperſion can my Honour touch;
O! that *Achilles* too could ſay as much!
Some think he mourns for me; But others ſay,
In Love's ſoft Joys he melts his Hours away;
That ſome new Miſtreſs with *Circean* Charms
Has lockt him up in her laſcivious Arms,
And ſo transform'd from what he was before,
That he will fight for *Greece* or me no more.
The Trumpet now to the ſoft Lute muſt yield:
To Midnight Revels, Marches in the Field.
He whom of late *Greece*, as her *Mars*, ador'd;
He, on whoſe maſſy Spear, and glitt'ring Sword
The Fates, and Death did wait, that mighty Man
Now wields a Buſk, and brandiſhes a Fan.
Avert it Heav'n! can he be only brave
To waſte my Country, not his own to ſave?
And when his Arms my Family mow'd down,
Loſt he his Sting, and ſo became a Drone?
Ah! cure theſe Fears; and let me have the Pride
To ſee your Jav'lin fixt in *Hector*'s Side.
O! that the *Grecians* would ſend me to try,
If I could make your ſtubborn Heart comply:
Few Words I'd uſe, all ſhould be Sighs, and Tears,
And Looks, and Kiſſes, mixt with Hopes and Fears;

My

My Love like Light'ning thro' my Eyes ſhould fly,
And thaw the Ice, which round your Heart does lie:
Sometimes my Arms about your Neck I'd throw;
And then embrace your Knees, and humbly bow:
There is more Eloquence in Tears, and Kiſſes,
Than in the ſmooth Harangues of ſly *Ulyſſes*:
That noiſy Rhetorick of a twanging Tongue,
Serves but to lug the heavy Crowd along:
But Souls with Souls ſpeak only by the Eye,
And at thoſe Windows one another ſpy:
Thus, than your Mother Sea rais'd with the Wind
More fierce, I would compoſe your ſtormy Mind;
And my Love ſhining on my Tears that flow,
Should make a Rain-Bow, and fair Weather ſhow.
So dreams my Love, Ah! come, that I may try,
If I can turn my Dream to Prophecy.
So may your *Pyrrhus* live to equalize
His Grandſire's Years, his Father's Victories.
Let me no longer pin'd in Abſence lie;
Rather than live without you, let me die:
My Heart's already cold, and Death does ſpread
His livid Paleneſs o'er my lively Red.
My Life hangs only on the ſlender Hope,
That your reviving Love your Rage will ſtop.
If that ſhould fail, let me not linger on,
But let that Sword (to mine, ah! too well known)
Me to my Brothers, and my Huſband ſend;
Your Hand began, your Hand the Work muſt end.
But why ſuch Cruelty? Come then, and ſave
Afflicted *Greece*, and me your humble Slave.

How much more decently might you employ
Your ill-ſpent Rage againſt *Neptunian Troy!*
Thun furl your Sails, once more your Anchors caſt:
Leave not your Country, nor your Honour blaſt.
But go or ſtay; with you I ought to move,
Made yours by Right of War, and Right of Love.

DEJANIRA

DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

By Mr. *OLDMIXON.*

The ARGUMENT.

Dejanira *having heard that* Hercules *was fallen in Love with* Iöle, *Daughter of the King of* Oechalia, *whom he had lately Vanquiſh'd and Slain, and at the ſame time that he was dying by a poiſon'd Shirt ſhe had ſent him, to recover, as ſhe had been told it would, his loſt Affection; between Jealouſy and Rage for the firſt, and Grief and Deſpair for the latter, writes him the following Epiſtle..*

IN your late Triumphs I rejoice, and ſhare
Your new Renown, *Oechalia*'s finiſh'd War.
But, ſhould the Victor to the Vanquiſh'd yield!
Curſt be the Day that you the Town compell'd.
Thro' *Greece* the Rumour flies, nor faſter Fame
Proclaims your Conqueſt, then ſhe ſpreads your Shame.
By your vile Bonds your former Life's defil'd,
And all the Luſtre of your Labour ſoil'd:
Thoſe Labours you with matchleſs Might o'ercame,
And *Juno*'s Hate, and rais'd a Godlike Name.

But to young *Iöle*'s baſe Yoke you bow,
Euriſtheus now is pleas'd, and *Juno* now.
Nor will your Step-Mother be griev'd to hear,
The Blot indelible your Fame will bear.
When *Jove* your Mother for your Birth enjoy'd,
The God, too little One, three Nights employ'd.
But who'll believe the Tale? for ſuch a Son
Might, ſurely, have been well conceiv'd in One.
Juno ne'er hurted you as *Venus* has,
She rais'd you when ſhe purpos'd to depreſs.
But *Venus* on your Neck her Foot has plac'd,
And ne'er was Hero more by Love diſgrac'd.
From you, the World deliver'd, holds her Peace,
By you the Land's ſecure, and ſafe the Seas.
Both Houſes of the Sun your Merit know,
And Heav'n does more to you than *Atlas* owe.
Your Strength did once the ſinking Stars ſuſtain,
And ſave thoſe Orbs, where you at laſt ſhall reign.
Without you, he on whom the Burthen lies
Had fall'n, and unſupported left the Skies.
What have you done? but all your Glory ſtain'd,
And loſt the Praiſe you with ſuch Peril gain'd.
Tell me no more what Deeds you once could do,
Nor boaſt You in the Cradle Serpents ſlew.
Two horrid Snakes that then to Death you wrung,
And prove the Blood divine of which you ſprung.
The Man belies the God; your Infant Name
Is now forgotten, and your riper Fame:
He, who the Son of *Steneleus* ſubdu'd,
And tam'd the felleſt Monſters of the Wood.

Who

Who long did *Juno*'s Hate undaunted prove,
He, to whom all Things yielded, yields to Love.
What then? the Thund'rer was your Sire, 'tis ſaid,
And highly I am honour'd by your Bed.
But as the Plough an equal Yoke requires,
So *Hymen*'s Torch ſhould burn with equal Fires.
And higher if my Huſband's in Degree,
What do I gain? his Greatneſs leſſens me.
The worſe in this, a Wife thus wedded fares,
And not an Honour, but a Burthen bears,
Tho' the Name flatters, and the Brightneſs glares.
She that weds well, will wiſely match her Love,
Nor be below her Huſband, nor above.
My Lord ſo ſeldom in my Houſe I ſee,
A Stranger I ſhould know as ſoon as he.
To War with dreadful Monſters he delights,
And with the Fierceſt of the Foreſt fights.
While I a Widow's Life in Wedlock lead,
And mourn with fruitleſs Tears my injur'd Bed.
Oft my chaſte Vows for him to Heav'n I pay,
The Dangers to avert, my Fears diſplay;
That ever you with Conqueſt may be crown'd,
For your Defeat is mine, and mine your Wound.
My Fancy ſtill preſents you to my Mind,
Amid your Foes of ev'ry Savage kind.
The Dragon's forky Tongue methinks I view,
And the Boar's Tuſk, and Lion's Claw in you.
The worrying Dogs with freezing Blood I ſee,
And intercept the Death, and bleed for thee.

Ill Omens from my ſlaughter'd Victims riſe,
No Flame of od'rous Incenſe upward flies,
But the choak'd Fire, as ſoon as kindled, dies.
Foreboding Dreams my anxious Soul affright,
And mine are all the Horrors of the Night.
Much I enquire, impatient of your Fate,
What None, or but with doubtful Truſt, relate,
I hope, I fear, and with alternate Pain
At once for thee the double Care ſuſtain.
Your Mother abſent feels the ſame Alarms,
Repents the Fortune of her envy'd Charms,
That e'er they pleas'd a God, and bleſt his Arms.
Me, all as a forſaken Widow ſhun,
Nor is *Amphytrion* here, nor is your Son.
No War but with *Euryſtheus* now you wage,
The Miniſter of *Juno*'s reſtleſs Rage.
Your Dangers and your Toils ſhe ſtill renews,
Still your dear Life with cruel Hate purſues.
If of your Foreign Loves I ſhould complain,
You'd laugh at my Laments, and mock my Pain.
Each Maid you meet to your Embrace you take,
And each that you enjoy a Mother make.
Shall I *Parthenian Augé*'s Rape relate,
Or what by Force was *Aſtydamia*'s Fate?
You'll never bluſh to hear your broken Vows,
Nor think you err'd in wronging *Theutra*'s Houſe,
Where fifty Siſters in one Night you knew;
But what are fifty ruin'd Nymphs to you?
Another ſuch Offence I've lately known,
And *Lamus* by your Luſt is made my Son;

His

His Stepdame I, and o'er the *Libyan* Plains
My Rival, his abandon'd Mother, reigns.
And where thro' flow'ry Vales *Meander* glides
With winding Waves, and turns with refluent Tides,
Has *Hercules* been ſeen in ſhameful Guiſe,
Ill ſuiting him, whoſe Shoulders bore the Skies;
With Bracelets deck'd, and other Female geer,
Which wanton Damſels at their Revels wear.
Bright Chains of Gold around thoſe Arms they view,
Which in *Nemean* Woods the Lion ſlew.
Whoſe Skin, a glorious Robe, he proudly wore,
And on his Back the dreadful Trophy bore.
See his rude Locks with gaudy Ribbans bound,
And purple Veſts his manly Limbs ſurround:
Such as the ſoft *Mæonian* Virgins wear,
To catch in Silken Folds the flowing Air.
Now Horror in your Mind his Image breeds,
Who fed with human Fleſh his pamper'd Steeds.
His Conqu'ror had *Buſiris* thus beheld,
He'd doubt his Fall, and ſtill diſpute the Field.
Theſe Toys, *Anteus* from your Neck would tear,
Aſham'd his Victor ſhould ſuch Trinkets wear.
'Tis ſaid, you with *Ionian* Girls are ſeen,
In baſe Attendance on their haughty Queen,
That Baſkets in your Hands like them you bear,
And the vain Menace of your Miſtreſs fear.
For ſhame; were thoſe Victorious Hands deſign'd
For Women's Service? or to free Mankind?
How, think you, to the wond'ring World 'twill ſound,
That at Command you turn the Spindle round?

Your Work's ſet out, your Miſtreſs you muſt pleaſe,
And your Toils dwindle to ſuch Taſks as theſe.
But your rough Fingers break the ſlender Thread,
And from the Fair a Drubbing oft you dread.
Now at her Feet, methinks, I ſee you lie,
While ſhe looks from you with an angry Eye.
To plead for Pity, you your Error own,
And brag, in your Excuſe, what Deeds you've done.
How, when a Child, two Serpents you o'ercame,
And then the *Erymanthean* Boar did tame.
The Heads that were on *Thracian* Gates affix'd,
And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.
Of *Diomedes*, and his Mares you boaſt,
Of your fam'd Conqueſts to th' *Iberian* Coaſt.
Of *Gerion*'s Herd, and *Cerberus* you tell,
And the dread Wonders you perform'd in Hell;
How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.
How the huge Giant, by a fierce Embrace
You grip'd to Death, and kill'd with a Careſs;
How the ſwift Horſes that out-flew the Wind
By you were left in Race, and lag'd behind.
You put 'em on *Theſſalian* Hills to flight,
Nor you their Speed, nor double Forms affright.
But ill by you are ſuch high Things expreſt,
A Suppliant, like *Sidonian* Harlots dreſt.
Your Tongue might by your Figure well be ty'd,
And you, for ſhame, the Tale you tell her hide.
Nor can all this alone preſerve her Smiles,
She wears your Arms, and Triumphs with your Spoils.

Go,

Go, boaſt your glorious Acts, while all that ſee
Your differing Garbs, will gueſs you both to be,
Thou the ſoft Harlot, and the Hero ſhe.
As greater you than all your Conqueſts are,
The leſs you to your Conqu'ror can compare;
And as you can't your lewd Deſires ſubdue,
The mightier ſhe, who maſters them and you.
To her the Glory of your Deeds redounds,
And Fame her Pow'r with your Diſgrace reſounds.
The Victor's Praiſe, the Laurel Wreath, reſign,
Thoſe Songs and Trophies are no longer thine.
She Heirs them all. Eternal Shame to ſee
That Skin on her, which ſuited none but thee!
And the rude Robe that thou with Pride haſt worn,
Her feeble Limbs enfold, and ſink to Scorn.
Theſe Spoils, miſtaken Man, are not her Aim,
Thy Self's her Triumph, and her Spoil's thy Fame.
By her the Merit of thy Might's ſuppreſt,
Her Conqueſt was thy ſelf, and thine, a Beaſt.
She leaves the laden Reel, and learns the Uſe
Of Arrows poiſon'd with *Lernæan* Juice.
She, who can ſcarce the flying Wheel command,
And turn the Spindle with her trembling Hand,
Now teaches it the maſſy Club to wield,
Which tam'd the fierceſt Monſters of the Field.
This with Delight ſhe in her Mirror views,
Fights o'er thy Fights, and all thy Foes ſubdues.
Haply Report, tho' loud it ſpeaks, may err;
Yet tell of others Truth, if not of her.

I ſee of others what of her I hear,
And that my Rage provokes, as this my Fear.
A Foreign Wanton's to the City brought,
And to be Falſe, with thee's no more a Fault,
No more ſolicitous thy Shame to hide,
As if to publiſh it thou took'ſt a Pride,
As if to Triumph here thou ſent'ſt a Slave,
To ſhew thy Folly, and my Fury brave.
Unbidden; ſhe is like a Suppliant ſeen,
With Hair neglected, and an humble Mien?
She ſtrives not to conceal her Captive State,
And ill her Front erect becomes her Fate.
In Gold ſhe ſhines, her gay Attire's the ſame
As when you deign to act the *Phrygian* Dame.
Who can believe, ſo high ſhe holds her Head,
That you're a Conqu'ror, or her Father dead?
Theſe weeping Eyes your perjur'd Vows can prove,
And her bold Pride confirms my ſlighted Love.
Perhaps you'll drive me from your Bed and Houſe,
And of a Miſtreſs make the Slave your Spouſe.
A noble Match 'twill be, ſhould *Hymen* join
Her Infamy in equal Bonds with thine.
The God muſt, ſure, to light his Torch be glad,
The Wife a Captive, and the Huſband mad;
I cannot bear the Thought, it turns my Brains,
Strikes to my Heart, and freezes all my Veins.
Me once you lov'd, and guiltleſs was your Flame,
With double Conqueſt to your Arms I came,
And crown'd not more your Paſſion than your Fame.

Shorn

Shorn of his Horns *Achelous* hides his Head,
And vanquiſh'd plunges in his ſlimy Bed.
Neſſus from thee receives the deadly Wound,
And falling foams with Rage, and bites the Ground.
From the Man-Beaſt a purple Deluge flow'd,
And ſtain'd *Evenus* with his ſtreaming Blood.
Why do I write theſe vain Complaints to thee,
Ev'n now I hear thou dy'ſt, and dy'ſt by me?
Mine was the poiſon'd Robe my Huſband wears,
Whoſe hidden Fire his cracking Sinews tears.
What have I done? What Frenzy had poſſeſt
My Mind, and more than Love inflam'd my Breaſt?
Lifeleſs my Lord on *Oeta*'s Top may lie,
And yet, ah Wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?
Wilt thou thy Guilt, and him, alas! ſurvive?
His Widow wilt thou, and his Murd'rer, live?
No, ne'er will I appear ſo fond of Life,
Or ſhew I ill deſerv'd to be his Wife.
What *Meleager*'s Siſter ought I'll do,
And both their Steps with dauntleſs Soul purſue.
Nor Siſter will they then, nor Wife deny,
And yet, ah Wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?
Unhappy Houſe, to ſudden Ruin doom'd,
To Exile ſome are ſent, and ſome entomb'd.
Agrius uſurps my Royal Father's Throne,
And old *Oeneus* mourns a baniſh'd Son.
Here in devouring Flames another fries,
And my dear Mother there Self-murther'd lies.
None now of all their Race is left, but I,
And yet, ah Wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?

By

By all that ever to my Soul was dear,
By *Hymen*'s ſacred Rites and Joys, I ſwear,
No Miſchief was to thee, believe me, meant;
I knew no Poiſon when the Shirt I ſent.
From Weakneſs only, not Deſign, it came,
In hopes to light afreſh thy languid Flame.
When *Neſſus* fell, the fraudful Villain ſwore
A wond'rous Charm was in his flowing Gore,
That 'twould to ev'ry Thing it touch'd impart
A Virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring Heart:
On thine I thought its latent Pow'r to prove,
And not in Malice dipt the Robe, but Love.
A latent Pow'r it had, ah curſt Deceit!
That Pow'r was Poiſon, and the Charm was Fate.
On whom didſt thou its fatal Magick try?
And yet, ah Wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?
Adieu, my Father, Country, Friends; Adieu
The Light that with theſe dying Eyes I view:
I fly, my *Hercules!* to thee I fly;
Life ebbs apace, and I with Pleaſure die.

DEIANIRA

DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

By another Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

Deianira *having heard that* Hercules *was fallen in Love with* Iöle *a Captive; and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had presented him with, and had been told wou'd recover a lost Affection; betwixt Disdain and Anger for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, she writes the following Lines to her Husband.*

I'M pleas'd with the Success your Valour gave,
But grieve the Victor is his Captive's Slave.
This unexpected News soon flew to me,
And with your former Life does ill agree.
Continual Actions, nor yet *Juno*'s Hate
Ne'er hurt whom *Iöle* does Captivate:
Eurystheus this, this did *Jove*'s Wife design,
Laugh at your Weakness, and these Tears of mine;
But *Jupiter* hop'd better Things, when he,
To make this Hero, made one Night of three.
Venus has hurt you more by her soft Charms,
Than angry *Juno* that Employs your Arms;

She by depreſſing you, rais'd you the more,
The other treads on you, whom you adore.
You've freed the World from Troublers of Mankind,
All Things ſubmit to your Heroick Mind:
You make the Seas ſecure, the Earth have reſt,
Your mighty Name fills both the Eaſt and Weſt.
Heaven that muſt bear you, you did bear before,
When weary *Atlas* did your Aid implore.
Yet for all this, the greater is your Shame,
If with mean Acts you ſtain your glorious Name.
You kill'd two Serpents with your Infant Hand,
Which then deſerv'd *Jove*'s Scepter to command.
Your laſt Deeds differ from your firſt Succeſs,
The Infant makes the Man appear the leſs.
No Savage Beaſts, nor fiercer Enemies,
Cou'd conquer him whom Love does now ſurprize.
Some think my Marriage a great Happineſs,
Being *Jove*'s Daughter, Wife of *Hercules*;
But as Extreams do very ill agree,
The Greatneſs of my Huſband leſſens me:
This ſeeming Honour gives a mortal Wound:
Amongſt our Equals Happineſs is found:
At Home in quiet they their Lives enjoy;
Tumults, and Wars, do all his Hours employ:
This Abſence makes me ſo unfortunate,
I buy your Glory at too dear a Rate.
I weary Heav'n with Vows and Sacrifice,
Leſt you ſhould fall by Beaſts, or Enemies.
When you aſſault a Lion, or wild Boar,
You hazard much, but ſtill I hazard more.

Strange

Strange Dreams and Viſions ſet before mine Eyes
The Dangers that attend your Victories.
Unhappy I to vain Reports give Ear,
Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear.
Your abſent Mother bluſhes ſhe pleas'd *Jove*,
Amphytrio's abſent, and the Son you love.
I ſee *Euryſtheus* has contriv'd your Fate,
And will make uſe of *Juno*'s reſtleſs Hate.
This I could bear, did you love none but me,
But you are Amorous of all you ſee.
Yet *Omphale* does now enrage me more,
Than all the Beauties you admir'd before.
Meander's Streams have ſeen thoſe Shoulders wear
Rich Chains, that Heaven as a ſmall Weight did bear.
But were you not aſhamed to behold
Thoſe Arms weigh'd down with Jewels, and with Gold,
That made the fierce *Nemean* Lion die,
And wore his Skin to ſhew the Victory?
When like a Woman you did dreſs your Hair,
Lawrel had been for you a fitter Wear.
As wanton Maids, you thought it was no Shame
To wear a Saſh, to pleaſe your haughty Dame.
Fierce *Diomedes* was not in your Mind,
That fed his bloody Horſes with Mankind:
Did but *Buſiris* ſee this ſtrange Diſguiſe,
The Conquer'd wou'd the Conqueror deſpiſe.
Anteus wou'd retrieve his Captive State,
And ſcorn a Victor ſo effeminate.
Among the *Grecian* Virgins you ſit down,
And ſpin, and tremble at a Woman's Frown.

A Diſtaff, not a Scepter, fills that Hand
That conquer'd all Things, and did all Command.
Then in her Preſence you do trembling ſtand,
And fear a Blow, as Death, from her fair Hand;
And to regain her Favours, you reveal
Thoſe glorious Actions you ſhou'd then conceal.
How you that ſtrange and fruitful Serpent ſlew,
That by his Wounds more fierce and ſtronger grew.
How when you fought, you never loſt the Field,
But made great Kings and cruel Monſters yield.
And can you boaſt or think on Things ſo great,
Now you wear Silks, and are with Jewels ſet?
Theſe Actions and that Garb do diſagree,
So ſoft a Dreſs does give your Tongue the Lie.
Your Miſtreſs too puts on your conqu'ring Arms,
And makes you ſtoop to her more pow'rful Charms.
She wears your Robes to ſhew her Victory,
And is, what you once thought your ſelf to be.
Your glorious Conqueſts, and illuſtrious Fame,
Give her Renown, but you eternal Shame.
All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due;
Go now and brag of what remains to you.
Is't not a Shame that her ſoft Arms ſhould bear
The Lion's rugged Skin you once did wear?
The Spoils are not the Lion's, but your own;
The Beaſt you conquer'd, you ſhe overcome.
She takes your Club into her feeble Hand,
And in her Glaſs ſhe learns how to command.
All this I heard: yet I could not believe
The ſad Report which cauſes me to grieve.

Your

Your *Iöle* is brought before my Face,
I muſt be Witneſs of my own Diſgrace.
Whilſt I reflect on my unhappy Fate,
She makes her Entry in the Town in State.
Not as a Captive with her Hair unbound,
Nor her dejected Eyes fix'd on the Ground;
But cover'd o'er with Jewels and with Gold,
As *Phrygia* once did *Hercules* behold:
And ſalutes all with as much Majeſty,
As if her Father had the Victory.
Perhaps to leave me is deſign'd by you,
True to your Miſtreſs, to your Wife untrue.
You'll be divorc'd from me, and marry her,
The Conquer'd muſt obey the Conqueror.
This Fear torments me more than all the Reſt,
And as a Dagger wounds my troubled Breaſt.
I knew the time when you did love me more
Than any She whom you do now adore.
But oh! as I am writing, the News flies,
That by a poiſon'd Shirt my Huſband dies.
What have I done? whither has Love drove me?
Is Love the Author of ſuch Cruelty?
Shall my dear *Hercules* endure this Pain,
And I, th' unhappy Cauſe, alive remain?
My Title to him, by my Death I'll prove,
And ſurely Death's an Argument of Love.
Meleager will a Sifter find in me:
Shall *Deianira* be afraid to die?
Unhappy Houſe! Uſurpers fill the Throne,
Whilſt the true Sov'reign is eſteem'd by none.

One Brother waſtes his Life in foreign Lands,
The other periſh'd by his Mother's Hands,
Who on her ſelf reveng'd the Crime: Then why
Should *Dejanira* be afraid to die?
Only this Thing I beg with my laſt Breath,
Not to believe that I deſign'd your Death.
As ſoon as you ſtruck *Neſſus* with your Dart,
His Blood, he ſaid, would charm a ſtraying Heart;
In it I dip the Shirt; 'twas but to try:
O *Dejanira*, make, make haſte to die!
Adieu my Father, Siſter too adieu!
Adieu my Country, and my Brother too!
Farewell this Light, the laſt that I ſhall ſee,
Hillus farewell; my Dear, I come to thee.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

By Mr. *R. DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Acontius, *in the Temple of* Diana *at* Delos, *(famous for the Reſort of the moſt Beautiful Virgins of all* Greece*) fell in Love with* Cydippe, *a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her; he writes upon the fairest Apple that could be procur'd a couple of Verſes to this effect,*

" I ſwear by Chaſte *Diana*, I will be
" In Sacred Wedlock ever join'd to thee,

and throws it at the Feet of the young Lady: She ſuſpecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promiſes her ſelf in Marriage to Acontius; *there being a Law there in Force, that whatever any Perſon ſhould Swear in the Temple of* Diana *of* Delos, *ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerv'd. But her Father not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent Fever, which* Acontius *endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from* Diana, *as a Puniſhment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Preſence. And this with the reſt of the Arguments, which on ſuch an*

Occaſion

Occaſion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent Diſeaſe,
Which thy dear Body, but my Soul doth ſeize,
Forgets its too-long practis'd Cruelty,
And Health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the Temple ſwear.
Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim:
And Truth can never be the Cauſe of Shame.
Shame lives with Guilt, but you your Virtue prove
In fav'ring mine, for mine's a Huſband's Love.
Ah! to your ſelf, thoſe binding Words repeat,
That once your wiſhing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your Feet.
There you will find the ſolemn Vow you made,
Which, if your Health, or mine, can ought perſuade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.
My Fears for you increaſe with my Deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging Fire.
For Hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the Fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd Shrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious Light did ſhine;
Her Statue ſeem'd to nod its awful Head,
And give its glad Conſent to what you ſaid.

Now,

Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſp'rous Cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it.
In that Deceit what did I elſe deſign,
But with your own Conſent to make you mine?
What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,
Since Loving you has been my ſole Offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has Practice taught
The Nets with which young Virgins Hearts are caught.
You my Accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his Aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning Words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee I write by his Command,
He guides my Pen, and rules my willing Hand;
Again, ſuch kind, ſuch loving Words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend.
Yet if my Love's my Crime, I muſt confeſs
Great is my Guilt, but never ſhall be leſs;
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove!
In finding out new Paths to reach thy Love.
A thouſand Ways to that ſteep Mountain lead,
Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my Flames compar'd, the Danger's ſmall.
The Gods alone know what the End will be;
Yet if we Mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.
If all my Arts ſhould fail, to Arms I'll fly,
And ſnatch by Force what you my Prayers deny:
I all thoſe Heroes mighty Acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious Road.

I too—— but hold, Death the Reward will be;
Death be it then ———
For to loſe you is more than Death to me.
Were you leſs Fair, I'd uſe the vulgar Way
Of tedious Courtſhip, and of dull Delay:
But thy bright Form kindles more eager Fires,
And ſomething wond'rous, as it ſelf, inſpires;
Thoſe Eyes that all the Heav'nly Lights out-ſhine,
(Which Oh! may'ſt thou behold, and love in mine)
Thoſe ſnowy Arms, which on my Neck ſhould fall;
If you the Vows you made, regard at all;
That modeſt Sweetneſs, and becoming Grace,
That paints with living Red your bluſhing Face;
Thoſe Feet, with which they only can compare
That through the Silver Flood bright *Thetis* bear;
Do all conſpire my Madneſs to excite,
With all the Reſt that is deny'd to Sight.
Which could I praiſe alike, I then were bleſt,
And all the Storms of my vex'd Soul at reſt.
No wonder then if with ſuch Beauty fir'd,
I of your Love the ſacred Pledge defir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very Frowns all other Smiles excel;
But give me leave that Anger to appeaſe
By my Submiſſion, that my Love did raiſe.
Your Pardon proſtrate at your Feet I'll crave,
The humble Poſture of your guilty Slave.
With falling Tears your fiery Rage I'll cool,
And lay the riſing Tempeſt of your Soul.

Why

Why in my Abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,
For all my Crimes, I'd gladly ſuffer there,
With Pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the Wounds thoſe Hands vouchſafe to give,
Your Fetters too—But they alas are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my Chain.
Your hardeſt Laws with Patience I'll obey,
'Till you your ſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my Suff'rings you with Pity ſee,
He that can love ſo well, is worthy me.
But if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd Love.
O may my Fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt Revenge of her abuſed Rites
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for my ſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt,——'Tis this, 'Tis ſurely this,
That is the Fuel to your hot Diſeaſe;
When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,
Her fatal Meſſenger the Goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind Call conſent,
This Fever does your Perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her Rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſwage.
Forbear to make that lovely charming Face
The Prey to ev'ry envious Diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe Looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhou'd ever but with Wonder ſee:
Let that freſh Colour to your Cheeks return,
Whoſe blooming Flame did all Beholders burn.

But

But let on him, th' unhappy Cauſe of all
The Ills that from *Diana*'s Anger fall,
No greater Torments light, than thoſe I feel,
When you my deareſt, tend'reſt Part are ill.
For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rackt,
Whom diff'rent Griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you:
Then great *Diana*'s Witneſs, how I pray,
That all our Crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay.
Sometimes to your lov'd Doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around 'em up and down I roam:
'Till I your Woman coming from you ſpy,
With Looks dejected, and a weeping Eye.
With ſilent Steps, like ſome ſad Ghoſt, I ſteal
Cloſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new Queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
How you had ſlept, what Diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain Phyſician's Art accus'd.
He ev'ry Hour (Oh, were I bleſt as he!)
Does all the turns of your Diſtemper ſee;
Why ſit not I by your Bed-ſide all Day,
My Mournful Head in your warm Boſom lay,
'Till with my Tears the inward Fires decay?
Why preſs not I your melting Hand in mine,
And from your Pulſe of my own Health divine?
But oh! theſe Wiſhes all are vain; and he
Whom moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
Forgetful as thou art of Heav'n and me.
He that lov'd Hand does preſs, and oft does feign
Some new Excuſe to feel thy beating Vein.

Then

Then his bold Hand up to your Arm does ſlide,
And in your panting Breaſt it ſelf does hide;
Kiſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
For his officious Care too great a Fee.
Robber, who gave thee Leave to taſte that Lip,
And the ripe Harveſt of my Kiſſes reap?
For they are mine, ſo is that Boſom too,
Which, falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you.
Take, take away thoſe thy adult'rous Hands,
For know, another Lord that Breaſt commands.
'Tis true, her Father promis'd her to thee,
But Heav'n and ſhe firſt gave her ſelf to me;
And you in Juſtice therefore ſhould decline
Your Claim to that which is already mine.
This is the Man, *Cydippe*, that excites
Diana's Rage to vindicate her Rites.
Command him then not to approach thy Door,
This done, the Danger of your Death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous Maid, but keep thy Vow,
Which great *Diana* heard, and did allow,
And ſhe who took it, will thy Health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before.
" 'Tis not the Steam of a ſlain Heifer's Blood,
" That can allay the Anger of a God.
" 'Tis Truth, and Juſtice to your Vows, appeaſe
" Their angry Deities, and without theſe
" No ſlaughter'd Beaſt their Fury can divert,
" For that's a Sacrifice without a Heart.
Some, bitter Potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding Launce that works their Cure.

You have no need theſe cruel Cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious Parents weep,
Whom you in Ign'rance of your Promiſe keep?
Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,
And the whole Progreſs of our Love reveal;
Tell her how firſt at great *Diana*'s Shrine
I fixt my Eyes, my wond'ring Eyes, on thine;
How like the Statues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy Face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
She will her ſelf, when you my Tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous Deceit.
Marry, ſhe'll ſay, whom Heav'n commends to thee;
He who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what Deſcent I came,
My Country, and my Parents, and my Name,
Tell her that none of theſe deſerve my Shame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch an one might chuſe;
But were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my Dreams *Diana* bid me write,
And when I wak'd ſent *Cupid* to indite:
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
Which Wound if you with Eyes of Pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our Joys with eager Haſte we'll move,
As full of Beauty you, as I of Love.
To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,
And with our Off'rings at the Altar bow.
A Golden Image there I'll conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apple's innocent Deceit:

And

And write below the happy Verſe, that came
The Meſſenger of my ſucceſsful Flame.
" Let all the World this from *Acontius* know,
" *Cydippe* has been faithful to her Vow.
More I would Write, but ſince thy Illneſs reigns,
And wracks thy tender Limbs with ſharpeſt Pains,
My Pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

CYDIPPE,

HER ANSWER TO

ACONTIUS.

By Mr. *BUTLER.*

IN ſilent Fear I read your Letter o'er;
Leſt I ſhou'd Swear, as I had done before!
Nor had I read, but that I fear t'engage
By my Neglect the peeviſh Goddeſs' Rage:
In vain I deck her Shrine, her Rites attend,
The partial Goddeſs ſtill remains your Friend.
A Virgin rather ſhou'd a Virgin aid;
But where I ſeek Relief I am betray'd!
I languiſh, and the Cauſe of my Diſeaſe
As yet lies hid, no Med'cine gives me Eaſe.
In how much Pain do I this Letter write!
To my weak Hand my ſicklier Thoughts indite:
What anxious Fear alas afflicts me too,
Leſt any but my truſty Nurſe ſhou'd know!
To gain me Time to write, the Door ſhe keeps,
And whiſp'ring tells the Viſitants, *She Sleeps.*

Worſe

Worſe Ills I could not for your ſake ſuſtain,
Tho' you had Merit equal to my Pain.
Your Love betrays, my Beauty proves my Snare,
I had been happy had I ſeem'd leſs fair:
Whilſt with your Rival you contend to raiſe
My Beauty's Fame, I periſh by your Praiſe:
Whilſt neither will admit the other's Claim,
The Chaſe is hinder'd, and both miſs the Game.
My Nuptial Day draws on, my Parents preſs
The Sacred Rites, my blooming Years no leſs:
But whilſt glad *Hymen* at my Door attends,
Grim Death waits near to force me from his Hands.
Some call my Sickneſs Chance, and ſome pretend
The Gods this Lett to croſs my Nuptials ſend:
Whilſt by ſeverer Cenſure you are gueſt,
By *Philtra*'s to have wrought upon my Breaſt.
If then your Love ſuch Miſchief can create,
What Mis'ry is reſerv'd for her you Hate!
Won'd I to *Delos* ne'er had found the Way,
At leaſt not found it on that fatal Day!
When in our Port our Anchors firſt we weigh'd,
Th' unwilling Veſſel ſtill i' th' Harbour ſtay'd;
Twice did croſs Winds beat back our flagging Sails
Said I, croſs Winds? no, thoſe were proſp'rous Gales,
Thoſe Winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd
Our Ship, and thoſe that oft our Paſſage ſtay'd.
Yet I to ſee fam'd *Delos* am in Pain,
And fondly of each hind'ring Blaſt complain.
By *Tenos* Iſle, and *Myconé* we ſteer'd;
At laſt fair *Delos*' winding Cliffs appear'd;

And much I fear left now the *Fairy* Shore
Shou'd Vaniſh, as 'tis ſaid t' have done before.
At Night we Land; ſoon as the Day return'd
My platted Treſſes are with Gems adorn'd,
Then to attend the ſacred Rites we go,
And pious Incenſe on each Altar throw.
My Parents there at their Devotion ſtay;
My Nurſe and I through all the Temple ſtray:
We view each Court, and each freſh Wonder brings,
Pictures and Statues, Gifts of ancient Kings.
But whilſt into theſe Rarities I pry'd,
I am my ſelf by ſly *Acontius* ſpy'd.
Thence to the inmoſt Temple we remove,
The Place that ſhould a Sanctuary prove.
Yet there I find the Apple with this Rhyme——
Ah me! I'd like to have ſworn the ſecond Time!
The Name of Wedlock I no ſooner read,
But thro' my Cheeks a troubled Bluſh was ſpread.
Why didſt thou cheat an unſuſpecting Maid?
I ſhou'd have been intreated, not betray'd:
Is then the Goddeſs bound to take thy Part?
And ratify an Oath without the Heart?
The Will conſents, but that was abſent there;
I read indeed the Oath, but did not ſwear.
Yet cannot I deny that I ſuſpect
Diana's Rage this Sickneſs does inflict;
Glad *Hymen* thrice did to our Courts repair,
Thrice frightful fled to find Death planted there.
Thin Cov'rings on my fev'riſh Limbs are ſpread,
My Parents mourn me as already Dead.

What

What have I done to merit this Diſtreſs,
Reading but Words whoſe Fraud I cou'd not gueſs!
Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my Suff'rings ſpring,
T' appeaſe the Goddeſs' Rage thine Off'rings bring.
When will thoſe Hands, that writ the fatal Rhyme,
Bear Incenſe to remove my Pain, thy Crime!
Nor think that thy rich Rival, tho' allow'd
To viſit, is of greater Favours proud.
By me he ſits, but ſtill juſt Diſtance keeps,
Reſtleſs as I, talks ſeldom, often weeps:
Bluſhing he takes a Kiſs, and leaves a Tear,
And once his Courage ſerv'd to cry—My Dear.
But from his Arms ſtill by Degrees I creep,
And to prevent Diſcourſe pretend to ſleep.
He finds, but wou'd his Senſe o'th' Flight diſguiſe,
He checks his Tongue, but chides me with his Eyes.
With Grief he waſtes, and I with Fevers pine,
'Tis we that ſuffer, but th' Offence was thine.
You write for leave to come and ſee me here,
Yet know your former Viſit coſt me dear.
Why wouldſt thou hither come? thou canſt but ſee
The double Trophies of thy Cruelty.
My Fleſh conſum'd, my Cheeks of Bloodleſs Hue,
Such as I once did in the Apple view.
Shou'dſt ſee me now thou wou'dſt repent thy Cheat,
Nor think me worth ſuch exquiſite Deceit.
To *Delos* back with greater Haſte wou'dſt go,
And beg the Goddeſs to releaſe my Vow:
On new Deſigns thy Fancy wou'dſt employ,
Contrive new Oaths the former to deſtroy.

No Means have been omitted to procure
My Health, but ſtill my fev'riſh Fits endure.
We aſk'd the Oracle what caus'd my Pains?
The Oracle of broken Vows complains!
The Gods themſelves on your Behalf declare:
What haſt thou done to merit this their Care?
But ſo it is——and I at laſt incline,
Since that thou art their Choice, to make thee Mine.
Already to my Mother I've declar'd,
How by your Cunning I have been inſnar'd.
I've done, and what I have already ſaid,
I fear is more than will become a Maid.
My Thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite
No more, my feeble Hand no more can write.
Nor need I more Subſcribe, but this, Be True!
And (ſince it muſt be ſo) *my Dear, Adieu.*

F I N I S.

THE THREE
EPISTLES
OF
AULUS SABINUS:
IN ANSWER TO AS MANY OF
OVID.

MADE ENGLISH BY

Mr. SALUSBURY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AUlus Sabinus *flouriſh'd in the Reign of* Auguſtus, *and was contemporary with* Ovid. *He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Miſtreſs* Teriſena; *and left ſome unfiniſh'd Poems of the ancient* Roman *Religion, and Ceremonies*; *and alſo wrote ſeveral Epiſtles like* Ovid's, *in Anſwer to ſo many of that excellent Poet's,* viz. Hippolytus *to* Phædra, Æneas *to* Dido, Jaſon *to* Hypſipile, Phaon *to* Sapho, Ulyſſes *to* Penelope, Demophoon *to* Phillis, *and* Paris *to* OEnone; *of all which, excepting the three laſt, the Injury of Time has deprived us.*

The learned Heinſius *ſpeaking of theſe* three Epiſtles, *calls them a Treaſure: and indeed they expreſs ſo much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character ſo well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give 'em an* Engliſh *Verſion, ſince in all the late and beſt Editions of* Ovid's *Works, theſe* Epiſtles *of* Sabinus *are found inſerted.*

EPIST. I.

ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ulyſſes *having received* Penelope's *Epiſtle, by this Anſwer endeavours to clear her Doubts, and calm her Thoughts. He tells with what Fortitude he had gone through the various Hardſhips that had befall'n him; and that having conſulted* Tireſias *and* Pallas, *he was determin'd to return ſuddenly to* Ithaca; *but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in Diſguiſe. And as he is careful to magnify his Love, and Fears of her, and her extraordinary Conſtancy and Chaſtity: So he forgets not to tell her what he ſaw in* Eliſium, *whither he went to conſult* Tireſias.

CHance does at laſt let ſad *Ulyſſes* ſee
The welcome Lines of his *Penelope*;
So much thy known dear Characters did pleaſe,
That my long Troubles found an inſtant Eaſe.
If I am ſlow, 'tis only to relate
To thee my many Wounds from angry Fate.
Well might the *Greeks* indeed have thought me ſlow,
When by feign'd Madneſs I delay'd to go;

Nor had I Will or Power to leave thy Bed,
But to poſſeſs thy Charms from Honour fled.
You bid me come, and never ſtay to write;
But adverſe Winds detain me from your Sight.
Troy hinders not, a Place once ſo rever'd,
In Aſhes now, nor longer to be fear'd.
Hector and all her mighty Men of Fame
Are now no more, are nothing but a Name:
By Night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rheſus* ſlain,
I ſafely to our Camp return'd again,
Leading his warlike Horſes, my juſt Spoil,
The noble Triumph for the Victor's Toil.
The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* Safety lay,
My fortunate Contrivance brought away.
Cloſ'd in that Horſe which prov'd the Bane of *Troy*,
Unmov'd I heard *Caſſandra* cry——Deſtroy
The Engine quick; the Foe your Ruin ſeeks:
Burn, burn it quite, nor truſt the craſty *Greeks*.
To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lies
For his laſt Rites, his Fun'ral Obſequies:
Which Action ſo the *Grecian* Army warms,
For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.
But, what avails! the Sea has all Ingroſt!
My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions loſt!
Tho' all things elſe Fate's Cruelties remove,
They have no Pow'r to ſhake my conſtant Love,
That ſtill endures, and triumphs over all;
Nor can by *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* fall:
To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail;
Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.

Not touch'd by *Circe*'s Arts, from her I fled;
Nay ſhun'd the Proffer of a Goddeſs' Bed:
Each promis'd, ſo ſhe might become my Wife,
To give me deathleſs Joys, and endleſs Life.
Both I reject, and having thee in view,
My dang'rous Travels chearfully renew.
(Let not theſe Female Names beget new Fears,
Alarm thy Breaſt, nor drown thine Eyes in Tears)
What *Circe*, what *Calypſo* could effect:
Secure of me, all chilling Doubts neglect.
That you my open Soul may naked view,
I will confeſs that I have fear'd for you.
When I was told how num'rous a Reſort
Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court,
All pale I grew; Life left my outward Part,
Scarce the retiring Blood preſerv'd my Heart.
Beſieg'd by preſſing youthful Loveſs round,
Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roſes crown'd,
My growing Doubts to wild Diſorders haſte;
Ah! can I think ſhe ſtill is mine, and chaſte!
If me ſhe wept, her Charms wou'd not be ſuch:
Cou'd ſhe thus conquer, if ſhe ſorrow'd much?
Yet quickly Love returns, when I perceive
How well your chaſte, your pious Arts deceive
Your haſty Suitors, and procure Delay,
By Night undoing what you weave by Day.
Yet fear I, leſt ſome buſy Lover's Eyes
Thee at thy honeſt Artifice ſurpriſe.
Better by *Polyphemus* had I dy'd,
Than know thee ſacrific'd to Luſt and Pride,

Better

Better to *Thracian* Arms have fall'n a Prey,
Whilſt there as yet my wand'ring Navy lay:
Or then have yielded finally to Fate,
When I return'd ſafe from the *Stygian* State.
'Twas there I ſaw, among th' immortal Dead,
My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.
She told her Houſe's Troubles to her Son;
I griev'd ſhe thrice did my Embraces ſhun.
There too the great *Proteſilaus* I met,
Who ſcorning Death, firſt of the *Grecian* Fleet
With Hoſtile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.
Now happy with his much-prais'd Wife he roves,
Fearleſs of Change, through the *Eliſian* Groves:
Lamenting not he did ſo Young deſcend;
Pleas'd with an Early, ſince ſo Brave an End.
I ſaw, alas! nor cou'd from Tears refrain,
The noble *Agamemnon* newly ſlain.
That mighty Chief, glorious and ſafe at *Troy*,
Eſcaping too in the *Euboan* Sea,
Where furious *Nauplius*'s horrid Arts had done
Such Ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.
But whilſt, rejoicing for his ſafe Return,
Atrides does his grateful Incenſe burn,
By impious Hands his ſacred Blood is ſpill'd,
And by a thouſand Wounds the Prince is kill'd:
This tragick End had the great Hero's Life,
Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife;
Pretending Vengeance for his am'rous Crime,
To cover her's, ſtrikes firſt and murders him.

When

When Victory had bleſt the *Grecian* ſide,
And we our *Trojan* Priſoners did divide,
Great *Hector's* Wife and Siſter I refuſe,
And ancient *Hecuba* do rather chuſe;
To her neglected Age I give my Voice,
Leſt Love might ſeem to mingle in the Choice.
No longer her in human Form we meet,
A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet.
Her enrag'd Heart with Grief and Rancour burns,
And ſuddenly to a mad Bitch ſhe turns;
In barking, howls, and ſnarling now ſhe ends
The loud Complaints her wild Afflictions ſends.
As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea
Start into Tempeſts at the Prodigy.
By dang'rous Storms now am I rudely toſt;
Now wand'ring long in unknown Regions loſt.
But if the wiſe *Tireſias* can as well
Our future Joys as Miſeries foretel;
The prophecy'd Diſaſters having paſt,
I enter on my kinder Fate at laſt.
Pallas now joins me, on an unknown Coaſt:
Safe led by her, I can no more be loſt.
Pallas, whom now the firſt time I ſalute
Since *Ilium's* Fall, with Pleaſure hears my Suit.
What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought
By raſh *Oilides* bold and ſingle Fault!
Not ev'n *Tydides* did the Goddeſs ſpare,
His Virtue too did our Affliction ſhare.
None could his Favour or his Merit plead,
But all were puniſh'd for the impious Deed.

Yet

Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;
His beauteous Wife was ſtill a Counter-charm;
In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,
While ſhe is there his Paſſion to aſſwage,
Winds had no Pow'r his Kiſſes to reſtrain,
Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main.
Thrice happy I, did I but Travel ſo,
For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.
But ſince *Telemachus* with thee I hear
Is ſafe, extreamly leſſen'd is my Care:
Whoſe too raſh Voyage yet I needs muſt blame,
Whatever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylos* claim.
Too weak th' Excuſe ev'n of his Piety,
For vent'ring out in ſuch a dang'rous Sea.
But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate
Is o'er, and now I thy Embraces wait.
Alone I come; temper thy riſing Joy,
For all Exceſſes equally deſtroy.
Not open Force, but Management and Art,
The Gods foretel, will Victory impart.
Amidſt a Feaſt, and in the heights of Wine,
Perhaps my juſt Revenge I may deſign,
And make the ſcorn'd *Ulyſſes* nobles ſhine.
Swift fly the Hours, and ſpeed that happy Day;
And when arriv'd for Ages let it ſtay:
That Day! which ſhall reſtore Joys ſo long fled,
And all th' intrancing Pleaſures of thy Bed.

EPIST.

EPIST. II.

DEMOPHOON to PHILLIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Phillis, *the young Queen of* Thrace, *impatient of the too long Abſence of her lately marry'd Huſband* Demophoon, *the Son of* Theſeus *King of* Athens, *had written him a very paſſionate Letter intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love, and Deſpair. Which Letter* Demophoon *receiving, he returns this Anſwer. Wherein owning her Kindneſs, he ſhews he loves her with an extream Paſſion; and that he has no Thoughts of any other Love. Tells her that the Diſorders of his Family, requiring more time to re-ſettle than he expected, are the true and only Cauſe of his Stay. He gently blames her Doubts and her Impatience; handſomely excuſeth himſelf; promiſes an inviolable Conſtancy, and that, his Affairs ſettled, he will certainly return.*

WHile this is from recover'd *Athens* ſent,
Can I forget the Aid my *Phillis* lent?
No other Torch has *Hymen* held for me.
Ah? were I happy now, as then with thee!
Theſeus (whoſe noble Blood your Mind did move,
Much leſs than your own free unbiaſs'd Love)
Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne:
But Death has put the bold Uſurper down.
Theſeus, who did an equal Glory ſhare
With great *Alcides* in the Toils of War,

When

When the brave Heroes, with united Strength,
Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.
Theſeus, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd ſlain,
Did of an Enemy a Father gain.
Cou'd ſuch a Prince, cou'd ſuch a Parent be,
Without a Crime, abandon'd, left by me?
This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon*'s Charge;
On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.
You preſs, he cries, for the fair *Thracian*'s Charms,
And all your Courage ſoften in her Arms.
Swiftly the while Occaſion flies away,
And our Diſaſters grow by your Delay.
Our Father's Fate, had you made haſte on Board,
You had prevented, or with Eaſe reſtor'd.
Should *Athens* leſs to you than *Thrace* appear,
And why a Woman more than both be dear?
Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now
With equal Anger bends her wrinkled Brow;
That her Son's Hands cloſe not her aged Eyes,
On my Delay with feeble Wrath ſhe flies.
I ſilent ſtand, while me they both accuſe;
Nor on their Anger, but thy Abſence muſe.
Methinks this Moment ſtill I hear 'em ſay,
While on thy Coaſt my ſhatter'd Navy lay,
To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,
On Board, and ſpread thy Canvas to the Wind.
By what, hard *Demophoon*, art thou ſo took?
To thy loſt Country, and thy Father look.
Phillis you love; her your Example make,
Her Country ſhe for Love will not forſake.

Begs

Begs your Return, but with you will not ſtir;
And do's a barb'rous Crown to your's prefer.
Yet in the midſt of all how oft I pray'd
By adverſe Winds to be ſtill longer ſtay'd!
Oft when I parting did embrace thy Neck,
I bleſt the Storms that did our Parting check.
Nor to my Father will I fear to own
Whate'er for my ſweet *Phillis* I have done;
That I avow, or he that Story hear,
Is owing to the Merits of my Fair.
I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave
Thy dear Embraces, but my Soul muſt grieve.
What rocky Breaſt from ſuch a Wife could part,
But weeping Eyes wou'd ſpeak his ſinking Heart!
The Ships ſhe might deny, ſhe does beſtow,
And only bids they be a little ſlow.
Nor can he chuſe but pardon ſuch a Crime;
Bright *Ariadne*'s not ſo laſt in him:
Up to the Stars whene'er he caſts his Eyes,
He ſees his ſhining Miſtreſs in the Skies.
My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forſook,
Tho' by a God ſhe forcibly was took.
Shall my ill Fate too, *Phillis*, be the ſame?
Enquire the Cauſe, nor me unjuſtly blame.
Take this ſure Pledge for *Demophoon*'s Return,
His Heart for you, and only you, does burn.
Is't poſſible you ignorant ſhould be
Of the Diſaſters of my Family?
I mourn a Parent's Fate, involv'd in Snares!
And oh that nothing elſe employ'd my Cares!

My

My Soul laments a noble Brother dead,
Torn by his frighted Horſes as he fled.
Not to excuſe Returning, have I told
Some of the many Cauſes that with-hold
Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's Crime,
That I ſtill beg of thee a little Time.
Declining *Theſeus* I muſt firſt inter:
Honour will that to ev'ry Thing preſer.
That done, for which my Pray'rs I do repeat
For Leave, to *Thrace* I inſtantly retreat.
I am not falſe, but ſtill adore thy Charms;
Nor do I think I'm ſafe but in thy Arms.
Not War, nor Tempeſts, ſince the Fall of *Troy*,
Cou'd me in my Return ſo much annoy
To cauſe Delay: No, that was only ſeen
Effected by the kind fair *Thracian* Queen.
Caſt on thy Shores, thou freely didſt ſupply
To all my preſſing Wants a Remedy.
Be ſtill the ſame: Then nothing ſhall remove
The happy *Demophoon* from *Phillis'* Love.
What if a ten Years War ſhou'd now renew,
That Honour ſhou'd engage me to purſue?
Penelope thy great Example be,
So fam'd for her Unſpotted Chaſtity.
Her curious artful Web, ill underſtood,
Did her hot Lovers cunningly elude.
The Woof advanc'd by Day, the Nights reſtrain,
And ravel to its primitive Wool again.
But you with Fear, it ſeems, are almoſt dead,
Leſt the ſcorn'd *Thracians* ſhould deſpiſe your Bed.
Ah, cruel! wou'd you with another Wed?

Is

Is then your Love, is then your Faith ſo light?
Nor can the Fear of broken Vows affright?
Think what your Shame, think what your Grief will be,
When my returning Sails from far you ſee.
Then all in vain repenting Tears will flow,
And own the Conſtancy you queſtion now.
Demophoon comes! then in Amaze, you'll cry;
And to my Arms through Winter Storms does fly.
Ah, why ſo great a Guilt did I contract!
And what I blam'd in him, why did I act?
But Heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That thy fair Virtue cou'd be ſo miſ-led.
If ſuch a Fate ſhould on my *Phillis* light,
The mighty Load wou'd overwhelm me quite.
But ah! what direful threat'ning Words are thoſe
With which your Letter you unkindly cloſe!
Abſtain, at leaſt 'till greater Cauſe you ſee,
To charge my Houſe with double Perfidy.
If to deſert the *Cretan* were a Fault;
Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.
Farewel my Hope's beſt Object, Soul of Love:
All that obſtructs our Meeting, Heav'n remove.
May ev'ry Joy Love can, or Fortune give,
For ever with my charming *Phillis* live.
The Winds now hear my Words; my Perſon they
I hope ſhall ſafely to thy Arms convey;
There to repeat another Nuptial Day.
My Wiſhes are with thee; and that I pauſe,
My Duty, and my Honour are the Cauſe.

EPIST.

EPIST. III.

PARIS to OENONE.

The ARGUMENT.

The forſaken Nymph OEnone *having written to* Paris, *to perſuade him to return again to her Embraces, and to ſend back the fair* Grecian *to her Huſband:* Paris, *in this Epiſtle, endeavours to extenuate his Fault; laying the Blame ſometimes on Fate and Fortune, and ſometimes on the Force of Love. With gentle Words he tries to mitigate her Affliction: and concludes, adviſing her to exert her utmoſt Skill in Magick (for which ſhe was Famous) to procure Quiet to her ſelf, by reviving his Paſſion for her, or by extinguiſhing her own.*

WHile you of me ſo juſtly, Nymph, complain,
I ſeek for plauſible Replies in vain.
I own my Fault, confeſs my broken Vows,
Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.
May this Acknowledgment procure thee Reſt,
And calm the Tempeſt of *OEnone*'s Breaſt.
I *Cupid*'s Slave his Order but obey,
Deſerting thee for charming *Helena*.
Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move
My firſt young Wiſhes, and my Bloom of Love.

My

My glorious Birth then troubled not our Joy;
Love and our Flocks did all our Thoughts employ.
If talk of Greatneſs mingled with our Sport,
I ſwore *OEnone* might adorn a Court.
Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee ſmile
Love; whom to Reaſon, what can reconcile?
When you from *Pan* and from the Satyrs fled,
To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed.
Was it your Reaſon then you did purſue?
Or kept you ought beſides your Love in view?
My preſent Paſſion is from Fate; for ere
I did of *Leda*'s beauteous Daughter hear,
Inſpir'd *Caſſandra* did foretel the Thing,
Paris ſhall *Helena* to *Ilium* bring.
In ev'ry Circumſtance too well you ſee
Th' Event has juſtify'd her Prophecy:
Except thoſe Wounds of mine, which yet remain,
To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.
Still I remember ſweet *OEnone*'s Fear,
When firſt we did the ſtrange Prediction hear.
Melting in Tears——Ah then, will Fate remove
Her *Paris* from the loſt *OEnone*'s Love!
Muſt he ſuch Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring!
Be found a Prince, thus to involve the King!
Love taught me threaten'd Dangers to deſpiſe:
And Love equipt me for my Enterprize.
To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;
The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.
Againſt his Pleaſure what can Mortals ſay,
Whoſe Pow'r th' immortal Gods themſelves obey?

When

When mighty *Jove* the Fire of *Cupid* burns,
Into a thouſand various Shapes he turns.
Europa's Bull, and *Danae*'s golden Show'r,
Put each a lovely Virgin in his Pow'r.
Not charming *Helen* (Cauſe of all thy Care)
Had been ſo wond'rous, ſo divinely Fair,
Had not great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,
And cheated *Leda* with a ſeeming Swan.
O'er Piny *Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle, flies
With his lov'd *Ganimede* to diſtant Skies.
The valiant *Hercules*, ſo Fierce and Bold,
For *Omphale*, did a weak Diſtaff hold:
Glad like a Maid he ſat him down to Spin,
And Conqu'ring ſhe put on the Lion's Skin.
Your ſelf *Apollo*'s proffer'd Love decline,
And ſhun a God's Embraces to be mine.
Not that a Shepherd with a God can vie,
But it ſo pleaſes *Cupid*'s Deity.
If my new Paſſion ſtill thy Mind diſpleaſe,
Yet this at leaſt methinks might give thee Eaſe;
That nothing in my Breaſt cou'd quench thy Love,
But the bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:
Tho' yet her boaſted Birth and mighty Race
Enflame me leſs than her enchanting Face.
I wiſh'd I had unſkill'd in Beauty been;
Then Rival Goddeſſes I had not ſeen:
Not been obnoxious to great *Juno*'s Hate;
Nor wiſe *Minerva* then ſhou'd irritate.
The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,
Binds me for ever *Citherea*'s Slave.

She her Son's Darts will diſtribute around,
And give him Orders when and where to wound;
Yet is her ſelf oft wounded by his Dart:
The wanton Boy ſpares not his Mother's Heart.
Mars to her Bed ſo often did reſort,
All Heav'n at laſt was Witneſs to their Sport.
Then to attract *Anchiſes* to her Arms,
Appears a Mortal with Celeſtial Charms.
What Wonder Love ſhou'd have tranſported me,
When his own Mother *Venus* is not free!
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, loves: Can I,
On whom ſhe dotes, from the fair Princeſs fly?
I ſee the gath'ring Clouds from *Sparta* riſe,
And threat'ning Tempeſts thicken in the Skies.
The angry *Greeks* with Armies menace us,
And Hoſtile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.
Let 'em come on, and Fight us if they dare:
To keep this Beauty we accept their War.
Her Face, *OEnone*, 's ſo Divine a Thing,
'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.
The *Grecian* Princes, haſting all to Arms,
Enough evince, (if you ſtill doubt her Charms:)
But her for whom they Fleets and Armies ſend,
With greater Force the *Trojans* will defend.
If any Hope, *OEnone*, you retain,
Of ever freeing me from *Helen*'s Chain,
Quick to thoſe pow'rful Herbs and Arts repair,
By which thou rul'ſt in Heav'n, in Earth, and Air.
Not *Phœbus*' ſelf is learneder than thee,
Scarce are the Gods from thy ſtrong Magick free.

Thou, by the mighty Workings of thine Art,
From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canſt part,
Call down the Moon, the Sun's ſwift Motion ſtay,
Protract the Darkneſs, and arreſt the Day.
As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came
Fierce Lions, made by thy Enchantments tame.
Swift *Simois* and *Xanthus'* Cryſtal Wave
Forbore to flow, when your Command you gave.
Your Father *Cebres'* Waters too ſubmit;
Nor ſlight thy Charm, ſince all acknowledge it.
Now, wiſeſt Nymph, exert thy utmoſt Art,
Quench thy own Fires, or re-inflame my Heart.

OVID's AMOURS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

NEC LUSISSE PUDET. HOR.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

FOR mighty Wars I thought to Tune my Lute,
And make my Measures to my Subject ſute.
Six Feet for ev'ry Verſe the Muſe deſign'd,
But *Cupid*, Laughing, when he ſaw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verſe a Foot purloin'd.
Who gave Thee, Boy, this arbitrary Sway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who *Phœbus* only, and his Laws obey?

'Tis more abſurd, than if the *Queen of Love*
Shou'd in *Minerva*'s Arms to Battle move;
Or manly *Pallas* from that *Queen* ſhou'd take
Her Torch, and o'er the dying Lover ſhake.
In Fields as well may *Cynthia* ſow the Corn,
Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.
As well may *Phœbus* quit the trembling String,
For Sword, and Shield; and *Mars* may learn to ſing.
Already thy Dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign Charge.
If thou wilt Reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Muſick for his Harp may fear.
Thus when with ſoaring Wings I ſeek Renown,
Thou pluck'ſt my Pinions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on ſuch mean Thoughts my Muſe employ,
I want a Miſtreſs, or a blooming Boy.
Thus I complain'd; his Bow the Stripling bent,
And choſe an Arrow fit for his Intent.
The Shaft his Purpoſe fatally purſues;
Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muſe,
He ſaid: (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,)
For in my Breaſt a Mortal Wound he made.
Far hence ye proud *Hexameters* remove,
My Verſe is pac'd, and tramell'd into Love.
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows incloſe,
While in unequal Verſe I ſing my Woes.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

By Mr. CREECH.

AH me! why am I ſo uneaſy grown?
Ah! why ſo reſtleſs on my Bed of Down?
Why do I wiſh to ſleep, but wiſh in vain?
Why am I all the tedious Night in Pain?
What Cauſe is this, that Eaſe, that Reſt denies?
And why my Words break forth in gentle Sighs?
Sure I ſhould know if Love had fix'd his Dart;
Or creeps he ſoftly in with treach'rous Art,
And then grows Tyrant there, and wounds the Heart?
'Tis ſo, the Shaft ſticks deep, and galls my Breaſt;
'Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my Thoughts of Reſt!
Well, ſhall I tamely yield, or muſt I fight?
I'll yield; 'tis Patience makes a Burthen light:
A ſhaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks ariſe;
But, if unmov'd, the Fire looks pale, and dies.
The hard-mouth'd Horſe ſmarts for his fierce Diſdain,
The Gentle's ridden with a looſer Rein.
Love ſmooths the Gentle, but the Fierce reclaims;
He fires their Breaſts, and fills their Souls with Flames.
I yield, great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
Forget my Rebel Thoughts, and let me live:
No need of Force: I willingly obey,
And now unarm'd, ſhall prove no glorious Prey.

Go take thy Mother's Doves, thy Myrtle Crown,
And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* ſhall lend his Own;
There thou ſhalt ſit in thy triumphant Pride,
And, whilſt glad Shouts reſound on ev'ry Side.
Thy gentle Hands thy Mother's Doves ſhall guide.
And there, to make thy glorious Pomp, and State,
A Train of ſighing Youths, and Maids ſhall wait,
Yet none complain of an unhappy Fate.
There newly conquer'd I, ſtill freſh my Wound,
Will march along, my Hands with Myrtle bound;
There Modeſty, with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
Now doubly bluſhing at her own Diſgrace;
There ſober Thoughts, and whatſoe'er diſdains
Love's Rule, ſhall feel his Power, and bear his Chains:
Then all ſhall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice;
Io Triumphe be the publick Voice.
Thy conſtant Guards, ſoft Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
Anger, and ſoft Careſſes ſhall be there:
By theſe ſtrong Guards are Men and Gods o'erthrown;
Theſe conquer for thee, Love, and theſe alone:
Thy Mother, from the Sky, thy Pomp ſhall grace,
And ſcatter ſweeteſt Roſes in thy Face:
There glorious Love ſhall ride, profuſely dreſt
With all the richeſt Jewels of the Eaſt:
Rich Gems thy Quiver, and thy Wheels infold,
And hide the Poorneſs of the baſer Gold.
Then thou ſhalt conquer many, then thy Darts
Shall ſcatter thouſand Wounds on tender Hearts:
Thy Shafts themſelves will fly, thy neighb'ring Fire
Will catch Men's Breaſts, and kindle warm Deſire.

Thus

Thus conqu'ring *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
He drawn by Tygers, Thou by murm'ring Doves.
Well then, ſince I too can increaſe thy Train,
Spend not thy Force on me, and rage in vain;
Look on thy Kinſman *Cæſar*'s happy Slaves,
The ſame victorious Arm that Conquers, Saves.

ELEGY III.

To his Miſtreſs.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

BE juſt, dear Maid, an equal Paſſion prove,
Or ſhow me Cauſe why I ſhould ever love.
I do not at your cold Diſdain repine,
Nor aſk your Love, do you but ſuffer mine.
I dare not aim at more exalted Bliſs,
And *Venus* will beſtow her Votary this.
Take him, who will for endleſs Ages ſerve;
Take him, whoſe faithful Flame will never ſwerve:
Tho' no illuſtrious Names my Race adorn;
Who am but of *Equeſtrian* Order born;
Tho' a few Plows ſerve my paternal Fields,
Nor my ſmall Table many Diſhes yields;
Yet *Bacchus*, *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine,
Are all my Friends, and to my ſide incline,
And Love's Great God, at laſt, will make me thine.

Heav'n knows, dear Maid, I love no other Fair;
In thee lives all my Love, my Heav'n lies there.
Oh! may I by indulgent Fate's Decree
With thee lead all my Life, and die with thee.
Thy Beauties yield me my tranſporting Theme;
And while I celebrate thy charming Name,
My Verſe ſhall be as ſacred as my Flame.
Jove's ſev'ral Rapes, his injur'd *Io*'s Wrongs,
Are made immortal in his Poet's Songs.
Verſe ſtill reveals, where *Leda*'s Flames began,
Rais'd by the Secret Godhead in the Swan.
The Story of the Rape *Europa* bore,
Shall laſt while Winds ſhall rage, or Waters roar.
Your Name ſhall live like theirs, while Verſe endures,
And mine be ever writ, and read with Yours.

ELEGY IV.

To his Miſtreſs, whoſe Huſband is invited to a Feaſt with them. The Poet inſtructs her how to behave her ſelf in his Company.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOUR Huſband will be with us at the Treat;
May that be the laſt Supper he ſhall Eat.
And am poor I, a Gueſt invited there,
Only to ſee, while he may touch the Fair?

To

To ſee you Kiſs, and Hug your nauſeous Lord,
While his lewd Hand deſcends below the Board?
Now wonder not that *Hippodamia*'s Charms,
At ſuch a Sight, the *Centaurs* urg'd to Arms:
That in a Rage, they threw their Cups aſide,
Aſſail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the Bride.
I am not half a Horſe, (I wiſh I were:)
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take, then, my Counſel; which, obſerv'd, may be
Of ſome Importance both to you, and me.
Be ſure to come before your Man be there,
There's nothing can be done, but come howe'er.
Sit next him, (that belongs to Decency;)
But tread upon my Foot in paſſing by.
Read in my Looks what ſilently they ſpeak,
And ſlily, with your Eyes, your Anſwer make.
My lifted Eye-brow ſhall declare my Pain,
My Right-Hand to his fellow ſhall complain,
And on the Back a Letter ſhall deſign;
Beſides a Note that ſhall be writ in Wine.
Whene'er you think upon our laſt Embrace,
With your Fore-Finger gently touch your Face.
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do, or ſay,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.
As Suppliants uſe at Altars, hold the Board,
Whene'er you wiſh the Devil may take your Lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.

The Waiter on thoſe Services employ;
Drink you, and I will ſnatch it from the Boy,
Watching the Part where your ſweet Mouth has been,
And thence, with eager Lips, will ſuck it in.
If he, with Clowniſh Manners thinks it fit
To taſte, and offers you the naſty Bit,
Reject his greazy Kindneſs, and reſtore
Th' unſav'ry Morſel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor reſt
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breaſt.
Let not his Hand within your Boſom ſtray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But, above all, let him no Kiſs receive;
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that ſweet Mouth reſign,
Leſt I riſe up in Arms, and cry 'Tis mine.
I ſhall thruſt in betwixt, and void of Fear
The manifeſt Adult'rer will appear.
Theſe things are plain to ſight, but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to riſe.
How many Love-Inventions I deplore,
Which I, my ſelf, have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company; to make a homely Shift
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o'er in haſte,
While o'er my Side the Fair her Mantle caſt?
You to your Huſband ſhall not be ſo kind;
But, leſt you ſhou'd, your Mantle leave behind.

Encourage

Encourage him to Tope, but Kiſs him not,
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace,
Then we may take Advice from Time, and Place.
When all depart, while Compliments are loud,
Be ſure to mix among the thickeſt Crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miſs,
Perhaps to Grubble, or at leaſt to Kiſs.
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Juſt to ſecure a ſhort, and tranſient Joy!
For Night muſt part us; and when Night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his Arms, he leads you Home.
He locks you in, I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kiſſes you, he more than kiſſes too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.
But, add not to his Joy, by your Conſent;
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent:
Return no Kiſs, nor move in any ſort;
Make it a dull, and a malignant Sport.
Had I my Wiſh, he ſhou'd no Pleaſure take,
But ſlubber o'er your Buſineſs for my Sake.
And whate'er Fortune ſhall this Night befal,
Coakes me to-morrow, by forſwearing all.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

By *Mr.* DUKE.

'TWas Noon, when I, ſcorch'd with the double Fire,
Of the hot Sun, and my more hot Deſire,
Stretch'd on my Downy Couch at Eaſe was laid,
Big with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
The Curtains but half drawn, a Light let in,
Such as in Shades of thickeſt Groves is ſeen;
Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not Day.
This Light to modeſt Maids muſt be allow'd.
Where Shame may hope its guilty Head to ſhrowd.
And now my Love *Corinna* did appear,
Looſe on her Neck fell her divided Hair;
Looſe as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the Air.
In ſuch a Garb, with ſuch a Grace, and Mien,
To her rich Bed came the *Aſſyrian* Queen.
So *Lais* look'd, when all the Youth of *Greece*
With Adoration did her Charms confeſs.
Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
But ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill deny'd;
But ſo reſiſted, that ſhe ſeem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
So I at laſt an eaſy Conqueſt had,
Whilſt my fair Combatant her ſelf betray'd:

But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
Gods! with what Charms did she my Soul surprise?
What snowy Arms did I both see, and feel?
With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell;
Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing Breast,
Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest!
What a smooth Plain was on her Belly spread?
Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
What Thighs! What Legs! But why strive I in vain,
Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?
One Beauty did through her whole Body shine,
I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
Till in each other's Arms we dy'd away;
O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to ev'ry Day.

ELEGY VI.

To his Mistress's Porter, to open the Gate to him.

By an unknown Hand.

SLave, if Thou worthy of thy Chains wou'dst be,
A grateful Office do to Love, and Me.
Unbar the Wicket, and a Friend admit;
The Trouble is not much, nor Favour great:
I ask thee not to spread the Foldings wide,
Keep it at jar, I'll softly by Thee slide.
I to Love's Labours have so long been us'd,
My Shapes are to a Lath's lank Size reduc'd.

The

The ſmalleſt Crevice will my Bus'neſs do,
It cannot be ſo ſtrait, but I'll ſlip thro'.
Love guides Me, when by Night I walk the Street,
And, when I grope my Way, directs my Feet.
By Night I was, a Youth, afraid to walk,
Frighted by Children, and old Nurſes talk.
I wonder'd Men cou'd wander in the Gloom,
And kept, for fear of Spirits, cloſe at Home.
Love, and his Mother, when they knew my Care,
Cry'd, Fool, Thou ſhalt not long theſe Phantoms fear.
Nor fear'd I long, for Love my Heart poſſeſs'd,
Thoſe Viſions vaniſh'd, and my Terrors ceas'd.
Nor Ghoſts, nor Scourers did I dread, but ſtrol'd
The Streets a-nights, and grew in Peril bold.
Thee only do I fear, and trembling ſtand
To wait the Motions of thy tardy Hand.
With ſoft Requeſt, thy Succour I implore,
Nor ſue to *Jove*, nor dread the Thund'rer more.
See, how the Gate is moiſten'd with my Tears,
What Marks of my impatient Love it bears.
Remember, when Thou for the Laſh wer't ſtript,
Who ſav'd thee, at whoſe Suit Thou wer't not whipt.
Did not I ſooth thy angry Lady's Mind,
And make thy Peace? Be Thou to Me as kind.
Think what ſoft things to move her Soul, I ſaid,
And let them in her Lover's Favour plead.
But ah! the tender Things that made her kind,
Work no ſuch Wonders on thy cruel Mind.
Wou'dſt Thou my friendly Offices repay?
Fate throws a fair Occaſion in thy Way:
Unlock the Gate; the Morning will not ſtay.

Unlock

Unlock the Gate; and as Thou'rt kind to Me,
So may thy gentle Lady prove to Thee.
May ſhe to looſe thy hateful Chains incline,
And ſtead of Water, be thy Portion Wine.
But what avail my ſoothing Words? Thy Ear
Is deaf, inhumane to my moving Pray'r.
Your Gates with Poſts of pond'rous Oak are bar'd,
As if your Houſe was for a Siege prepar'd.
Why all this Fence, what Foe have you to fear?
And why in Peace do you provide for War?
Thus rudely if your Lady's Friends you treat,
What Uſage muſt her Foes expect to meet?
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the Gate, and give my Love its Way.
By Treaty I wou'd enter, not by Force;
With Arms I come not, nor with Foot, or Horſe.
I have no Aid, and Company have none,
And were it not for Love, ſhould be alone.
Where'er I go, by Love I'm ſtill purſu'd,
And cannot ſhake him from me, if I wou'd.
He's of my Being now become a Part,
Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
A flowing Glaſs has fill'd with genial Fire
My fev'riſh Blood, and kindled new Deſire;
My fluſhing Cheeks my riſing Fumes confeſs,
And my dropt Garland ſhews a Lover's Dreſs:
What dreadful Arms are theſe, and who would fear
To meet a Man, that's thus equipt for War?
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the Gate, and make no more Delay.

Or is it Sloth, or is it Sleep, that brings
This lett to Love, and pinions down his Wings?
Why else do I in vain repeat my Pray'r?
Is it, thou doſt not, or thou wilt not hear?
When firſt I waited at thy Gate, and thought
To 'ſcape thy Care, I was at Midnight caught.
With Over-Diligence, thou then look'dſt out,
To ſpy what Lover was upon the Scout.
Theſe are wild Gueſſes, thou'rt perhaps employ'd
More ſweetly, and enjoy'ſt what I enjoy'd.
And while I'm waiting with Impatience here,
Thy envy'd Fortune's with the faithleſs Fair,
Oh for thy Pleaſure, give me all thy Pains,
Let us change Chances, and be mine thy Chains.
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the Gate, and Kindneſs paſt repay.
Hark; or I dream, or on the Hinge I hear
The Wicket turn, or Bolts unlooſen'd jar.
I dream indeed, the Bolts as they were laid
Stand fixt: the Noiſe was by my Fancy made.
Or by a Northern Blaſt, that hoarſe did groan,
And with the Wind away my Hopes are blown:
Oh that the Blaſt had broke the Barrier down.
But all, alas! is huſht, I hear no Sound,
All in the Silence of the Night is drown'd.
Here, hopeleſs of Admittance, I attend,
While on my Head the pearly Dews deſcend.
Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the Gate, I will no longer pray,
But force, by Sword and Fire, my readier Way.

What

What need of Fire and Sword? my ſelf alone
More pow'rful, than or Sword or Fire am grown.
Around your Heads ſhall flaming Torches fly,
By *Jove*, the Houſe ſhall burn, as well as I.
Night, Love, and Wine encourage, and inflame;
Theſe triumph o'er Fear, and that o'er Shame.
All Ways I've try'd, but all ſucceſsleſs prove;
Nor Threats can fright thee, nor Intreaties move,
Deaf to my Pray'rs, as to my Tears thou'rt blind,
Thy Gate is leſs obdurate than thy Mind.
Unworthy of a lovely Lady's Latch,
Thou ſhouldſt the Wicket of ſome Miſer watch.
But ſee, the ruddy Morn begins to riſe,
And paints with roſy Streaks the Eaſtern Skies.
While crowing Cocks the Lab'rer's Sloth revile,
And ſummon Wretches to their daily Toil.
Throw then, fond Man, thy fragrant Chaplet by,
And let it at thy Lady's Threſhold lie.
When in the Morn thy faded Flow'rs ſhe ſpies,
Kind Thoughts of me may in her Boſom riſe.
Perhaps ſhe may reſent her Porter's Crime,
And grieve, that here ſo ill I ſpent my Time.
Whatever Cauſe to wiſh thee Ill I have,
Farewel, thou Lazy, or thou Drouſy Slave:
Againſt me, tho' Thou ſhut'ſt thy Lady's Gate,
I cannot one, that ſerves my Miſtreſs, hate.
You Both, who did againſt my Hopes rebel,
Ah Porter, and ah cruel Gate, Farewel.

ELEGY

ELEGY VII.

To his Miſtreſs, whom he had beaten.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq.*

COme, if ye're Friends, and let theſe Hands be bound,
Which could with impious Rage a Miſtreſs wound;
What more did *Ajax* in his Fury do?
When all the Sacred grazing Herd he ſlew;
Or * He who ſpar'd not her who gave him Breath;
So ill the Son reveng'd his Father's Death!
Then I had broke the moſt religious Ties,
Both to my Parents, and the Deities:
I tore (O Heav'ns!) her finely braided Hair;
How charming then look'd the diſorder'd Fair!
So *Atalanta* in her Chaiſe is drawn,
Where the *Arcadian* Beaſts her Empire own:
So *Ariadne*, left upon the Shore,
Does all alone her loſt Eſtate deplore,
Curſes the Winds and Seas, which perjur'd *Theſeus* bore:
Who would not then have rail'd, and talk'd aloud?
(Which to the helpleſs Sex might be allow'd;)
She only did upbraid me with her Eye,
Whoſe ſpeaking Tears did want of Words ſupply,
'Twas but too much (ye Gods) to make me die:
O that ſome Merciful Superior Pow'r
Had ſtruck me lame before that fatal Hour,

* *Oreſtes.* And

And not have ſuffer'd me to pierce my Heart
So deeply, in the beſt, and tend'reſt Part;
To make a Lady that Subjection own,
Which is not to the meaneſt *Roman* known.
'Twas *Diomed*, who firſt a Goddeſs ſtrook,
I from his Hand that curs'd Example took;
But he was far leſs Criminal than I,
I was a Lover, he an Enemy:
March like a Conqueror in Triumph now,
With Laurel-wreaths encompaſſing your Brow,
And render to the mighty Gods your Vow;
So, as you paſs, th' attending gazing Croud,
By their Applauſe ſhall ſpeak your Courage loud;
Let your ſad Captive in the Front appear,
With ſtreaming Cheeks, and with diſhevell'd Hair,
Thro' all her Grief and Wounds moſt eminently fair.
Such Lips were form'd for kinder Wounds, than theſe,
Wounds made by Lovers furious Ecſtaſies:
Though like a Torrent I was hurry'd on,
A Slave to Paſſion, which I cou'd not ſhun;
I might have only pierc'd her tender Ear
With threat'ning Language, ſuch as Virgins fear;
Fear having chill'd the Current of her Blood,
Pale as a *Parian* Marble Statue ſtood
The ſenſeleſs Frame—Then ſhook her trembling Knees,
As when the Winds do whiſtle thro' the Trees,
Or ſoftly curl the Surface of the Seas:
So ſlender Ruſhes, eaſily inclin'd,
By ev'ry Blaſt are ruffled by the Wind;
Tears, which Suſpenſe did for a while reſtrain,
Guſh'd forth, and down her Cheeks the Deluge ran,

As

As when the Sun does by a pow'rful Beam
Diſſolve the Froſt, it runs into a Stream:
The lamentable Object ſtruck me dead,
And Tears of Blood to quench thoſe Tears I ſhed:
Thrice at her Feet the proſtrate Suppliant fell,
And thrice did ſhe repulſe the Criminal:
What wou'd I not, your Anger to abate,
Redeem your Favour,——or remove your Hate?
To your Revenge no Means or Method ſpare;
Revenge, alas! is eaſy to the Fair:
But leſt ſome eloquent remaining Sign
Should ſtill reproach me with ſo black a Crime,
Let no Diſorder in your Face appear,
From your bright Eyes let there not 'ſcape a Tear,
And once again compoſe your ſcatter'd Hair.

ELEGY VIII.

He curſes a Bawd, for going about to debauch his Miſtreſs.

By Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus'* Wars,
And dreadful ſtill with honourable Scars:
Her Youth and Beauty, Craft and Guile ſupply,
Sworn Foe to all Degrees of Chaſtity:
Dypſas, who firſt taught Love-ſick Maids the Way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding-Day,

And

And then a hundred ſubtle Tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the am'rous Theft might be diſguis'd;
Of Pigeons-Blood, ſqueez'd from the panting Heart,
With Surfeit-Water, to contract the Part,
She knows the Uſe: whilſt the good Man betray'd,
With eager Arms hugs the falſe bleeding Maid.
Of Herbs and Spells ſhe tries the guilty Force,
The Poiſon of a Mare that goes to Horſe.
Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
Some for a Bawd, moſt take her for a Witch.
Each Morning ſees her reeling to her Bed,
Her native Blue o'ercome with Drunken Red.
Her ready Tongue ne'er wants an uſeful Lie,
Soft moving Words, nor charming Flattery.
Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* ſpeak,
Young *Damon*'s Heart wilt thou for ever break?
He long has lov'd thee, and by me he ſends
To learn thy Motions, which he ſtill attends.
If to the Park thou go'ſt, the Plays are ill;
If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
The other Day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
As he wou'd grow a Statue in the Place;
And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
Beauty, like thine, ſtrikes Wonders from afar.
Alas, methinks thou art ill-dreſt to-night,
This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
This Gown was by ſome botching Taylor made,
It ſpoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt Fair,
Damon is Rich, and what thou want'ſt, can ſpare.

Like

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himſelf be bought.
Fair *Lucia* bluſh'd; It is a ſign of Grace,
Dypſas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
All Lovers now, by what they give, are weigh'd,
And ſhe is beſt belov'd, that is beſt paid.
The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius'* Reign,
Did to one Man perhaps their Love reſtrain.
Venus in her *Æneas'* City rules,
And all adore her Deity, but Fools.
Go on, ye Fair, Chaſte only let ſuch live,
As none will aſk, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll ſpeak on,
Hear me, another Day 'twill be your own.
Virtuous *Penelope* is ſaid t' have try'd,
With a ſtrong Bow, each luſty Lover's ſide.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill herſelf for Rage,
But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.
To the young Prince ſhe vow'd, ne'er more to join
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.
To keep her Word ſhe dy'd ——
Life ſteals away, and our beſt Hours are gone,
Ere the true Uſe, or Worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themſelves decay;
What we forbear, Time rudely makes his Prey.
Beauty is beſt preſerv'd by Exerciſe,
Nor for that Taſk can one, or few ſuffice.
Wou'dſt thou grow Rich, thou muſt from many take;
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poet, but new Verſes give?

A Poet, the laſt thing that Earth does breed,
Whoſe Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
To give is an ingenious Thing, I ſwear:
Deſpiſe not any can a Preſent make;
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the Sound of Title be thou caught;
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree;
The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge, give me.
If any beardleſs Stripling aſk a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual Delight;
Bid him go earn thy Price among the Men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but ſeem in Love with all,
And at old Friends to thy new Lover rail.
Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
The ſharp-ſet Hawks will ſtoop to any Lure.
Then grant again, leſt he a Habit get
Of living from thee; but be ſure thou let
No empty Lover in: murmur ſometimes,
And as firſt hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
Seem jealous, when thou'ſt been thy ſelf to blame,
'Twill ſtop his Mouth, if thou the firſt complain.
All thou haſt done be ready to forſwear:
For Lover's Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
Whilſt he is with thee, let ſome Woman bring
Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign precious Thing;
Which thou muſt ſay thou want'ſt, and he muſt buy,
Tho' for it ſix Months hence in Goal he lie.

Thy Mother, Siſter, Brother, and thy Nurſe,
Muſt have a pull each at thy Lover's Purſe.
Let him from Rivals never be ſecure,
That Hope once gone, Love will not long endure.
Shew him the Preſents by thoſe Rivals ſent,
So ſhall his Bounty thy Requeſt prevent.
When he will give no more, aſk him to lend,
If he want Money, find a truſting Friend.
Get Hangings, Cabinets, and Looking-Glaſs,
Or any thing for which his Word will paſs.
Practiſe theſe Rules, thou'lt find the Benefit;
I loſt my Beauty, ere I got this Wit.
I at that Word ſtept from behind the Door,
And ſcarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
Her few Grey Hairs in Rage I vow'd to pull,
And thruſt her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
Poor in a Dungeon's Bottom mayſt thou rot,
Die with a Blow with thy beloved Pot;
No Brandy, and eternal Thirſt, thy Lot.

ELEGY IX.

Of Love and War.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

TRUST me, my *Atticus*, in Love are Wars;
And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars:*
The Age that's fit for War beſt ſuits with Love,
The old in both unſerviceable prove,
Infirm in War, and impotent in Love.

The

The Soldiers which a General does require,
Are ſuch as Ladies would in Bed deſire:
Who, but a Soldier, and a Lover, can
Bear the Night's Cold, in Show'rs of Hail and Rain?
One in continual Watch his Station keeps,
Or on the Earth in broken Slumbers ſleeps;
The other takes his ſtill repeated Round
By's Miſtreſs' Houſe——then lodges on the Ground:
The Soldiers long and tedious Marches make;
The active Lover, for his Miſtreſs' Sake,
Will any Toils and Dangers undergo;
Not rugged Mountains, nor untrodden Snow,
Rivers by Floods increas'd, no raging Sea,
Nor adverſe Winds can ever make him ſtay,
When *Love* commands, and Beauty leads the Way.
Soldiers, and Lovers, with a careful Eye,
Obſerve the Motions of the Enemy:
One to the Walls makes his Approach in Form,
Puſhes the Siege, and takes the Town by Storm;
The other lays his cloſe to *Celia*'s Fort,
Preſſes his Point, and gains the wiſh'd-for Port:
As Soldiers, when the Foe ſecurely lies
In Sleep, and Wine diſſolv'd, the Camp ſurprize;
So when the Jealous to their Reſt remove,
And all is huſht——the other ſteal to Love:
Uncertain is the State of Love, and War,
The Vanquiſh'd rally, and their Loſs repair,
Regain the Ground, and rout the Conqueror.
You then, who think that Love's an idle Fit,
Know, that it is the Exerciſe of Wit:

In Flames of Love the fierce *Achilles* burns,
And, quitting Arms, abſent *Briſeis* mourns:
From the Embraces of *Andromache*
Went *Hector* arm'd for War, and Victory:
As *Agamemnon* ſaw *Caſſandra* paſs
With Hair diſhevell'd, and diſorder'd Dreſs,
H' admir'd the *Beauties* of the Propheteſs:
The God of War was caught in th' Act of Love;
A Story known to all the Court above:
Once did I paſs my Hours in Sloth, and Eaſe,
Cool Shades and Beds of Down could only pleaſe;
When a commanding *Beauty* rais'd my Mind,
I left all little trifling Thoughts behind,
And to her Service all my Heart reſign'd:
Since, like an active Soldier, have I ſpent
My Time, in Toils of War, in *Beauty*'s Tent;
And for ſo ſweet a Pay all Dangers underwent:
You ſee, my *Atticus*, by what I prove,
Who would not live in Idleneſs,——muſt love.

ELEGY X.

To his Mercenary Miſtreſs.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq*;

AS *Helen*, when to *Troy* ſhe did eſcape,
And *Greeks* with Fire and Sword purſu'd the Rape;

As

As *Leda*, when the God his Love-trick play'd,
Under the Figure of a Swan betray'd;
As *Amymone*, wand'ring o'er the Plains,
That rural Fair, admir'd by all the Swains;
So fair was You, ſo much in Love was I,
I ran to the Extremes of Jealouſy,
Fear'd Eagles, Bulls, and ev'ry Shape that *Jove*
Had e'er transform'd himſelf into, for Love:
Now, free from Love or Fears, my Mind's at Eaſe,
Nor does that *Beauty* any longer pleaſe.
This Humour, you may ſay, is wond'rous ſtrange,
And aſk the Reaſon of this ſudden Change:
Once, when your undeſigning Heart was kind,
Fair was your Face, and perfect was your Mind:
But now the ſlighter *Beauties* of the Skin
Do yield to the prevailing Vice within:
Love is a Child, who uſes no Deceit,
Nor wears he Cloaths to cover any Cheat,
Accepts no Bribes;——why for a wretched Fee
Should you then proſtitute his Deity?
Make *Venus* to her Son ſerve ev'ry Day,
And drudge i' th' meaneſt Offices for Pay?
They're ſoftly bred, and would not Work, but Play:
The Whore, to whom each Purchaſer has Right,
Forces for Gain decaying Appetite,
Yet there's a Bawd to whom the Spoils accrue;
She fain would ſhun, what you by Choice purſue:
Theſe ſordid Ways the very Brutes reprove,
Who by their Practice teach you how to love;
The luſty Bull his Female does enjoy,
Nor can a Bribe their mutual Loves deſtroy:

Woman alone rejoices in the Spoil,
And makes Advantages of ev'ry Smile,
Rates at her Pleaſure the high-priz'd Delight,
And Men muſt purchaſe ev'ry happy Night;
Yet does ſhe meet him with as much Deſire,
And no leſs fierce, and raging is the Fire.
Since with an equal Pace our Paſſions move,
Why ſhould one buy, and th' other ſell in Love?
Why, ſince the Pleaſure's mutual, ſhould it be
To you Advantage, and a Loſs to me?
The Way is infamous a Witneſs takes,
Who of his Perjury a Living makes;
So for the raiſing of a low Eſtate
To ſet your Body at a common Rate!
Can you to ſuch mean Ends as theſe employ
The Gifts, by Nature's Bounty you enjoy?
Grant but the Bleſſing freely, and you may
An everlaſting Obligation lay;
But where's the mighty Favour, when we pay?
Forbear, ye Fair, to make a Trade of Love,
The Wealth, that's got ſo ill, can ne'er improve;
Juſtly the * Veſtal by their Armour fell,
Who would her Honour for their Bracelets ſell:
The Rich your Wiſhes are oblig'd to meet,
And lay their frequent Preſents at your Feet;
Alcinous' Orchards Fruit enough can ſpare,
From the full Vines the Grapes in Cluſters tear,
And eaſe th' o'er-loaded Boughs, which num'rous Apples bear:
Let Faith, and Love ſupply my little Store,
The Will ſhall ne'er be wanting to the Pow'r:

* *Tarpeia.* Verſe

Verſe is the greateſt Tribute I can bring;
Your Charms I could to future Ages ſing;
Jewels and Gold will periſh,—but the Fame
The Muſes give, ſhall ever be the ſame:
You check my generous Paſſion when you crave,
Not that I'm loath to part with what I have;
Had you not aſk'd me, I had freely gave.

ELEGY XI.

To Nape, *praying her to deliver his Letter to her Miſtreſs.*

By the ſame Hand.

NAPE, who know'ſt ſo well to ſet the Hair,
And all the Faſhions of the Modiſh Fair.
Like Thee, no Lady's-Woman in the Town
Can forward an Intrigue, or pin a Gown;
No Maid, than Thee, can boaſt a quicker Eye,
Nor ſooner the ſour Huſband's Coming ſpy;
None can with better Art her Signs employ,
To tell the Lover, when her Lady's coy,
'Tis all a Feint, and ſhe expects the Joy.
Thou who doſt oft *Corinna*'s Paſſions move,
And kindle, when they cool, the Fire of Love;
Thou, who oft cur'ſt Her of her falſe Alarms,
And bring'ſt Her, tho' reluctant, to my Arms;

Here, *Nape*, take this Billet-doux, and bear
My Soul's ſoft Wiſhes to the abſent Fair.
If I can gueſs, Thy Heart is not of Flint,
Nor is there the leaſt Vein of Ir'n in't;
I, ſomething in thy Looks, and Manners ſee,
Above the Rudeneſs of thy low Degree;
A ſofter Turn, to Pity more inclin'd,
Than vulgar Souls, a more complacent Mind;
Thou feel'ſt, if I can gueſs, an equal Flame,
And thine, and my Diſtemper is the ſame:
If how I do, ſhe aſks, do thou reply,
For the dear Night, and Night's dear Joys, I die.
Tell her the Letter will the reſt explain,
And does my Soul, and all its Hopes contain.
But Time, while I am ſpeaking, flies; be ſure
To give the Billet in a leiſure Hour.
Don't be content with her imperfect View,
But make her, when ſhe has it, read it thro'.
I charge thee, as ſhe reads, obſerve her Eyes,
Catch, if thou canſt, her gentle Looks, and Sighs:
As theſe are ſure Preſages of my Joy,
So Frowns and Low'rs my flatt'ring Hopes deſtroy.
Pray her, when ſhe has read it, to indite
An Anſwer, and a long Epiſtle write.
I hate a Billet, where at once I view
A Page all empty, but a Line or Two.
Let her without a Margent fill it up,
And crowd it from the Bottom to the Top.
But why ſhould I her pretty Fingers tire?
A Word's enough, and all that I deſire.

Ah

Ah *Nape*, let her only bid me come,
The Page is large, which for that Word has room.
Her Letter, like a Conqu'ror's, ſhall be bound
With Bays, for it with Conqueſt ſhall be crown'd.
The Billet ſhall at *Venus'* Shrine be laid,
And this Inſcription with Devotion made.
" *Naſo*, thy ever-faithful Votary,
" This Tablet, *Venus*, dedicates to thee.
" Tho' late it from the Log was cut, 'tis Now
" Become the ſacred Table of my Vow.

ELEGY XII.

He curſes his Letter becauſe it was not Anſwer'd.

AH pity me, my Friends! the cruel Fair
Will neither read my juſt Complaint, nor hear.
The Billet-doux I ſent her, ſhe return'd,
And e'en to ope the tender Letter ſcorn'd.
Ill was the Omen, for the Slave I ſent
Tript at the Sill, as out of Doors he went.
If e'er You on an Errand go for Me,
More careful, Sirrah, how you ſtumble, be;
Step ſoberly, and warily along:
The End's ne'er right, if the Beginning's wrong.
Since thus, in vain, her Pity I implore,
I'll ne'er to Tablets truſt my Paſſion more.
Nor with my Wax, for Death my Warrant Seal;
Worſe, than her Scorn, what Torture can I feel?

From Combs of *Corſica* the Wax was ta'en,
The latent Poiſon was the Lover's Bane.
Bees there from venom'd Flow'rs their Honey ſuck,
And ſurely to my Wax that Venom ſtuck.
Chance on the Seal did my Misfortune paint,
And ſhew'd my Doom by the Vermilion Feint.
Curſe on the Inſtruments of my Diſgrace,
May you lie rotting in ſome filthy Place,
By Carts run o'er, may you to Bits be torn,
And your Miſhap revenge *Corinna*'s Scorn.
The Man that firſt to ſmooth your Surface toil'd,
The Wooden Work with Hands impure defil'd.
'Twas Gallows-Timber, and was ne'er deſign'd
To waft the Wiſhes of a tender Mind;
Nor grew to bleſs, but to deſtroy Mankind.
Gibbets and Racks ſhould of the Wood be made,
And the rough Tools of all the murd'ring Trade.
Batts rooſted in its Branches as it grew,
And Birds of Prey for Shelter thither flew:
The Vulture, and all Kinds of rav'nous Fowl,
There hatch'd their Young, and there the om'nous Owl.
How mad to uſe ſuch Tablets muſt I be?
Curſt, and ill-fated, as their Parent Tree.
Were theſe fit Things ſoft Sentiments to bear,
And to a Lady tell a Lover's Care?
Lawyers, on you, might horrid Jargon write,
With Sound the Ear, with Senſe the Soul to fright.
Well might your Plane the wicked Writings bear,
Where the rich Miſer robs the ruin'd Heir.
When I firſt purchas'd you, I fear'd no leſs,
Your Numbers even, made me doubt Succeſs:

May

May you by Worms be in old Age devour'd,
And by all Mortals, as by me, abhor'd.

ELEGY XIII.

To the Morning, not to make Haſte.

By an unknown Hand.

AUrora, riſing from old *Tithon*'s Bed,
Does o'er the Eaſtern Skies her Roſes ſpread:
Stay, beauteous Morn, awhile thy Chariot ſtay,
Awhile with lagging Wheels retard the Day.
So may young Birds, as often as the Spring
Renews the Year, o'er *Memnon*'s Aſhes ſing.
Now I lie folded in *Corinna*'s Arms,
And all her Soul is mine, and all her Charms.
I now am to her panting Boſom preſs'd,
And now, if ever Lover was, am bleſs'd.
As yet ſweet Sleep ſits heavy on our Eyes,
And warbling Birds forbid, as yet, to riſe.
Stay, beauteous Morning; for to Loveſick Maids,
And Youths, how grateful are theſe duſky Shades?
Ah ſtay, and do not from the bluſhing Eaſt,
With dawning Glories break our balmy Reſt.
When Night's black Mantle does thoſe Glories hide,
The Pilot by the Stars his Ship can guide,
And in Mid-ſea a certain Courſe purſue,
As ſafe as when he has thy Sun in View.

What

What Pleaſure in thy Light ſhou'd Mortals take?
Thou doſt the weary Traveller awake;
Tho' to the Down his heavy Head reclines,
Up he muſt lift it, for the Morning ſhines.
The Soldier braces on his brazen Shield,
Quits his warm Tent, and fits him for the Field.
The lab'ring Hind his Harrow takes, and now
The Peaſant yokes his Oxen to the Plough.
The Boy half-wak'd, and rubbing ſtill his Eyes,
Is loth alike to go to School, or riſe;
While o'er his Taſk he does imperfect, nod,
He fears the Ferula, he dreads the Rod.
The Bridegroom, ſtarting from his Bride's Embrace,
Runs to his Lawyer to conſult his Caſe;
A Word is wanting in the Dower Deed,
And what, to ſave the Portion, muſt he Plead?
Now hungry Serjeants quit their tempting Eaſe,
To haunt the Crouded Courts, and pick up Fees.
Thy Riſe brings Labour to the Female Band,
And puts the Spindle in the Spinſter's Hand.
Light are theſe Toils, and little is the Pain
To riſe to Work, and reſt at Night again:
But who, that e'er knew Love's tranſporting Joys,
Cou'd from the Arms of Youth and Beauty riſe?
Oft have I wiſh'd that Night wou'd keep her Ground,
And all her Stars be at thy Riſing found.
Oft have I wiſh'd the Winds would ſtop thy Way,
Repel thy Car, or Clouds involve the Day.
Do'ſt thou in Envy laſh each lazy Steed,
And whirl thy Chariot with unwonted Speed?

Black

Black was thy Son, and in his Hue's expreſt
The gloomy Paſſions of his Parent's Breaſt.
He, born of *Cephalus*, his raviſh'd Sire,
Is a known Proof of thy adult'rous Fire.
Thou, by his Colour, wou'd'ſt thy Crime conceal:
Ah that to *Tiphon* I the Tale cou'd tell!
Search all the Records of Heav'n's Letchers round,
A fouler Story cannot there be found.
In *Cephalus'* Embraces when you lay,
And oft, by Theft, renew'd your wanton Play,
When *Tiphon*'s Impotence you made your Sport,
Did you not think the Joyous Moments ſhort?
Lock'd in his Arms, did you in Tranſports lie,
Ah would you not, like Me, to *Phœbus* cry,
Stop, ſtop thy rapid Courſe? Am I to blame,
That *Tiphon*'s old, and cannot feel thy Flame?
See how the Moon does her *Endimion* keep
In Night conceal'd, and drown'd in dewy Sleep?
As lovely is the Moon, as Fair as Thou,
Who freely where She loves, her Favours does beſtow.
Jove, when he robb'd *Amphytrion* of his Joy,
Did two whole Nights in am'rous Thefts employ.
Unknown, when in *Alcmena*'s Arms he lay,
The Night he doubles, and ſuſpends the Day.
The Morning heard my Railing, and for ſhame
Bluſh'd that, by Force, ſhe muſt diſturb my Flame.
Bright *Phœbus* ruſhing forth, the glorious Day
Drove the dear Shades, that hid our Joys, away.

ELEGY XIV.

He comforts his Miſtreſs for the Loſs of her Hair, by the Means ſhe took to beautify it.

By an unknown Hand.

I Us'd to warn You, not with ſo much Care,
And waſte of Ointment, to adorn your Hair:
That Warning now is uſeleſs, you have none,
And with your Hair, that Trouble too is gone.
Where are the Silken Treſſes, which adown
Your Shoulders hung? A Web was never ſpun
So fine, but, ah! thoſe flowing Curls are gone.
Ah fatal Art! Ah fatal Care, and Pains!
That robb'd me of the deareſt of my Chains.
Nor of a Black, nor of a Golden Hue,
They were, but of a Die between the Two,
Such as in rindleſs Cedar we behold,
The Black confounded with the duſky Gold.
How cou'd you hurt, or poiſon with Perfume
Thoſe Curls that were ſo eaſy to the Comb?
That to no Pains expos'd you, when you ſet
Their ſhining Treſſes, for young Hearts a Net?
That ne'er provok'd you with your Maids to War,
For hurting you with your entangled Hair?
You ne'er were urg'd to ſome indecent Fray,
Nor in a Fury ſnatch'd the Comb away.

The

The Teeth ne'er touch'd you, and her conſtant Care,
Without ill Arts, wou'd have preſerv'd your Hair.
Behind your Chair, I oft have ſeen her ſtand,
And comb and curl it with a gentle Hand.
Oft have I ſeen it on your Shoulders play
Uncomb'd, as on your Purple Bed you lay.
Your artleſs Treſſes with more Charms appear,
Than when adorn'd with all your Coſt and Care.
When on the Graſs the *Thracian* Nymphs recline,
Of *Bacchus* full, and weary of their Wine,
Leſs lovely are their Locks, than Yours, leſs fair
The Ringlets of their ſoft diſhevel'd Hair:
Softer was thine, like fleecy Down it felt,
And to the Finger did as freely yield.
How did'ſt thou torture it, the Curls to turn,
How with hot Irons at thy Toilet burn?
This Rack, with what Obedience did it bear?
Ah ſpare, I cry'd, thy patient Treſſes ſpare.
To hurt them is a Sin; this needleſs Toil
Forbear, and do not, what adorns thee, ſpoil.
Without ſuch Force, in native Curls they flow,
And of themſelves in greater Order grow.
'Tis now too late to give your Labour o'er,
Thoſe tortur'd Ringlets are, alas! no more.
Apollo might for thine have chang'd his Hair,
And *Bacchus* have been proud thy Locks to wear.
Not *Venus*, riſing from the foamy Sea,
Such Curls can ſhow, or vie in Hair with thee.
Its Luſtre to the Painter's Art ſhe owes,
And thine in Rings with genuine Beauty flows.

Ah, ceaſe the cruel Thought, and ceaſe to paſs
Such irkſome Minutes at your faithful Glaſs.
In vain thou ſeek'ſt thy ſilken Locks to find,
Baniſh the dear Remembrance from thy Mind.
No Weeds deſtroy'd them with their pois'nous Juice,
Nor canſt thou Witches magick Charms accuſe,
Nor Rival's Rage, nor dire Enchantment blame,
Nor Envy's blaſting Tongue, nor Fever's Flame.
The Miſchief by thy own fair Hands was wrought,
Nor doſt thou ſuffer for another's Fault.
How oft I bad thee, but in vain, beware
The venom'd Eſſence, that deſtroy'd thy Hair?
Now with new Arts, thou ſhalt thy Pride amuſe,
And Curls, of *German* Captives borrow'd, uſe.
Druſus to *Rome* their vanquiſh'd Nation ſends,
And the fair Slave to thee her Treſſes lends.
With alien Locks thou wilt thy Head adorn,
And Conqueſt gain'd by Foreign Beauty ſcorn.
How wilt thou bluſh, with other Charms to pleaſe,
And cry, How fairer were my Locks than theſe!
The Youth who charm'd with ſuch coarſe Curls can be,
Some rude *Sicambrian* wou'd prefer to me.
Time was when I could greater Glory boaſt;
But ah, that Glory, and that Time is loſt.
By Heav'ns, to Heart ſhe takes her Head's Diſgrace,
She weeps, and covers with her Hands her Face.
She weeps, as in her Lap her Locks ſhe views;
What Woman wou'd not weep, ſuch Locks to loſe?
Ah, that they ſtill did on her Shoulders flow,
Ah, that they now, where once they grew, did grow.

Take

Take Courage, fair *Corinna*, never fear,
Thou ſhalt not long theſe borrow'd Treſſes wear,
Time for your Beauty ſhall this Loſs repair,
And you again ſhall Charm with native Hair.

ELEGY XV.

Of the Immortality of the Muſes. Inſcrib'd to Mr. Dryden.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

THY well-known Malice, fretful Envy, ceaſe,
Nor tax the Muſe and me——
With a weak Genius, and inglorious Eaſe;
What—I ſhould then, whilſt Youth does Vigour yield,
Purſue the duſty Glories of the Field:
Our Father's Praiſe! or bend my utmoſt Care
To the dull Noiſe of the litigious Bar:
No! theſe muſt die;——but the moſt noble Prize,
That which alone can Man immortalize,
Muſt from the Muſes Harmony ariſe:
Homer ſhall live, whilſt *Tenedos* does ſtand.
Or *Ida*'s Top ſurvey the Neighb'ring Strand;
Whilſt *Simois*' Streams along the Vallies glide,
And in the Sea diſcharge their rapid Tide:——
Heſiod ſhall live, 'till Corn is not in Uſe,
'Till the plump Grape denies its wealthy Juice:——
The World *Callimachus* ſhall ever prize,
For what his Fancy wants, his Art ſupplies:

The

The Tragedies of mighty *Sophocles*
Shall in no Age their juſt Applauſes miſs:——
So well *Aratus* of the Planets wrote,
That Sun and Moon muſt fail, when he's forgot:—
When crafty *Davus* a hard Father cheats
To ſerve the Son,——when eaſy Cully treats
The jilting Whore, and Bawd, the Figures ſhew,
The Comick from *Meander*'s Model drew:——
Ennius, whoſe Muſe by Nature was deſign'd
Compleat, had Art with bounteous Nature join'd;—
And Tragick *Accius*, of Stile ſublime,
And weighty Words, ſhall ſtand the Shock of Time:
Whilſt *Jaſon*'s Golden Fleece ſhall have a Name,
Who ſhall a Stranger be to *Varro*'s Fame?——
Lucretius Nature's Cauſes did rehearſe
In ſuch a lofty, and commanding Verſe,
As ſhall remain 'till that one fatal Day,
Which muſt the World it ſelf in Ruins lay:——
Virgil, thy Works Divine ſhall Patterns ſtand
For each ſucceeding Age's copying Hand,
Whilſt *Rome* ſhall all its conquer'd World command!
Whilſt *Cupid* ſhall be arm'd with Bow, and Dart,
And flaming Shafts ſhall pierce the Lover's Heart;
Shall we, O ſweet *Tibullus*, love each Line
That comes from that ſoft, moving Pen of thine——
Both Eaſt and Weſt reſound with *Gallus*' Fame,
Gallus, and his *Lycoris*, are their Theme:———
Statues and Tombs with Age conſume, and die;
'Tis Verſe alone has Immortality:

To

To Verſe muſt yield the greateſt Acts of Kings;
Riches and Empire are but empty things,
Without the laſting Fame a Poet brings.
Let vulgar Spirits trivial Bleſſings chuſe,
May thy *Caſtilian* Spring inſpire my Muſe,
O God of Wit! and Myrtles wreath my Hair;
Then the two fearful Lover may repair
To what I write, to free his Breaſt from Care:
As living Worth Detraction ſtill attends,
Which after Death a juſter Fame defends;
So I ſhall my laſt Fun'ral Flame ſurvive,
And in my better Part for ever live.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq.*

I Am the Man, whose brisk and gamesome Muse,
By Love's Command, this Subject still pursues;
Far hence be all prophane! Approach not here,
Matrons of Virtue rigid and severe,
Lest these loose Numbers shou'd offend your Ear.

Come

Come all ye Virgins of a ſoft Deſire,
And am'rous Youths touch'd with an unknown Fire;
One in my State, among ye may be found,
Who, conſcious of the Nature of his Wound,
Will wonder, by what ſtrange prophetick Art,
The Poet touch'd the Secret of his Heart.
My vain ambitious Muſe did once aſpire,
To ſing prodigious Acts, with mighty Fire;
I rais'd my Spirit to that Enterprize,
The daring Giants form'd againſt the Skies,
When Mother Earth on dire Revenge was bent,
Whoſe monſtrous Birth to ſcourge the Gods was ſent;
Who with vaſt Mountains ſcaling Tow'rs did build,
Pelion with *Oſſe*, on huge *Olympus* pil'd:
Thunder, and Lightning——was I juſt upon——
Which *Jove* had brandiſh'd, to ſecure his Throne;
When I perceiv'd *Corinna*'s Doors were barr'd;
Then I the Gods deſign'd Revenge deferr'd;
And ſtrait reſum'd my Elegiack Strain,
Whoſe gentle Force unbarr'd the Doors again!
(Forgive my haſty Paſſion, mighty *Jove*,
There is no Thunder, like neglected Love;)
By Verſe the hiſſing Snake ſhall burſt, and die;
And the horn'd Moon drop from the Starry Sky;
Verſe can recall the Chariot of the Sun,
And make the Streams back to their Fountains run;
Thus each inſenſible and rugged Door,
Leap'd from the Hinges, and obey'd its Pow'r:
Why ſhould my Thoughts th' *Atrides'* Acts employ,
The Death of *Hector*, or the Fate of *Troy!*

The

The fierce *Achilles* is an ample Field,
But the illuſtrious Name can nothing yield:——
No! Let the Lady be my conſtant Song,
Her laſting Praiſes dwell upon my Tongue,
This might be worth our Care;—for Beauty's Smiles
Can beſt repay the Poet's pleaſing Toils;
The hope of a Reward the Fancy fires,
While every Charm the chearful Muſe inſpires.

ELEGY II.

To Bagoe, *not to be ſo over-diligent in watching his Miſtreſs,*

I Know thou haſt the keeping of my Fair,
Oh *Bagoe*, but awhile ſuſpend thy Care.
Let us confer, I'll not detain thee long,
And mean not, that thou ſhou'dſt thy Miſtreſs wrong.
Laſt Night, as in the Gallery I ſtood,
And the fine Picture of the *Danaids* view'd;
It happen'd that I caſt my wand'ring Eye
On a fair Lady, who was paſſing by.
I met her Glance, and ſoon the piercing Dart
Its eaſy Paſſage made, and reach'd my Heart.
I lik'd, I lov'd, and how I might enjoy
The lovely Dame, did all my Thoughts employ.
Impatient of my Bliſs, my Mind I wrote,
And by a truſty Slave diſpatch'd the Note.

Give

Give me one joyous Night, my Dear, I cry'd;
I dare not, ſhe with trembling Hand reply'd.
And when I aſk'd, Why will you not agree
To grant my Suit? She throws the Blame on thee:
My Maid, who ſtrictly watches me, 's at Home,
She'll ſmell your Errand, and you muſt not come.
Of too much Caution, gentle Nymph, beware,
And don't provoke her Wrath by too much Care;
Thou'lt then have Cauſe to curſe thy cruel Fate;
For if ſhe hates thee, all the World will hate.
To guard her thus, why all this needleſs Pain?
What wou'd ſhe loſe, if I my Wiſh ſhou'd gain?
If to a Blockhead ſhe were giv'n in Charge,
The Fool wou'd leave the Lady more at large,
The beſt Conſtruction on her Actions put,
Nor wou'd her Door againſt her Lovers ſhut.
If with her Fav'rite ſhe the Night had paſt,
He'd think the beſt, and hope ſhe might be Chaſt.
Whatever Freedoms thou allow'ſt the Dame,
To thee, aſſure thy ſelf, ſhe'll give the ſame;
Her Confident if thou conſent'ſt to be,
She'll take it kind, and be as good to thee:
But if that Truſt thou doſt too dang'rous think,
At what, to ſee thou art not willing, wink:
And when ſhe reads a Billet in thy Sight,
Conclude her Mother did the Letter write.
If to a Stranger thou doſt quit the Room,
Think, that he only as a Friend does come;
That when the Door is faſt upon him clos'd,
He came to ſee her, as one indiſpos'd.

She's well in Health, and thou perceiv'ſt the Trick,
Yet fancy, that he's viſiting the Sick,
But if to tire thy Patience he ſhou'd hap,
Divert the tedious Minutes with a Nap.
Think them not long, or guilty of a Crime,
But reſt content, and ſleep away the Time.
Should ſhe by Chance to *Iſis'* Temple go,
What ſhe did there don't thou demand to know.
Egyptian Linnen's there expos'd to Sale;
Believe ſhe went to buy, and that was all.
And tho' perhaps ſhe to the Playhouſe goes,
Fear nothing, that ſhe's always ſafe, ſuppoſe.
If thou art truſty, and Temptation Proof,
For thee, ſhe'll think ſhe ne'er can do enough.
Wiſe as thou art, conſider ſhe is Young,
And ſure 'tis no hard Taſk to hold one's Tongue.
Whate'er thou doſt, ſhe then will always like,
And ne'er again will lift her Hand to ſtrike.
Thy Fellow-Servants will with Envy ſee
The many Favours, which ſhe'll heap on thee.
The Truth nē'er let her Huſband underſtand,
But ready always have a Lie at Hand.
Be ſure, you in your Story ſtill agree,
And what ſhe ſays, be ſtill confirm'd by thee.
Her Spouſe, when in a ſullen Fit you find,
By ſoft Careſſes let her ſooth his Mind.
Let her complain of thee, and weeping cry,
The Wench will kill me with her Cruelty.
Madam, do thou reply in angry Tone,
My Comfort is, I have my Duty done.

She'll look, as if ſhe fear'd thou wou'dſt reveal
The Truth, and thus you will the Crime conceal:
Thus thou'lt her Huſband both deceive, and pleaſe,
And many Favours gain, and many Fees.
Truſt me, if thou theſe Methods doſt purſue,
Thy Liberty ere-long he'll give thee too.
For Faults but doubted, thou behold'ſt what Pains
Thy Fellow-Slaves endure, what heavy Chains;
How oft they're into filthy Dungeons thrown,
And puniſh'd for Offences, not their own;
For if Suſpicion of their Truth is made,
They fare as ill, as if it was betray'd.
Say nothing then, whate'er thou ſeeſt, but ſtrive
In both his Confidence, and her's to live.
Remember *Tantalus*'s Plague in Hell,
Why on his Head accurſt ſuch Vengeance fell.
Why from his Lips the River backwards runs,
And why his Bites the tempting Apple ſhuns.
Such Torment does the Tell-tale there ſuſtain,
And ſuch, if thou doſt tell, will be thy Pain.
While *Juno*'s Guardian with officious Care
Fair *Io* watch'd, did *Jove* the Watchman ſpare?
The Slave, ere half his Years were number'd, dies,
And *Io* reigns a Goddeſs in the Skies.
My ſelf the Marks of cank'ring Fetters ſaw,
When from a Wretch the Spouſe the Tale did draw.
A Whiſper makes him jealous of the Fact,
And for his Jealouſy the Slave is rack'd.
Hard was his Hap, and he, who caus'd his Pain,
Deſerv'd, Ah miſchievous! a double Chain.

To Huſband, and to Wife, alike to blame;
He loſt his Peace of Mind, and ſhe her Fame.
Believe me, to the Huſband if you bear
Such Tidings, they're not grateful to his Ear.
And when your Informations you relate,
Who hears the Story will th' Informer hate.
Fond of his Wife, or careleſs let him be,
His Obligation is the ſame to thee.
Thou ſhew'dſt thy zealous Purpoſe to deſtroy
The Sweets of wedded Life, and Nuptial Joy.
Should'ſt thou beſides atteſt her faithleſs Love,
How wilt thou, what thou haſt atteſted, prove?
Should'ſt thou bring Proofs to vindicate thy Tale,
She'll by the Favour of her Judge prevail.
Tho' he were Witneſs to the wicked Deed,
Not always will ſuch Evidence ſucceed.
If ſhe the Fact, in which ſhe's caught, denies,
His Dear he will believe, and doubt his Eyes.
To cheat himſelf he'll with thy Miſtreſs join,
The Fault, and Puniſhment will then be thine.
Weeping himſelf, Ah do not weep, he'll ſay;
The babbling Jade ſhall for her Prating pay.
Why wilt thou in unequal Fight engage?
Thy Malice will provoke thy Maſter's Rage;
And, while his Wife he's dandling on his Knee,
Him ſhe'll careſs, and he will threaten thee.
We nothing Ill, if we ſhould meet, deſign,
No Poiſon will we mingle with our Wine,
No Daggers will we draw, no Harm we mean;
But by our ſelves to act a tender Scene.

To love a little, when we are alone,
That's all; I beg of thee no other Boon,
And beg it in ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a Strain,
'Tis Cruelty to let me ſue in vain.

ELEGY III.

To the Eunuch, who had the keeping of his Miſtreſs.

HOW hard's my Hap, to have my Fair conſign'd
To one, who is imperfect in his Kind;
To one, who ne'er can have the Pow'r to prove
As Woman, or as Man, the mutual Joys of Love?
Who practis'd firſt on Boys the cutting Steel,
Deſerv'd himſelf the fatal Wound to feel.
Cou'dſt thou be capable of *Cupid*'s Fires,
Or the leaſt ſenſible of Love's Deſires;
Some Pity thou wou'dſt have on me, and grant
Thy Aid, for what thou canſt not know, I want.
Ill ſuits thee now, the Warrior's Lance to wield,
To mount the manag'd Horſe, or lift the brazen Shield:
Arms are for Men, and not for ſuch as thee,
Who ſhou'dſt from ev'ry manly Thought be free.
No Banner ſhou'dſt thou, but thy Lady's, bear,
And have no other Leader, but the Fair.
Much it behoves thee then to ſtrive to gain
Her Favour, and thou need'ſt not ſtrive in vain.
Conſult her Pleaſure, and her Will obey,
To Favour that's the ſure, the ready Way.

Without it, how unhappy wilt thou be?
Life is without it of no Uſe to thee.
Thou'rt beautiful, and may'ſt thy Prime enjoy,
And well thy Beauty, and thy Youth employ.
Study to ſerve thy gentle Miſtreſs well,
And merit her good Graces by thy Zeal.
Watch as thou wilt, the Trouble thou may'ſt ſpare,
She'll eaſily deceive thy utmoſt Care.
When two fond Lovers are agreed to meet,
Canſt thou their well-concerted Plot defeat?
The Ways of Kindneſs thou ſhouldſt rather uſe;
By being civil, thou wilt nothing loſe;
And when an Opportunity is fair,
For thy own Sake be friendly to our Pray'r:
A Friend be to thy Lady, not a Guard.
And we, with bounteous Hand, thy Friendſhip will reward.

ELEGY IV.

That he loves all Sorts of Women.

VIce by my Verſe I never will defend,
Nor by falſe Arms to fence my own pretend.
Frankly my Failings I with Shame confeſs;
To hide my Errors, would not make them leſs.
My Faults, whate'er I ſuffer by't, I own,
That others, if they pleaſe, thoſe Faults may ſhun;
I hate my ſelf, my Follies, and wou'd feign
Be, were it in my Pow'r, another Man.

How

How difficult it is, ye righteous Gods,
Againſt our Wills to bear ſuch heavy Loads?
I have not Strength to guard my ſelf from Ill;
And as I wiſh to rule my wicked Will.
I'm hurry'd on, as by the boiſtrous Sea
The driving Bark is ſwiftly borne away.
No certain Form inflames my am'rous Breaſt,
All Beauty is alike to me the beſt.
A hundred Cauſes kindle my Deſires,
And Love ne'er wants a Torch to light my Fires.
When on the Earth the modeſt Virgin looks,
That very Modeſty of her's provokes;
And if I chance to meet a forward Fair,
I'm taken with her frank and eaſy Air;
I figure to my ſelf a thouſand Charms,
A thouſand Raptures in her wanton Arms.
If, like the Damſels of the *Sabine* Race,
She's rude, I look upon it as Grimace.
That ſullen as ſhe ſeems at firſt, 'tis Art,
That I the more may prize the Conqueſt of her Heart.
New Joys, if ſhe's a Wit, I hope to find;
And with her Body, to poſſeſs her Mind:
If Fooliſh, I in that can ſee no Harm,
And in her very Folly find a Charm.
I know a Maid ſo very fond, and dull,
To me, ſhe thinks *Callimachus* a Fool.
I ſoon am pleas'd with one that pleas'd with me,
Alike we in our Taſte, and Wiſh agree.
But if the Fair my Verſes don't approve,
I bragging tell her, ſhe will like my Love;

If with her Tongue, or with her Heel ſhe's briſk,
Her Prattle pleaſes, and her gameſome Friſk.
But if ſhe's heavy, I ſuppoſe at Night
She'll change, and prove, as I would have her, light.
The Fair that ſings, enchants me with her Voice;
Oh, what a Guſt it gives a Lover's Joys?
When her ſhrill Shakes afreſh his Boſom wound,
And from her Lips he kiſſes off the Sound;
When her ſoft Fingers touch the Silver Strings,
And ſweetly to the ſounding Lute ſhe ſings;
Who can reſiſt ſuch ſtrong redoubled Charms?
Her Muſick melts me, as her Beauty warms.
If in the Dance the nimble Nymph I find,
And view how ſhe her pliant Limbs does wind,
How artfully ſhe to the Muſick moves,
I cry, How happy is the Man ſhe loves!
My Humour, in a Word, is plainly this,
All Objects pleaſe, and nothing comes amiſs.
To love, and be belov'd, 's my ſole Employ;
Diſpos'd to be enjoy'd, and to enjoy.
This Lady for her Length I like, her Spread
Will ſwell my Arms, and fill the joyous Bed;
She's like the luſty Heroines of old,
And with a ſtrong Embrace her Lover will enfold.
This Laſs, becauſe ſhe's little, I approve;
The Leaſt are lighteſt in the Sports of Love.
With every Size my Paſſion does agree,
And Tall, and Short are both alike to me.
I fancy, when undreſt I find the Fair,
'Tis leſs her Want of Charms, than Want of Care.

If

If with her Diſhabille, I cry, I'm pleas'd,
How beauteous would ſhe be, if ſhe were dreſt.
And when ſhe does her beſt Apparel wear,
I think her Riches in her Pride appear.
The Fair, the Olive are to me the ſame,
Alike the Swarthy, and the Sandy Dame.
When her black Curls adown her Shoulders flow,
Such *Leda*'s were, her Skin as white as Snow.
And when her golden Locks her Head adorn,
I ſtreight compare her to the Saffron Morn.
My Love with no Complection diſagrees,
But all alike my ready Paſſion pleaſe.
The Younger by their Bloom my Heart ſecure,
The Elder win it, as they're more mature.
And tho' the Younger may excel in Charms;
The Elder claſp you with experienc'd Arms.
What all the City like, is lik'd by me,
And I with them in all my Loves agree.
I'm proud to be the Rival of the Town,
And to their Taſte will ſtill conform my own.

ELEGY V.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

By Mr. EUSDEN.

Cupid, be gone! I can for Beauty ſigh;
But not be forc'd to wiſh each Hour to die.

For ſo I wiſh, whene'er my reſtleſs Thoughts
Dwell on her Falſhoods, and repeated Faults.
All other Plagues know ſometimes to be civil,
But Woman is a ſure, perpetual Evil.
No Pimp I brib'd to prove thy perjur'd Vows,
Nor intercepted once thy Billets-doux.
O! cou'dſt thou but my Arguments diſprove!
A Cauſe ſo good is here unwiſh'd in Love.
Happy, who dares t'avow his cenſur'd Flame,
And vindicate the ſecret-tripping Dame.
Bluſhleſs tho' guilty, with uplifted Eyes,
'Tis falſe, my Life, by yon bright Heav'n, ſhe cries.
Himſelf he fools, and madly feeds his Grief,
Who from Conviction ſeeks the ſad Relief.
Wretched I ſaw thy Wantonneſs unſought,
By thee in Sleep ſecure, and Eyeleſs, thought.
With Glances on each other how you hung!
How ev'ry Nod had more than half a Tongue!
How roul'd thy glowing Eyes! how lewd they ſpoke!
Ev'n from thy artful Fingers Language broke.
While Writing on the Board with Pens they vy'd,
And the ſpilt Wine the Want of Ink ſupply'd.
The ſilent Speech too well I underſtood;
For to deceive a Lover, yet who cou'd?
Tho' thou didſt write in a *Laconick* Hand,
And Words for Sentences were taught to ſtand.
Now ended was the Treat, and ev'ry Gueſt
Indulg'd his Eaſe, and lay compos'd to Reſt.
Your cloſe, laſcivious Kiſſes then I ſpy'd,
And ſomething more, than Lips to Lips apply'd:

Such

Such from a Sifter Brothers ne'er receive,
But yielding Fair ones to warm Lovers give.
Not ſo *Diana* would to *Phœbus* preſs,
But *Cytherea* ſo her *Mars* would bleſs.
Too far provok'd, at laſt I cry'd aloud,
On whom are Pleaſures, due to me, beſtow'd?
I muſt not, will not, cannot bear this Sight;
'Tis lawful ſure to ſeize upon my Right.
Theſe Raptures to us both in common are,
But whence, ye Furies, claims a Third his Share?
Enrag'd I ſpoke, and o'er her Cheeks were ſpread
Swift new-born Glories in a ſudden Red.
Such Bluſhes on the bridal Night adorn
The trembling Virgin; ſuch the riſing Morn.
So ſweet a Hue the lab'ring *Cynthia* ſhows,
Or the fair Lilly damaſk'd by the Roſe;
Or Iv'ry, which Time's yellow Taint defies,
When twice enrich'd with proud *Aſſyrian* Dies.
Such were her Looks, and a diviner Grace
Had never brighten'd that enchanting Face.
She caſt her Eyes down on the humble Ground;
Her Eyes ſo caſt, an unknown Sweetneſs found.
Mournful her Looks; her mournful Looks became,
Shining thro' Grief, and beautiful in Shame.
I ruſh'd, reſolv'd her golden Locks to tear,
And with mad Violence diſrobe the Fair:
But as I view'd her Face, th' extended Hand
Shrunk back, nor hearken'd to the harſh Command.
Others Protection ſeek by Dint of Arms,
Her only Safe-guard were her wond'rous Charms.

I, who but late, look'd inſolently brave,
Fell from my Height, and couch'd a ſuppliant Slave.
I rav'd no longer at another's Bliſs,
But begg'd the Tranſport of as ſweet a Kiſs.
Smiling ſhe ſaid, How grateful thy Requeſt!
If e'er my Kiſſes pleaſe thee, take the beſt.
Oh! with what Guſt, as from her Soul they came!
Such might melt *Jove*, and ſtop the vengeful Flame!
I fear'd my Rival too enjoy'd the ſame.
Theſe better, than from me ſhe learn'd, I thought,
Something taught new, alas! I wiſh'd untaught.
What moſt gave Pleaſure, that now ſtings the moſt;
Why were our darting Tongues entirely loſt?
Nor fret I, thou in kiſſing ſhouldſt excel,
And yet 'tis ſtrange to know to kiſs ſo well:
But ah! ſuch Lectures only could be read
By youthful Tutors, and imbib'd abed.
That Sage, who e'er theſe large Improvements made,
Was by his Pupil preciouſly repay'd.

ELEGY VI.

By Mr. CREECH.

ALas, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* Talker, dies!
Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obſequies*.
Go Birds, and beat your Breaſts, your Faces tear,
And pluck your gaudy Plumes, inſtead of Hair.

Let

Let doleful Tunes the frighted Foreſts wound,
And your ſad Notes ſupply the Trumpet's Sound.
Why, *Philomel*, doſt mourn the *Thracian* Rage?
It is enough, thy Grief at laſt aſſwage:
His Crimſon Faults are now grown white with Age.
Now mourn this Bird; the Cauſe of all thy Woe
Was great, 'tis true, but it was long ago.
Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
But you, my *Turtle*, take the greateſt Share!
You two liv'd conſtant Friends, and free from Strife,
Your Kindneſs was entire, and long as Life.
What *Pylades* to his *Oreſtes* vow'd,
To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* ſhow'd,
And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes, and Tail,
And what thy pretty Speaking-Art avail?
And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miſs,
Since now the Bird's unhappy Glory dies?
A lovely *verdant* Green grac'd every Quill,
The deepeſt *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
In ſpeaking thou didſt every Bird excel,
None prattled, and none liſp'd the Words ſo well.
'Twas Envy only ſent this fierce Diſeaſe,
Thou wert averſe to War, and liv'dſt in Peace,
A talking harmleſs thing, and lov'dſt thine Eaſe.
The fighting Quails ſtill live 'midſt all their Strife,
And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
Thy Meat was little, and thy prattling Tongue
Would ne'er permit to make thy Dinner long:

Plain

Plain Fountain-Water all thy Drink allow'd,
And Nut, and Poppy-ſeed were all thy Food.
The preying *Vultures*, and the *Kites* remain,
And the unlucky *Crow* ſtill caws for Rain.
The *Chough* ſtill lives, 'midſt fierce *Minerva*'s Hate,
And ſcarce nine hundred Years conclude her Fate.
But my poor *Poll* now hangs his ſickly Head,
My *Poll*, my Preſent from the Eaſt, is dead.
Beſt things are ſooner ſnatcht by cov'tous Fate,
To worſe ſhe freely gives a longer Date.
Therſites brave *Achilles*' Fate ſurviv'd;
And *Hector* fell, whilſt all his Brothers liv'd.
Why ſhould I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
How oft ſhe begg'd thy Life, how oft ſhe pray'd?
The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin
To end the Thread, they had no more to Spin.
Yet ſtill he talkt, and when Death nearer drew,
His laſt Breath ſaid, *Corinna*, now adieu.
There is a ſhady Cypreſs Grove below,
And thither (if ſuch doubtful things we know)
The Ghoſts of pious Birds departed go.
'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the Year,
And Birds obſcene do never enter there:
There harmleſs *Swans* ſecurely take their Reſt,
And there the ſingle *Phœnix* builds her Neſt.
Proud *Peacocks* there diſplay their gaudy Train,
And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the Plain.
To theſe dark Shades my *Parrot*'s Soul ſhall go,
And with his Talk divert the Birds below.

Whilſt

Whilſt here his Bones enjoy a noble Grave,
A little Marble, and an Epitaph:

In Talking I did every Bird excel,
And my Tomb proves, my Miſtreſs lov'd me well.

ELEGY VII.

He proteſts, that he had never any thing to do with the Chamber-maid.

By the ſame Hand.

AND muſt I ſtill be guilty, ſtill untrue,
And when old Crimes are purg'd, ſtill charg'd with new?
What tho' at laſt my Cauſe I clearly gain?
Yet I'm aſham'd to ſtrive ſo oft in vain,
And when the Prize will ſcarce reward the Pain.
If at the Play I in Fop-corner ſit,
And with a ſquinting Eye glote o'er the Pit,
Or view the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fancy ſtreight ſome Rival-Beauty there.
If any looks on me, you think you ſpy
A private Aſſignation in her Eye.
A ſilent ſoft Diſcourſe in every Grace,
And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.
If I praiſe any one, you tear your Hair,
Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Deſpair.
If diſcommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
I ſtrive to cloak my Paſſion by the Cheat;

If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
Lie dull and lazy in your active Arms;
If weak my Voice, if pale my Looks appear,
O then I languish for another Fair.
Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain;
For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the Pain.
But sure fond Fancies now such Heats engage,
Your credulous peevish Humour spoils your Rage;
In frequent Chidings I no Force can see;
You frown too often to prevail with me:
The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant Blow
Beats off his Briskness, and he moves but slow.
But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
And *Moll* forsooth supplies her Lady's Place!
Kind Love forbid, that I should stoop so low:
What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?
A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high,
My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.
Fie, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her Hands of Iron, and her Sides of Steel?
'Twill damp an eager Thought, 'twill check my Mind,
To feel those Knubs the Lash hath left behind.
Besides she dresses well, with lovely Grace
She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
And make me more enamour'd of my Love:
Then why should I tempt her, and why betray
Thy useful Slave, and have her turn'd away?

I ſwear by *Venus*, by Love's Darts, and Bow,
A deſperate Oath, you muſt believe me now;
I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY VIII.

To Corinna's *Chamber-maid.*

By the ſame Hand.

DEar ſkilful *Betty*, who doſt far excel
My Lady's other Maids in dreſſing well:
Dear *Betty*, fit to be prefer'd above
To *Juno*'s Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
Genteel, well-bred, not ruſtically coy,
Not eaſy to deny deſired Joy;
Through whoſe ſoft Eyes ſtill ſecret Wiſhes ſhine,
Fit for thy Miſtreſs' Uſe, but more for mine;
Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret ſee,
Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
Yet when ſhe chid me for my kind Embrace,
Did any guilty Bluſh ſpread o'er my Face?
Did I betray thee, Maid, or could ſhe ſpy
The leaſt Confeſſion in my conſcious Eye?
Not that I think it a Diſgrace to prove
Stoln Sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.
Achilles wanton'd in *Briſeis*' Arms;
Atrides bow'd to fair *Caſſandra*'s Charms.

Sure

Sure I am leſs than theſe; then what can bring
Diſgrace to me, that ſo became a King?
But when ſhe lookt on you, poor harmleſs Maid,
You bluſht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet ſtill I vow'd, I made a ſtout Defence,
I ſwore, and look'd as bold as Innocence:
Damme, I'gad, all that, and let me die;
Kind *Venus*, do not hear my Perjury,
Kind *Venus*, ſtop thy Ears when Lovers lie.
Now *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?
Come pr'ythee let's compound for more Delight,
Faith I am eaſy, and but aſk a Night.
What! Start at the Propoſal? how! deny?
Pretend fond Fears of a Diſcovery?
Refuſe, leſt ſome ſad Chance the thing betray?
Is this your kind, your damn'd obliging Way?
Well, deny on, I'll lie, I'll ſwear no more,
Corinna now ſhall know thou art a Whore;
I'll tell, ſince you my fair Addreſs forbid,
How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY IX.

To LOVE.

By the late Earl of ROCHESTER.

O Love! how cold, and ſlow to take my Part,
Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart?

Why

Why thy old faithful Soldier wilt thou ſee
Oppreſt in thy own Tents? they murther me,
Thy Flames conſume, thy Arrows pierce thy Friends,
Rather on Foes purſue more noble Ends.
Achilles' Sword would certainly beſtow
A Cure, as certain, as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the Prey's caught, Hopes ſtill lead on before.
We thine own Slaves feel thy tyrannick Blows,
Whilſt thy tame Hand's unmov'd againſt thy Foes.
On Men diſarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and ſcornful Maids;
We'll own Love valiant, when he theſe invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World ſnatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd:
But the old Soldier has his reſting Place,
And the good batter'd Horſe is turn'd to Graſs.
The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to pleaſe,
Has Leave to be a Bawd, and take her Eaſe.
For me then, who have truly ſpent my Blood
(Love) in thy Service, and ſo boldly ſtood
In *Celia*'s Trenches, were't not wiſely done,
E'en to retire, and live in Peace at Home?
No——— might I gain a Godhead to diſclaim
My glorious Title to my endleſs Flame,
Divinity with ſcorn I would forſwear,
Such ſweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
Whene'er thoſe Flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black Storm pour down upon my Mind;

Headlong

Headlong I'm hurl'd like Horſemen, who in vain
Their Fury-flaming Courſers would reſtrain;
As Ships, juſt when the Harbour they attain,
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden Blaſts to Sea again;
So Love's fantaſtick Storms reduce my Heart
Half reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart.
Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,
And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.
Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from every Part,
You'll ſcarce diſcern the Quiver from my Heart:
What Wretch can bear a live-long Night's dull Reſt,
Or think himſelf in lazy Slumbers bleſt?
Fool ——— is not Sleep the Image of pale Death,
There's time for Reſt when Fate hath ſtopt your Breath.
Me may my ſoft deluding Dear deceive,
I'm happy in my Hopes, while I believe:
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtful Steps the God of War does move,
By thy Example in ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
Who knows when Joy, or Anguiſh thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mother's, and thy Slave's Requeſt,
Fix an eternal Empire in my Breaſt:
And let th' inconſtant charming Sex,
Whoſe wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
The Vaſſal World is then thy own.

ELEGY

ELEGY X.

Ovid *tells* Græcinus, *that he is fallen in Love with a Couple of Ladies.*

By an unknown Hand.

WHat you affirm'd, my Friend, is prov'd untrue,
That none at once could madly dote on two.
Deceiv'd, unarm'd, we *Cupid* ſoon o'er-came,
And I glow ſhameleſs with a double Flame.
They both are Fair, both dreſs ſo nicely well,
That the Pre-eminence is hard to tell.
Sometimes for this, ſometimes for that I burn,
And each more beauteous ſparkles in her turn.
Each claims my Paſſion, and my Heart divides,
As to and fro the doubtful Galliot rides,
Here driven by Winds, and there redriven by Tides.
Why doubly chain'd? Was not a ſingle Fair
Enough to load me with perpetual Care?
Why are more Leaves brought to the Shady Wood,
Stars to the Sky, or Waters to the Flood?
Yet better ſo, than not to love at all;
Still on my Foes may ſuch dull Bleſſings fall.
May they, inſipidly ſupine, be ſpread
Along the Middle of a Widow'd Bed,
While I with Sprightlineſs Love's Vigils keep,
Stretch'd out for ſomething far more ſweet, than Sleep.

Others

Others from Ruin fly, to mine I run,
To be by Women pleaſingly undone,
Longing for two, ſince undeſtroy'd by one.
Still let my ſlender Limbs for Love ſuffice,
I want no Nerves, but want the bulky Size.
My Limbs tho' Lean, are not in vain diſplay'd;
From me no Female ever roſe a Maid.
Oft have I, when a luſcious Night was ſpent,
Saluted Morn, nor cloy'd, nor impotent.
Happy, who gaſps in Love his lateſt Breath;
Give me, ye Gods, ſo ſoftly ſweet a Death.
Let the rough Warriors grapple on the Plain,
And with their Blood immortal Honour gain.
Let the vile Miſer plough for Wealth the Deep,
And Shipwreck'd in th' unfathom'd Waters ſleep.
May *Venus* grant me but my laſt Deſire,
In the full height of Rapture to expire.
Perhaps ſome Friend with kindly Dew ſupply'd,
Weeping will ſay, As *Ovid* liv'd, he dy'd.

ELEGY XI.

To his Miſtreſs going a Voyage at Sea.

THoſe that the Top of *Pelion* bar'd, to build
The firſt huge Ship, that plow'd the wat'ry field,
Surpriz'd with their ſtupendous Work, the Sea;
But ſuch Adventures are not fit for thee.
Death ſtar'd them in the Face in various Forms,
In Rocks, and Shelves, and in outrageous Storms,

They

They daringly explor'd the doubtful Seas,
In queſt of *Colchos*, and the Golden Fleece.
Oh that no Ship might paſs the liquid Waſte,
And *Argo*, as the firſt, had been the laſt.
Corinna now prepares to quit her Down,
And leave her well-known Bed, for Waves unknown.
What Winds will blow around the trembling Fair?
No gentle *Zephyrs* then will fan the Air;
But Blaſts of *Boreas* rend the cracking Sails,
And laſh the leaky Ship with hoſtile Gales.
Nor Houſes ſhalt thou then, nor Groves ſurvey,
Nor any Object meet thy Eyes, but Sea;
Nor as thou doſt explore the farther Main,
Green ſhalt thou ſee, or Shelly Shore again;
Nor on the ſlipp'ry Pebbles ſhalt thou ſlide,
But o'er the Waves in mortal Terror ride.
If thou a Life, ſo dear to us, would'ſt ſave,
Walk on the Margin of the Silver Wave,
Content thy ſelf, upon the Coaſt to ſtray,
That's ſafe, but all beyond a dangerous Way.
To thy whole Sex this Caution I addreſs,
Ne'er truſt your Beauties to the faithleſs Seas.
To you the dreadful Tale let others tell,
In Ocean's Depths what horrid Monſters dwell.
What Veſſels *Scylla*'s greedy Gulph devours,
And how for Prey the fell *Charybdis* roars;
What Ships have periſh'd by the ſounding Shocks
Of Tempeſts driving on *Ceraunian* Rocks;
Or what have ſunk in *Syrte*'s treach'rous Sands,
Or been in Pieces daſh'd on *Libyan* Strands:

Hear

Hear what they ſay, and what thou hear'ſt believe;
Thou canſt no Hurt by eaſy Faith receive.
When far behind thee thou haſt left the Strand,
How wilt thou long in vain, and look for Land?
And when the Tempeſt beats, the Veſſel's Sides
Admit thro' gaping Leaks the guſhing Tides.
The Pilot ſhall himſelf begin to fear
The roaring Death, that's now approaching near;
How livid will thy Looks be then, and pale,
How wilt thou ſtart at ev'ry rattling Gale?
How wilt thou then invoke the lowring Skies,
And *Leda*'s Son to hear thy fruitleſs Cries?
How wilt thou thy advent'rous Fate deplore,
And bleſs the Feet that tread the ſolid Shore?
'Tis ſafer on your Couch to ſit, and ſing
Some am'rous Song, or touch the *Thracian* String.
But if the Winds ſhould bear my Words away,
Or you deſpiſe, what I in Friendſhip ſay,
Do thou thy Aid, oh *Galatea*, lend,
Corinna's Ship with proſp'rous Gales befriend.
Ye Nymphs, and you their bearded Sire, beware
Leſt any Hurt befal the vent'rous Fair.
What Guilt her Death would bring upon the Sea!
Your Waters could not waſh the Crime away.
Go then, but ever keep me freſh in Mind,
Full be your Sails of a propitious Wind,
And quickly may the friendly Gales reſtore
My Miſtreſs to this once forſaken Shore.
I firſt ſhall from our Coaſt, with ſearching Eye,
Your Ship returning to our Harbour ſpy,
And that it brings our Gods, with Rapture cry.

When

When in mine Arms the landing Fair I catch,
Kiſſes on Kiſſes numberleſs I'll ſnatch.
The Victim for your ſafe Return decreed,
To pay my Vows ſhall on the Altar bleed.
Inſtead of poliſh'd Stone, the homely Strand
Shall ſerve us for a Table, or the Sand.
We'll there refreſh, your Health we there will drink,
And you ſhall tell me there, how like you were to ſink.
What Riſk you ran, how near to ſuffer Wreck,
And yet how bold you were to haſten back.
Nor ſtarleſs Nights you fear'd, nor ſtormy Sea,
Nor Danger dreaded, while you thought on me.
Tho' 'tis all feign'd, I'll take it to be true,
And cheat my Hopes, as Lovers uſe to do.
Why ſhould I not as Truth the Tale receive?
'Twill pleaſe as well, if I as well believe.
Let *Phœbus* wing the Hours, and haſte the Day,
In Heav'n diſtinguiſh'd by a brighter Ray.

ELEGY XII.

The Poet rejoices for the Favours he has received of his Miſtreſs.

IO Triumphe! I have won the Prize,
For in my Arms the fair *Corinna* lies.
Nor jealous Huſband, nor a Guardian's Care,
Nor Door defended with a double Bar,
Cou'd fence againſt a Lover's Artifice;
For in my Arms the fair *Corinna* lies.

With

With Reaſon of my Victory I boaſt,
The Conqueſt gain'd, and yet no Blood is loſt:
I ſcal'd no Walls, I paſs'd no Ditch profound,
Safe were my Wars, and all without a Wound.
My only Work, a charming Girl to gain,
The Pleaſure well rewards the little Pain.
Ten Years the *Greeks* did in one Siege employ,
But level'd were, at length, the Walls of *Troy*;
What Glory was there by th' *Atrides* won,
So many Chiefs before a ſingle Town?
Not thus did I my pleaſant Toils purſue,
And the whole Glory to my ſelf is due.
My ſelf was Horſe, and Foot, my ſelf alone,
The Captain and the Soldier was in one,
And fought beneath no Banner but my own.
Whether by Strength I combated, or Wile,
Fortune did ever on my Actions ſmile.
I only owe my Triumph to my Care,
And by my Patience only won the Fair.
Nor was my Cauſe of Quarrel new, the ſame
Set *Europe*, and proud *Aſia* in a Flame.
For *Helen*, raviſh'd by the *Dardan* Boy,
Was the War wag'd that ſunk the Pride of *Troy*.
The *Centaurs* double-form'd, half Man, half Beaſt,
Defil'd with horrid War the Nuptial Feaſt;
Enflam'd by Wine, and Woman's Magick Charms,
They turn'd the jolly Face of Joy to Arms.
'Twas Woman urg'd the Strife, a ſecond Fair
Involv'd the *Trojans* in a ſecond War.
What Wreck, what Ruin, did a Woman bring
On peaceful *Latium*, and their pious King?

When

When *Rome* was Young, and in her Infant State,
What Woes did Woman to our Sires create!
Into what Peril was that City brought,
When *Sabine* Fathers for their Daughters fought!
Two lusty Bulls I in the Meads have view'd
In Combat join'd, and by their Side there stood
A Milk-white Heifer, who provok'd the Fight,
By each contended, but the Conqu'ror's Right.
She gives them Courage, her they both regard,
As one that caus'd the War, and must reward.
Compell'd by *Cupid* in his Host to list,
And who that has a Heart can Love resist?
His Soldier I have been, without the Guilt
Of Blood, in any of our Battles spilt.
For him I've fought, as many more have done,
And many Rivals met, but murder'd none.

ELEGY XIII.

To Isis. *A Prayer that the Goddess would assist* Corinna, *and prevent her Miscarrying.*

WITH cruel Art *Corinna* would destroy
The rip'ning Fruit of our repeated Joy.
While on her self she practises her Skill,
She's like the Mother, not the Child, to kill.
Me she wou'd not acquaint with what she did,
From me a Thing, which I abhorr'd, she hid;

Well might I now be angry, but I fear,
Ill as she is, it might endanger her.
By me, I must confess, she did conceive,
The Fact is so, or else I so believe.
We've Cause to think, what may so likely be,
So is, and then the Babe belongs to me.
Oh *Isis*, who delight'st to haunt the Fields,
Where fruitful *Nile* his Golden Harvests yields,
Where with seven Mouths into the Sea it falls,
And hast thy Walks around *Canope*'s Walls,
Who *Memphis* visit'st, and the *Pharian* Tow'rs,
Assist *Corinna* with thy friendly Pow'rs.
Thee by thy Silver *Sistra* I conjure,
A Life so precious, by thy Aid secure.
So may'st thou with *Osiris* still find Grace;
By *Anubis*'s venerable Face,
I pray thee, so may still thy Rights Divine
Flourish, and Serpents round thy Off'rings twine.
May *Apis* with his Horns the Pomp attend,
And be to thee, as thou'rt to her, a Friend.
Look down, Oh *Isis*, on the teeming Fair,
And make at once, her Life, and mine thy Care.
Have Pity on her Pains; the Help you give
To her, her Lover saves, in her I live.
From thee this Favour she deserves: she pays
Her Vows to thee, on all thy solemn Days;
And when the *Galli* at thy Altars wait,
She's present at the Feast they celebrate.
And Thou, *Lucina*, who the lab'ring Womb
Dost with Compassion view, to her Assistance come.

Nor

Nor doſt thou, when to thee thy Vot'ries pray
For ſpeedy Help, thy wanted Help delay.
Lucina, liſten to *Corinna*'s Pray'r,
Thy Vot'ry ſhe, and worthy of thy Care.
I'll with my Off'rings to thy Altar come,
With Votive Myrrh thy ſacred Fane perfume.
The Vows I make, that thou my Fair may'ſt bleſs,
In Words inſcrib'd, I'll on thy Shrine expreſs.
Ovid, the Servant of *Corinna*, pray'd
The Goddeſs here, the teeming Dame to aid:
Ah Goddeſs, of my humble Suit allow;
Give place to my Inſcription and my Vow.
If frighted as I am I may preſume,
Your Conduct to direct in Time to come,
Corinna, ſince you've ſuffer'd thus before,
Ah try the bold Experiment no more.

ELEGY XIV.

To his Miſtreſs who endeavour'd to make herſelf Miſcarry.

WHat boots it, that the Fair are free from War,
And what, that they're forbid the Shield to bear;
Againſt themſelves, if they new Arms employ,
And madly with new Wounds, their Lives deſtroy?
The cruel Mother, who did firſt contrive
Her Babe to butcher, ere 'twas ſcarce alive,

Who thus from Nature's tender Dictates ſwerv'd,
To periſh by her proper Hands deſerv'd.
Why do the Sex forget their Softneſs, why
Such Projects for a fooliſh Fancy, try?
The Belly muſt be ſmooth, no Wrinkle there
To ſhock the Lover's wanton Glance appear.
His Touch as well as Sight they fain would pleaſe,
And the Womb early of its Burthen eaſe.
Had Women ſooner known this wicked Trade,
Among the Race of Men, what Havock had they made?
Mankind had been extinct, and loſt the Seed,
Without a Wonder to reſtore the Breed;
As when *Deucalion* and his *Pyrrha* hurl'd
The Stones, that ſow'd with Men the delug'd World.
Had *Thetis*, Goddeſs of the Sea, refus'd
To bear the Burthen, and her Fruit abus'd,
Who would have *Priam*'s Royal Seat deſtroy'd?
Or had the Veſtal, whom fierce *Mars* enjoy'd,
Stifled the Twins within her pregnant Womb,
What Founder would have then been born to *Rome*?
Had *Venus*, when ſhe with *Æneas* teem'd,
To Death, ere born, *Anchiſes'* Son condemn'd,
The World had of the *Cæſars* been depriv'd;
Auguſtus ne'er had reign'd, nor *Julius* liv'd.
And Thou, whoſe Beauty is the Boaſt of Fame,
Hadſt periſh'd, had thy Mother done the ſame;
Nor had I liv'd Love's faithful Slave to be,
Had my own Mother dealt as ill by me.
Ah vile Invention, ah accurſt Deſign,
To rob of rip'ning Fruit the loaden Vine!

Ah

Ah let it grow for Nature's Uſe mature,
Ah let it its full length of Time endure.
'Twill of it ſelf, alas, too ſoon decay,
And quickly fall, like Autumn Leaves, away.
Why barb'rouſly doſt thou thy Bowels tear,
To kill the human Load that quickens there?
On venom'd Drugs why venture, to deſtroy
The Pledge of Pleaſure paſt, the promis'd Boy?
Medea, guilty of her Children's Blood,
The Mark of every Age's Curſe has ſtood;
And *Atys* murder'd by his Mother's Rage,
Been pity'd ſince by each ſucceeding Age;
There cruel Parents by falſe Lords abus'd,
Had yet ſome Plea, tho' none their Crime excus'd.
What, *Jaſon*, did your dire Revenge provoke?
What, *Tereus*, urge you to the fatal Stroke?
What Rage your Reaſon led ſo far away,
As furious Hands upon your ſelf to lay?
The Tygreſſes, that haunt th'*Armenian* Wood,
Will ſpare their proper Young, tho' pinch'd for Food;
Nor will the *Libyan* Lyoneſſes ſlay
Their Whelps; but Women are more fierce than they,
More barb'rous to the tender Fruit they bear,
Nor Nature's Call, tho' loud ſhe cries, will hear.
But righteous Vengeance oft their Crimes purſues,
And they are loſt themſelves, who wou'd their Children loſe;
The poys'nous Drugs, with mortal Juices fill
Their Veins, and undeſign'd, themſelves they kill.
Themſelves upon the Bier are breathleſs born,
With Hair ty'd up, which was in Ringlets worn,

Thro' weeping Crowds, that on their Corps attend,
Well may they weep for their unhappy End.
Forbid it, Heav'n, that what I ſay may prove
Preſaging to the Fair, I blame, and love;
Thus let me ne'er, ye Pow'rs, her Death deplore,
'Twas her firſt Fault, and ſhe'll offend no more.
No Pardon ſhe'll deſerve, a ſecond Time,
But, without Mercy, puniſh then her Crime.

ELEGY XV.

The Poet ſpeaks to the Ring, which he had ſent a Preſent to his Miſtreſs.

By an unknown Hand.

GO, happy Ring, who art about to bind
The Fair One's Finger; may the Fair be kind.
Small is the Preſent, tho' the Love be great;
May ſhe ſwift ſlip thee on thy taper Seat.
As ſhe, and I, may thou with her agree,
And not too large, nor yet too little be.
To touch her Hand, thou wilt the Pleaſure have;
I now muſt envy, what my ſelf I gave.
O! would a *Proteus*, or a *Circe* change
Me to thy Form, that I like thee might range!
Then would I wiſh thee with her Breaſts to play,
And her left Hand beneath her Robes to ſtray.

Tho'

Tho' ſtrait ſhe thought me, I will then appear,
Looſe, and unfix'd, and ſlip I know not where.
Whene'er ſhe writes ſome ſecret Lines of Love,
Leſt the dry Gem and Wax ſhould ſticking prove,
Me firſt ſhe Moiſtens: then ſly Care I take,
And but when Lines I like, Impreſſion make.
If in her Pocket fain ſhe would me hide,
Cloſe will I preſs her Finger, and not ſlide.
Then cry, My Life, I ne'er ſhall thee diſgrace,
And I am light, give me my proper Place.
Still let me ſtick, when in the Bath you are;
If I catch Damage, 'tis not worth your Care.
Yea when the Ring thy naked Body ſpies,
It will transform, and I a Man ariſe.
Why do I rave? thou little Trifle, go,
And that I die for her, let the dear Creature know.

ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Miſtreſs into the Country.

I'M now at—— where my Eyes can view
Their old Delights, but what I want in you:
Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleaſing Bowers,
Adorn my Banks, and raiſe my drooping Flowers:
Here Trees with bending Fruit in order ſtand,
Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;

But half the Pleaſure of Enjoyment's gone;
Since I muſt pluck them ſingle, and alone:
Why could not Nature's Kindneſs firſt contrive
That faithful Lovers ſhould like Spirits live,
Mixt in one Point, and yet divided lye
Enjoying an united Liberty?
But ſince we muſt thro' diſtant Regions go,
Why was not the ſame Way deſign'd for two?
One ſingle Care determin'd ſtill for both,
And the kind Virgin join'd the loving Youth?
Then ſhould I think it pleaſant Way to go
O'er *Alpine* Froſt, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then ſhould I dare to view the horrid *Moors*,
And walk the Deſarts of the *Lybian* Shores;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and ſee *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threat'ning Wave:
Fearleſs thro' all I'd ſteer my feeble Barge,
Secure, and ſafe with the Celeſtial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholy Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gard'ner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flow'ry Beds;
Tho' Poplars riſe, and ſpread a ſhady Grove,
Where I might lie, my little Life improve,
And ſpend my Minutes 'twixt a Muſe and Love:
Yet theſe contribute little to my Eaſe,
For without you they loſe the Power to pleaſe:
I ſeem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*.

Where

Where frightful Spectres, and pale Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where every Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs.
The Vines love Elms; what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why should I be parted from my Love!
And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore,
That all my Bus'ness you would make your own,
And never suffer me to be alone;
But faithless Woman nat'rally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves.
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more:
Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve,
Be kind, and I can easily forgive;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
Drive fiercely on, and lash the lazy Horse;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the Power of Verse to smooth your Way:
Sink down ye Mountains, sink ye lofty Hills,
Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
Ye Streams be dry, ye hind'ring Woods remove,
'Tis Love that drives, and all must yield to *Love*.

ELEGY XVII.

He tells Corinna, *he will always be her Slave.*

IF there's a Wretch, who thinks it is a Shame
To ſerve a Lovely, and a Loving Dame;
If ſuch a Slave he loads with Infamy,
I'm willing he ſhould judge as hard of me.
I'm willing all the World ſhould know my Shame,
If *Venus* will abate my raging Flame:
Let me a fair, and gentle Miſtreſs have,
And then proclaim aloud that I'm her Slave.
Beauty is apt to ſwell a Maiden's Mind,
And thus *Corinna* is to Pride inclin'd;
But as ſhe is above all Maidens Fair,
What's Pride in them, is Inſolence in her:
Leſs Fair I wiſh ſhe was, or knew it leſs.
How learnt ſhe, ſhe is lovely by her Face?
Her Mirror tells her ſo, ſhe often tries
Her Mirror, and believes her charming Eyes.
The Looks ſhe then puts on, are ſtill her beſt,
And ſhe ne'er uſes it, but when ſhe's dreſt.
Tho' wide the Empire of your Beauties ſpread,
Beauty to draw my Am'rous Glances made,
Compare your Servant's Merit with your Eyes,
You'll find no Cauſe his Service to deſpiſe.

Don't

Don't think I preſs upon your Pride too hard,
For little Things may be with great compar'd:
We're told *Calypſo*, an immortal Pow'r,
Detain'd a Mortal in th' *Ogygian* Bow'r,
And when her Pray'r to ſtay he would not grant,
So ſtrong her Love, ſhe kept him by Conſtraint.
A *Nereid* took the *Pthithian* to her Arms,
And *Numa* knew divine *Egeria's* Charms.
Vulcan tho' Lame, and of a Form obſcene,
Was oft made Happy by the *Paphian* Queen;
She matter'd not his limping, but approv'd
His Flame, and ſaw no Faults in him ſhe lov'd;
My Verſes are unequal, like his Feet,
Yet the long, kindly with the ſhorter meet.
As they with them, why ſhould'ſt thou not with me
Comply, my Life, and my Divinity?
Myſelf, when I am in thy Arms, I'll own
Thy Subject, and the Bed ſhall be thy Throne;
Thou there, my lovely Queen, ſhalt give me Laws,
Nor in my Abſence to rejoice have Cauſe,
Nor ever ſhall my Services be blam'd,
Nor ſhalt thou of thy Servant be aſham'd.
My Poetry's my Purſe, my Fortune's there,
I have no other way to win the Fair;
Nor is that way the worſt: the brighteſt Dames,
Wou'd in my Verſe immortalize their Names:
My Muſe the Place of an Eſtate ſupplies,
And none that know her Worth, her Wealth deſpiſe.
Some tempted by *Corinna's* ſpreading Fame,
In Envy rob her, and uſurp her Name;
What would they give, d'ye think, to be the ſame?

But neither cool *Eurotas*, nor the *Po*
With Poplar ſhaded, in one Channel flow;
By diff'rent, and by diſtant Banks they glide,
Are Rivers both, but various is their Tide.
There are more Beauties, but there's none like thine,
There are more Verſe, but thou haſt only mine;
No other Charms can e'er inſpire my Muſe,
And other Themes I with Diſdain refuſe.

ELEGY XVIII.

To Macer, *blaming him for not writing of Love, as he did.*

WHILE, *Macer*, you *Achilles'* Choler ſing,
And *Greece* before the Walls of *Ilium* bring,
While Feats of Arms in *Phrygian* Fields you tell,
And how Old *Troy* by *Græcian* Vengeance fell;
I my ſoft Hours in ſofter Songs employ,
And all my Leiſure give to Love, and Joy.
When to high Acts my Voice I ſtrive to raiſe,
Love laughs at my Attempt, and mocks my Lays:
Begone, I often to my Miſtreſs cry,
But have not Courage, yet, my ſelf to fly.
Whene'er ſhe ſees me in this ſullen Fit,
She fondles me, and on my Knee will ſit:
Enough of this, ſay I, for Shame give o'er,
Enough of Love, we'll play the Fool no more.

Ah,

Ah, is it then a Shame to Love? ſhe cries;
And chides, and melts me with her weeping Eyes,
Around my Neck her ſnowy Arms ſhe throws,
And to my Lips with ſtifling Kiſſes grows:
How can I all this Tenderneſs refuſe?
At once my Wiſdom, and my Will I loſe.
I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
Of Arms, and War, to ſing of Love again:
My Themes are Acts, which I my ſelf have done,
And my Muſe ſings no Battles, but my own.
Once I confeſs, I did the Drama try,
And ventur'd with Succeſs on Tragedy;
My *Genius* with a moving Scene agrees,
And if I ventur'd farther I might pleaſe:
But Love of my Heroicks makes a Jeſt,
And laughs to ſee me in my Buſkins dreſt.
Aſham'd, and weary of this tragick Whim,
For tender Thoughts I quitted the ſublime.
My Mind, my Miſtreſs bends another Way,
Her muſt my Muſe, in all her Songs obey:
Tho' oft I do not what I write approve,
Like, or not like it, I muſt ſing of Love.
Whether for *Ithaca*'s illuſtrious Dame,
To great *Ulyſſes* I a Letter frame,
Or for *Oenone* tender Things indite,
Or ſoft Complaints for injur'd *Phyllis* write;
Whether Fair *Canace*'s inceſtuous Care
I ſooth, or flatter *Dido*'s fierce Deſpair;
Whether I fan *Medea*'s raging Fire,
Or for ſweet *Sapho* touch the *Leſbian* Lyre;

Whether

Whether I *Phædra*'s lawleſs Love relate,
Or *Theſeus*' Flight, and *Ariadne*'s Fate:
Oh that *Sabinus*, my departed Friend,
Cou'd from all Quarters now his Anſwers ſend!
Ulyſſes' Hand ſhou'd to his Queen be known,
And wretched *Phædra* hear from *Theſeus*' Son;
Dido Æneas' Anſwer ſhould receive,
And *Phyllis Demophoon*'s, if alive.
Jaſon ſhould to *Hypſipile* return
A ſad Reply, and *Sapho* ceaſe to mourn;
Nor him whom ſhe can ne'er poſſeſs deſire,
But give to *Phœbus*' Fane her votive Lyre.
As much as you in lofty Epicks deal,
You, *Macer*, ſhew that you Love's Paſſion feel,
And ſenſible of Beauty's pow'rful Charms,
You hear their Call amid the Noiſe of Arms.
A Place for *Paris* in your Verſe we find,
And *Helen*'s to the young Adult'rer kind;
There lovely *Laodamia* mourns her Lord,
The firſt that fell by *Hector*'s fatal Sword:
If well I know you, and your Mind can tell,
The Theme's as grateful, and you like as well
To tune your Lyre for *Cupid*, as for *Mars*,
And *Thracian* Combats change for *Paphian* Wars;
If well I know you, and your Works deſign
Your Will, you often quit your Camp for mine.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIX.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IF for thy ſelf thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with Eaſe we nauſeouſly receive,
Who but a Sot, wou'd ſcorn to love with leave?
With Hopes and Fears my Flames are blown up higher;
Make me Deſpair, and then I can Deſire.
Give me a Jilt to teaſe my jealous Mind;
Deceits are Virtues in the Female kind.
Corinna my fantaſtick Humour knew,
Play'd Trick for Trick, and kept her ſelf ſtill new:
She, that next Night I might the ſharper come,
Fell out with me, and ſent me Faſting home;
Or ſome Pretence to lye alone wou'd take;
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her Head, and Teeth wou'd ake:
Till having won me to the higheſt Strain,
She took Occaſion to be ſweet again.
With what a Guſt, ye Gods, we then embrac'd!
How ev'ry Kiſs was dearer than the laſt!
Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd.
Forget the promis'd Hour, or feign ſome Fright,
Make me lye rough on Bulks each other Night.

Theſe

Theſe are the Arts that beſt ſecure thy Reign,
And this the Food, that muſt my Fires maintain.
Groſs eaſy Love does, like groſs Diet, pall,
In ſqueaſy Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
Had *Danaë* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Io*'s Shape,
The Watchman help'd her to a ſecond Leap.
Let him who loves an eaſy Whetſtone Whore,
Pluck Leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore.
The Jilting Harlot ſtrikes the ſureſt Blow,
A Truth which I by ſad Experience know.
The kind poor conſtant Creature we deſpiſe;
Man but purſues the Quarry while it flies.
But thou dull Huſband of a Wife too fair,
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the precious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows ſcratch'd, ſuſpect a Rival there.
An Orange-Wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad;
Kick her, for ſhe's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
In ſhort, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And ſet my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The ſneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
I ſcorn to ſtrike, but when he wards the Blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dſt not pocket up thy Wrong:
If no Affront can rouze thee, underſtand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy Hand.

What,

What, ne'er to be forbid thy Houſe, and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead ſo ill a Life.
Now I can neither Sigh, nor Whine, nor Pray,
All thoſe Occaſions thou haſt ta'en away.
Why art thou ſo incorrigibly Civil?
Do ſomewhat I may wiſh thee at the Devil.
For Shame be no Accomplice in my Treaſon,
A pimping Huſband is too much in Reaſon.
Once more wear Horns, before I quite forſake her,
In Hopes whereof, I reſt thy Cuckold-maker.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.

The Poet deliberates with himſelf, whether he ſhould continue writing Elegies, or attempt Tragedy.

UNHURT by Steel, aroſe an ancient Wood,
A Manſion fit for ſome retiring God;
With craggy Stones a ſecret Grot was hung,
And in the midſt a ſacred Fountain ſprung;
The courting Birds, repeating Songs of Love,
With ſoft Complainings ſweetly fill'd the Grove:

Here

Here wand'ring Thoughtful, and intent to chuſe
Some Theme unſung, to pleaſe the buſy Muſe;
Fair Elegy came on with gentle Pace,
Unforc'd her Air, and eaſy was her Grace.
Her flaxen Hair in curious Treſſes wreath'd,
Ambroſial Sweets and heav'nly Odours breath'd;
A ſimple Dreſs the careleſs Charmer bore,
And loving Looks, and Smiles unartful wore:
Next came the Goddeſs of the Tragick Scene,
With ſtately Tread, and proud majeſtick Mien;
Her Front ſevere, with hanging Curls was drown'd,
Her length of Robe was full, and ſwept the Ground;
Her Hand held out a Regal Sceptre grac'd,
And *Lydian* Buſkins half her Legs embrac'd.
She firſt; "Muſt Love for ever tune thy Voice,
"Fond idle Bard, and trifling in thy Choice?
"Thy wanton Songs employ the Drunkard's Tongue,
"In ev'ry Street thy riball'd Lays are ſung;
"The Finger marks thee in thy paſſing by,
"Behold, where goes the Slave of Love, they cry.
"Thy lewd Exploits, thou Profligate, are grown
"The publick Theme, and Talk of all the Town,
"Whilſt unconcern'd, and loſt to Senſe of Shame,
"Thou ſtill runn'ſt on, nor mind'ſt thy ruin'd Fame.
"Enough thou'ſt told the Plaints of fond Deſire,
"Now let a nobler Inſpiration fire;
"Thy Matter cramps thy Genius, learn to find
"A manly Subject, and exert thy Mind.
"In Songs for Girls, fond Toys, and idle Play,
"Thy Muſe has wanton'd all her Hours away.

"But

" But Youth at length has fill'd its Meaſure up;
" My Friend, 'tis time to taſte of th' other Cup.
" Now in my Service let thy Force be ſhown,
" Aſſert my Honour, and retrieve thy own;
" Thy ſprightly Fancy, and inventive Wit,
" The lofty Style of Tragick Scenes will fit.
She ſaid; and proudly riſing in her Gate,
Thrice ſhook her Treſſes, and diſplay'd her State.
With open Look, (nor was my Sight beguil'd)
And joyous Eyes her Rival ſweetly ſmil'd;
Suſtain'd her Hand a Myrtle Branch upright?
Or did my Fancy form the charming Sight?
" Still ſo ſevere, O Tragedy! ſhe cry'd:
" And canſt thou ne'er forego thy ſullen Pride?
" I not compare my lowly Lays to thine;
" Too weak Materials for the vaſt Deſign.
" The Style unlabour'd, negligent the Dreſs,
" My Verſe is humbler, and my Matter leſs.
" Gay, wanton, ſoft, my Buſineſs is to move,
" With melting Strains, the playful God of Love.
" Bereft of me, Fair *Venus* wants her Charms,
" I help the Goddeſs, and prepare her Arms.
" My luring Arts, and ſoothing Lays prevail,
" Where lofty Port, and Tragick Buſkins fail.
" I more deſerve, by making that my Care,
" Thy rigid Pride allows not Thee to bear:
" By me, *Corinna* firſt was taught to try
" To break from Priſon, and deceive the Spy;
" I firſt induc'd the fearful Fair to ſlide
" With trembling Caution from her Huſband's Side;

" When

" When to thy Arms, all looſe, and diſ-array'd,
" Prepar'd for Pleaſure, flew the melting Maid.
" Fix'd on her Door, how oft I've hung on high,
" Expos'd, and patient of each gazing Eye!
" How oft, in ſecret, while the Keeper ſtay'd,
" Within her Woman's panting Boſom lay'd!
" Once ſent a Birth-day Gift, the cruel Dame
" In pieces tore, and gave me to the Flame.
" I taught thee firſt to cultivate thy Mind;
" Thy Fancy brighten'd, and thy Wit refin'd;
" Thou to my Care thoſe Merits muſt allow,
" For which my Rival would ſeduce thee now.
They ſpoke, I anſwer'd. " Let me Both conjure
" To ſpare a Mind, with Terrors unſecure;
" Nor to my Charge, when once pronounc'd, be laid
" As Crimes, the Words my trembling Tongue has ſaid.
" To gain me Glory, thy Decrees ordain
" The Regal Sceptre, and the Tragick Strain;
" With painful Labour need I toil for Fame,
" When eaſier Taſks already raiſe my Name?
" Thou mak'ſt my Love immortal: Thee I chuſe;
" Be thou my Queen, and ſtill command my Muſe.
" Majeſtick Pow'r, forgive my ſimple Choice,
" Thy gentle Rival has obtain'd my Voice.
" Short is the Time, in which her Palm is won;
" Ere thine is gain'd, the Poet's Life is done.
I lowly ſaid; She gracious gave Aſſent,
And diff'rent Ways the parting Rivals went;
Ye gentle Loves, compleat the Work aſſign'd,
A greater Labour ſeems to preſs *behind*.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

To his Miſtreſs at the Horſe-race.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

NOT in the *Circus* do I ſit to view
The running Horſes, but to gaze on you;
Near you I chuſe an advantageous Place,
And whilſt your Eyes are fix'd upon the Race,
Mine are on you — Thus do we feaſt our Sight,
Each alike pleas'd with Objects of Delight;
In ſofter Whiſpers I my Paſſion move,
You of the Rider talk, but I of Love.
When, to pleaſe you, I ſtreight my Subject quit,
And change my Wiſhes to your Favourite;
Oh might I ride, and be ſo much your Care,
I'd ſtart with Courage from the Barrier,
And with a ſwift ſhort Compaſs bruſh the Goal—
Unleſs the Sight of you my Courſe reſtrains,
And makes my Hands forego the looſen'd Reins;
As *Pelops* gaz'd on *Hippodamia*'s Face,
'Till he had almoſt loſt th' important Race;
Yet he his Miſtreſs by her Favour won;
So may our Prize aſſiſt us when we run.
What mean theſe Starts? you muſt not, can't remove,
This kind auſpicious Place was fram'd for Love.

I fear you're crowded, — Gentlemen, forbear,
Pray let your Arms and Knees the Lady ſpare;
Madam, your Gown hangs down — nay, pray let me—
Oh Heav'ns! what fine, what curious Legs I ſee!
Sure, who *Diana* in a Foreſt drew,
Copy'd in this the graceſull'ſt Part from you;
Such *Atalant* diſcovering as ſhe ran,
What rapt'rous Wiſhes ſeiz'd *Minalion*.
I burn'd, and rag'd before — what then are theſe,
But Flames on Flames, and Waters to the Seas?
By theſe a Thouſand other Charms are gueſt,
Which are ſo advantageouſly ſuppreſs'd.
Oh for ſome Air! this ſcorching Heat remove,
Your Fan would do't — but 'tis the Heat of Love.
But now the Pomp appears, the Sacred Throng
Command Applauſes from the Heart and Tongue;
Firſt Vict'ry with expanded Wings does move,
Be near, (O Goddeſs!) to aſſiſt my Love;
To *Mars* let Warriors Acclamations raiſe,
The Merchants Tongues reſound with *Neptune*'s Praiſe;
Whilſt I, whom neither Seas nor Arms invite,
In Love alone, the Fruit of Peace, delight;
To their *Apollo* let the Prophets pray,
And Hunters to *Diana* Homage pay,
Let the Mechanicks to *Minerva* vow,
Ruſticks to *Ceres*, and to *Bacchus* bow;
Whilſt I devote my ſelf to thee alone,
Kind *Venus*, and the pow'rful God thy Son;
O be propitious to my Enterprize,
Inform with all thy Softneſs theſe fair Eyes,

And to Love's Cauſe her gentle Breaſt incline;
She grants, and has confirm'd it with a Sign;
Do you aſſure it too, you who're to me
(With *Venus'* leave) the mightier Deity.
By all theſe Heav'nly Witneſſes, to you
Will I be ever faithful, ever true.

Now in the open Cirque the Game's begun,
The Prætor gives the Signal, now they run;
I ſee which way your Wiſhes are inclin'd,
To him a certain Conqueſt is deſign'd;
For ev'n the Horſes ſeem to know your Mind.
He takes too large a Compaſs to come in.
And lets his Advarſary get between;
Recal him, *Romans*, for a ſecond Heat,
And clear the Courſe ———
Now ſee your Ground you better do maintain,
This Lady's Favour, and your Fame, regain;
The Prize is his — As yours ſucceſsful prove,
So let my Wiſhes, which are all for Love;
I'm yet to conquer, and your Heart's the Prize:
Something ſhe promis'd with her ſparkling Eyes,
And ſmil'd; — Enough, did I tranſported cry,
The reſt I'll leave to Opportunity.

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

Of his Perjur'd Miſtreſs.

By the ſame Hand.

CAN there be Gods?—has ſhe not falſly ſwore?
Yet is the Beauty that ſhe was before!
The curious Treſſes of her dangling Hair,
As long, and graceful ſtill as e'er they were;
That ſame inimitable White, and Red,
Which o'er her Face was ſo diſtinctly ſpread,
The Roſes, and the Lillies keep their Place,
And ev'ry Feature ſtill as juſtly grace;
Her ſparkling Eyes their Luſtre ſtill retain,
That Form, that perfect Shape does ſtill remain,
As if ſhe ne'er had ſinn'd:—And Heav'n ('tis plain)
Suff'ring the fairer Sex to break their Vows,
To the Superior Pow'r of Beauty bows.
T' inforce my Credit to her Perjuries,
Oft wou'd ſhe ſwear by thoſe perſuaſive Eyes;
As if that Charm had been too weak to move,
Sh' as added mine;——tell me, ye Pow'rs above,
Why all this Pain? why are theſe guiltleſs Eyes,
For her Offence th' atoning Sacrifice?
Was't not enough, *Andromeda* has dy'd,
An Expiation for her Mother's Pride?

Is't not enough, that unconcern'd you ſee
(Vain Witneſſes for Truth, for Faith, for me,)
Such an Affront put on Divinity?
Yet no Revenge the daring Crime purſue,
But the Deceiv'd muſt be her Victim too.
Either the Gods are empty Notions, crept
Into the Minds of Dreamers, as they ſlept,
In vain are fear'd, are but the Tricks of Law,
To keep the fooliſh cred'lous World in awe;
Or, if there be a God, he loves the Fair,
And all things at their ſole Diſpoſal are.
For us are all the Inſtruments of War
Deſign'd, the Sword of *Mars*, and *Pallas'* Spear,
'Gainſt us alone *Apollo*'s Bows are bent,
And at our Heads *Jove*'s brandiſh'd Thunder ſent;
Yet of the Ladies, oh! how fond are they!
Dare not the Inj'ries, they receive, repay,
But thoſe, who ought to fear 'em, they obey.
Jove to his Votaries is moſt ſevere,
Temples nor Altars does his Light'ning ſpare,
Obliging *Semele* in Flames expires,
But thoſe, who merit, can eſcape the Fires;
Is this the Juſtice of your Pow'rs Divine?
Who then will offer Incenſe at a Shrine?
Why do we thus reproach the Deities?
Have they not Hearts?——and ſurely they have Eyes.
Nay, had I been a God, I had believ'd
The lovely Criminals, and been deceiv'd;
Had wav'd the Judgments to their Perj'ries due,
And ſworn my ſelf that all they ſpoke was true.

Since

Since then the Gods ſuch ample Gifts beſtow,
As make you abſolute o'er Men below;
Pray let me find ſome Mercy in your Reign;
Or ſpare at leaſt your Lover's Eyes from Pain.

ELEGY IV.

To a Man that lock'd up his Wife.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

VEX not thyſelf, and her, vain Man, ſince all
By their own Vice, or Virtue, ſtand, or fall.
She's truly Chaſte, and worthy of that Name,
Who hates the Ill, as well as fears the Shame:
And that vile Woman whom Reſtraint keeps in,
Though ſhe forbear the Act, has done the Sin.
Spies, Locks, and Bolts may keep her brutal Part,
But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her Heart.
They that have Freedom uſe it leaſt, and ſo
The Power of Ill does the Deſign o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harſh Reſtraint;
Sick Men long moſt to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery Courſer, whom no Art can ſtay,
Or rugged Force, does oft fair Means obey:
And he that did the rudeſt Arm diſdain,
Submits with Quiet to the looſer Rein.
An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
One ſilly Maid did all thoſe Eyes beguile.

Danae, though ſhut within a brazen Tow'r,
Felt the Male virtue of the Golden Show'r:
But chaſte *Penelope*, left to her own Will,
And free Diſpoſal, never thought of Ill;
She to her abſent Lord preſerv'd her Truth,
For all th'Addreſſes of the ſmoother Youth.
What's rarely ſeen, our Fancy magnifies,
Permitted Pleaſure who does not deſpiſe?
Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
Men ſtrive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.
They're wond'rous Charms we think, and long to know,
That in a Wife inchant a Huſband ſo:
Rage, Swear, and Curſe, no matter, ſhe alone
Pleaſes, who Sighs, and cries, I am undone.
But could thy Spies ſay we have kept her Chaſte;
Good Servants then, but an ill Wife thou haſt.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
Where it is monſtrous to be Fair, and Chaſte,
And not one Inch of either Sex lies waſte.
Would'ſt thou be happy? with her Ways comply,
And in her Caſe lay Points of Honour by:
The Friendſhip ſhe begins wiſely improve,
And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
So ſhalt thou welcome be to every Treat,
Live high, not pay, and never run in Debt.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

The Dream.

By Mr. CROMWELL.

'TWas in the midſt and ſilent dead of Night,
When heavy Sleep oppoſs'd my weary Sight,
This Viſion did my troubled Mind affright.
To *Sol* expos'd, there ſtood a riſing Ground,
Which caſt beneath a ſpacious Shade around;
A gloomy Grove of ſpreading Oaks below,
And various Birds were perch'd on ev'ry Bough:
Juſt on the Margin of a verdant Mead,
Where murm'ring Brooks refreſhing Waters ſpread:
To ſhun the Heat, I ſought this cool Receſs;
But in this Shade, I felt my Heat no leſs:
When browzing o'er the flow'ry Graſs appear'd
A lovely Cow, the faireſt of the Herd;
By ſpotleſs White diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
Whiter than Milk from her own Udders preſs'd,
Whiter than falling, or the driven Snow,
Before deſcending Miſts can make it flow.
She, with a luſty Bull, her happy Mate,
Delighted, on the tender Herbage ſate;
There, as he cropt the Flowers, and chews the Cud,
Feaſting a ſecond Time upon his Food,
His Limbs with ſudden heavineſs oppreſs'd,
He bends his Head, and ſinks to pleaſing Reſt.

A noiſy Crow, cleaving the liquid Air,
Thrice with lewd Bill pick'd off the Heifer's Hair;
The gloſſy White imbib'd a ſpreading Blot,
But on her Breaſt appear'd a livid Spot:
The Cow roſe ſlowly from her Conſort's Side,
But when afar the grazing Bull ſhe ſpy'd,
Frisk'd to the Herd, with an impetuous haſte,
And pleas'd, in new luxuriant Soil, her Taſte.
Oh learn'd Diviner!
What may this Viſionary Dream portend?
If Dreams in any future Truth can end.
The Prophet nicely weighs what I relate,
And thus denounces in the Voice of Fate:
That Heat you try'd to ſhun i'th' ſhady Grove,
But ſhunn'd in vain, was the fierce heat of Love:
The Cow denotes the Nymph, your only Care;
For White's th' expreſſive Image of the Fair;
And you the Bull, abandon'd to Deſpair:
The picking Crow, ſome buſy Bawd implies,
Who with baſe Arts will ſoon ſeduce your Prize:
You ſaw the Cow to freſher Paſtures range:
So will your Nymph for richer Lovers change;
As mixing with the Herd, you ſaw her rove;
So will the Fair purſue promiſcuous Love:
Soon will you find a foul inceſtuous Blot,
As on the Cow you view'd the livid Spot.
At this my Blood retir'd, with diſmal fright,
And left me pale as Death; my fainting Sight
Was quite o'ercaſt in duſky Shades of Night.

ELEGY

ELEGY VI.

To a River, as he was going to his Miſtreſs.

By Mr. RYMER.

THY Courſe, thy noble Courſe a while forbear,
I am in haſte now going to my Dear:
Thy Banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy Praiſe!
Alas my haſte! ſweet River, let me paſs.
No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
Or Rope to hall me to the farther Shoar?
I have remembred thee a little one,
Who now with all this Flood com'ſt blund'ring down.
Did I refuſe my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
To ſpur along, and muſt I here attend?
No Art to help me to my Journey's end!
Ye *Lapland* Powers, make me ſo far a Witch,
I may a-ſtride get over on a Switch.
Oh for ſome Griffin, or that flying Horſe,
Or any Monſter to aſſiſt my Courſe:
I wiſh his Art that mounted to the Moon,
In ſhorter Journey would my Job be done.
Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards deviſe,
Or name their lewd unconſcionable Lies?
Good River, let me find thy Courteſy,
Keep within bounds, and may'ſt thou ne'er be dry.

Thou can'ſt not think it ſuch a mighty boaſt,
A Torrent has a gentle Lover croſt.
Rivers ſhould rather take the Lover's ſide;
Rivers themſelves Love's wond'rous Pow'r have try'd;
'Twas on this Score *Inachus*, pale, and wan,
Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
Long before *Troy* the Ten-years Siege did fear,
Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neæra*'s Chains didſt wear.
Aſk *Acheloüs* who his Horns did drub,
Streight he complains of *Hercules*'s Club.
For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
Was then conteſted ſuch outrageous Fray?
(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deïanira, it was all for thee.
E'en *Nile* ſo rich, that rowls through ſev'n wide Doors,
And uppiſh over all his Country ſcowrs;
For *Æſop*'s Daughter did ſuch Flame contract,
As not by all that Stock of Waters ſlack'd,
I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
But muſt not paſs by thee, immortal *Thame*;
Ere thou cou'dſt *Iſis* to thy Boſom take,
How didſt thou wind, and wander for her ſake?
The luſty ——— with broad *Humber* ſtrove,
Was it for Fame? I ſay, it was for Love.
What makes the noble *Ouſe* up from the Main
With hideous roar came briſtling back again;
He thinks his deareſt *Derwent* left behind,
Or fears her falſe, in new Embraces join'd.
Thee alſo ſome ſmall Girl has warm'd, we gueſs,
Tho' Woods and Foreſts now hide thy ſoft Place.

Whilſt

Whilſt this I ſpeak, it ſwells, and broader grows;
And o'er the higheſt Banks impetuous flows.
Dog-flood, what art to me? Or why doſt check
Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my Journey break?
What wou'dſt, if thee indeed ſome noble Race,
Or high Deſcent, and glorious Name did grace?
When of no ancient Houſe, or certain Seat
(Nor, known before this Time, untimely, great)
Rais'd by ſome ſudden Thaw thus high, and proud,
No holding thee, ill-manner'd upſtart Flood.
Not my Love-Tales can make thee ſtay thy Courſe,
Thou — Zounds, — thou art a — River for a Horſe.
Thou hadſt no Fountain, but from Bears wert piſt,
From Snows, and Thaws, or *Scotch* unſav'ry Miſt.
Thou crawl'ſt along, in Winter, foul, and poor,
In Summer puddl'd like a Common-Shore.
In all thy Days when didſt a Courteſy?
Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a Lip to thee.
Thee bane to Cattle, to the Meadows worſe,
For ſomething, all, I, for my Sufferings, curſe.
To ſuch unworthy Wretch, how am I ſham'd,
That I the gen'rous am'rous River nam'd?
When *Nile*, and *Achelöus* I diſplay'd,
And *Thame*, and *Ouſe*, what Worm was in my Head
For thy Reward, diſcourteous River, I
Wiſh, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.

ELEGY VII.

Ovid *laments his imperfect Enjoyment.*

By an unknown Hand.

WAS ſhe not Heav'nly Fair, and rich attir'd?
Was ſhe not that, which all my Soul deſir'd?
Yet were theſe Arms around her idly ſpread,
And with an uſeleſs Load I preſs'd the Bed.
Ev'n to my Wiſhes was the Pow'r deny'd,
When with my Wiſhes the kind Nymph comply'd.
I lay without Life's animated Spring,
A dull, enervate, worthleſs, lumpiſh Thing.
My Neck ſhe folded with a ſoft Embrace,
Now kiſs'd my Eyes, now wanton'd o'er my Face,
Now lov'd to dart her humid Tongue to mine,
Now would her pliant Limbs around me twine,
And ſooth, by thouſand ways, the ſweet Deſign.
The moving Blandiſhments of Sound ſhe try'd,
And my dear Life, my Soul, my All, ſhe cry'd.
In vain, alas! the Nerves were ſlacken'd ſtill,
And I prov'd only potent in my Will.
A poor, unactive Sign of Man I made,
And might as well for Uſe have been a Shade.
If old I live, how ſhall I old prevail,
When in my Youth I thus inglorious fail?

The Bloom of Years becomes my ſhameful moan,
Now in full Growth the ripen'd Man is ſhown,
But not the Strength of Man to her was known.
Untouch'd by Brothers, Siſters thus retire,
Or Veſtals riſe to watch th'eternal Fire.
Yet many a Nymph, whom I forbear to name,
Have kindly yielded and indulg'd my Flame,
Nor could the Vigour of their *Ovid* blame.
Corinna knows, when numb'ring the Delight,
Not leſs than nine full Tranſports crown'd the Night.
Is Verſe, or Herbs the Source of preſent Harms?
Am I a Captive to *Theſſalian* Charms?
Has ſome Enchantreſs this Confuſion brought,
And in ſoft Wax my tortur'd Image wrought?
Deep in the Liver is the Needle fix'd?
Plagues ſhe by Numbers, or by Juices mix'd?
By Numbers, ſudden the ripeſt Harveſts die,
And fruitful Urns no more their Streams ſupply:
Oaks ſhed, unſhook, their Acorns at the Call,
And the Vine wonders why her cluſters fall.
Why may not Magick act on me the ſame,
Unſtring the Nerves, and quite untune the Frame?
Gall'd at the Heart, and longing to perform,
I rais'd indeed, but rais'd an empty Storm.
Moſt diſappointed, when the moſt propenſe,
And Shame was ſecond Cauſe of Impotence.
What Limbs I touch'd! and only touch'd: Oh fie,
Where was the bliſsful Touch? her Shift can vie
In Feats, like theſe, and touch, as well as I.

Yet

Yet to touch her, ev'n *Neſtor* might grow young,
And Centuries, like Twenty one, be ſtrung.
Such was the Maid; the Parallel had ran
Graceful, if I could add, ſuch was the Man.
Some envious Deity with Vengeance glow'd,
So ſweet a Gift had been ſo ill beſtow'd.
I burn'd to claſp her naked in my Arms,
Did ſhe not freely open all her Charms?
What boots good Fortune, if we want the Pow'r
To ſnatch the Pleaſures of the favour'd Hour?
I, like a Miſer, only could behold,
And brooded o'er an uſeleſs Mine of Gold.
So *Tantalus* with Fruit untouch'd, is curs'd,
And dies, amid the gliding Stream, of Thirſt.
So riſes early from th'untaſted Fair,
The grave old Prelate, and kneels down to Pray'r.
Were yet her melting Kiſſes miſemploy'd?
Did ſhe ſtrive vainly to be well enjoy'd?
Sure ſhe has Beauties might deaf Rocks enchant,
Bend the proud Oak, and ſoften Adamant.
She would have mov'd a Man, tho' almoſt dead,
But with my Manhood the whole Life was fled.
If none ſhould lend an Ear, why is the Song?
Or painted Nymphs ſhown to a blinded Throng?
Ye Gods! what Joys did not my Fancy raiſe!
I curl'd in Folds of Love a thouſand ways.
Strong were my Thoughts, but ah! my Body lay
Languid as Roſes pluck'd off Yeſterday.
Now all the Blood the circling Spirits fire,
And the loſt Field impertinent require:

Begone,

Begone, untimely Nerves! I truſt no more:
Such was the Promiſe of your Strength before.
Could you the Fair One balk of her Delight,
Diſgrace your Maſter by ſo baſe a Fright,
And want the Courage for ſo ſweet a Fight?
Did ſhe not kindly too your Stay demand,
And tempt it ſoftly with a ſoothing Hand?
But when Solicitings no Life could gain,
And Inſpirations, tho' from her, were vain,
Who bad thee thus thy ſelf to me to bring?
Go for a ſilly, unperforming Thing:
Art thou a Wretch by ſome curs'd Spell deſtroy'd,
Or here com'ſt fribbling with paſt Pleaſures cloy'd?
She ſpoke, and ſpringing from the Bed ſhe flew,
And ſecret Beauties ſo diſclos'd to view:
Yet to conceal the joyleſs Night's diſgrace,
She call'd for Water with a ſmiling Face,
And waſh'd a nameleſs, unpolluted Place.

ELEGY VIII.

He complains that his Miſtreſs did not give him a favourable Reception.

WHat Coxcomb will in future Times think fit
To build, in Love, his Fortune on his Wit?
Wealth now is Worth, whatever 'twas of Old,
And Merit valu'd by its Weight in Gold.

With

With Male and Female this is now the Rule,
And he that's Poor, of course must be a Fool.
The Dame to read my Am'rous Verse delights,
My Writings likes, but scorns the Man that writes;
They freely on her Privacy presume,
And find Admittance, where I must not come:
Me, when she does her haunted House exclude,
To them she's civil, as to me she's rude.
Me she exposes to a thousand Harms,
To walk the Streets, while they are in her Arms.
For whom does She my Passion disregard?
And who has intercepted my Reward?
Why is the Beau with so much Joy embrac'd?
His Pocket's full, it seems, his Coat is lac'd:
He won her with his Military Air,
Which cheats as often as it charms the Fair.
Cou'd she her longing Eyes forbear to fix
On his fine Feather, and his Coach and Six?
Enrich'd by Plunder, he cou'd never miss
The Favour, who wou'd buy the venal Bliss.
No Matter how he got his Wealth, by War,
And Blood: She cares not, if she has her Share.
The Upstart forward was, 'tis said, in Fight,
And in the Field of Battle made a Knight:
But had his Honour come without his Gold.
His, sure, had been like my Reception, cold.
To Men of Merit, how could she be Coy,
Yet to a Murd'rer prostitute the Joy?
That Head which lolls upon your panting Breast,
Was lately cover'd with a Plumy Crest.

Can

Can you the Bully to your Bed admit?
Are his hard Limbs for Ladies Dalliance fit?
His Hands in your Embrace you'll find embru'd,
With clotted, and perhaps with guiltleſs Blood;
How aukward muſt it be for you to feel,
Near your's his Thigh, that late was cas'd with Steel?
That Ring, the Token of his Pride, and State,
Was with a heavy Gauntlet hid of late:
Canſt thou have Commerce with a Thing ſo foul?
Where now the boaſted Niceneſs of thy Soul?
What Pleaſure canſt thou in his Roughneſs find?
Thou, that wer't once the ſofteſt of thy Kind?
Behold what Marks of brutal Rage he bears,
And how he's mangled with diſhoneſt Scars.
Yet to thoſe Scars, diſhoneſt as they are,
His Wealth he owes, his Fortunes with the Fair.
No doubt, he makes a Merit of his Guilt,
And brags what Blood he has in Battle ſpilt.
Fine Courtſhip this, to win a gentle Dame;
Thou ſhar'ſt his Money, and muſt ſhare his Shame.
Me, not the meaneſt of *Apollo*'s Train,
She hates, and I repeat my Verſe in vain;
I ſing before her Gate; her Gate I find
Is leſs obdurate, than her harden'd Mind.
Forbear your Songs, *Apollo*'s Sons, forbear,
And bend your future Thoughts to Arms and War.
Inſtead of Inſpirations, get Commands;
To Murder, and to Rapine uſe your Hands,
And you with Eaſe reduce the Female Bands.
Had *Homer* in the *Grecian* Army ſerv'd,
We ne'er had heard that he had begg'd, or ſtarv'd.

Of

Of Gold the Thund'rer shew'd the mighty Pow'r,
Descending softly thro' the Brazen Tow'r,
And clasping *Danaë* in a Golden Show'r.
A Thousand Bars the Virgin Fair did hold,
But what are Iron Bars, to Bribes of Gold?
Against this Foe, her Father could not guard,
Watchmen, and Women keep a fruitless Ward.
The Damsel who her self before was Coy,
Melts at the Sight, and meets the dazling Joy.
When peaceful *Saturn* did Heav'ns Sceptre sway,
Deep in Earth's Womb the fatal Metal lay;
None then their teeming Mother's Bowels tore,
In quest of hidden Wealth, in various Ore;
Fed with the Fruits, which bounteous Nature yields,
In painted Gardens, and in Golden Fields,
From her rich Soil are reap'd spontaneous Crops,
And from the Forest Oak sweet Honey drops.
No Hinds as yet did toil their Time away,
Nor with keen Coltors wound the Parent Clay;
As yet no Landmark was by Lab'rers set,
And none had learn'd to plow the Sea as yet:
None as yet knew the Use of Sails, and Oars,
Nor ventur'd Voyages beyond their Shores.
The Wit of Men, the Race of Men destroys,
And all its Pow'rs against it self employs.
How subtle's Human Nature to contrive
Its proper Ruin, and it self deceive!
Why didst thou Cities with high Walls surround,
Why Arms invent thy jarring Sons to wound?
What Quarrel hast thou with the Sea, and why
Didst thou at first the pathless Ocean try?

Cannot

Cannot the Land content thy reſtleſs Pride?
Didſt thou with *Saturn*'s Sons the whole divide,
Thou wouldſt not with three Worlds be ſatisfy'd.
'Tis ſtrange thy vaſt Ambition did not fly
O'er Earth, and Sea, and Air, and ſcale the Sky.
That Man did not aſpire to be a God,
And tread the Paths by *Indian Bacchus* trod,
To give his Name to ſome diſtinguiſh'd Star,
And be what *Hercules* and *Cæſar* are.
Inſtead of yellow Harveſts, now we ſeek
For ſolid Gold, and thro' Earth's Entrails break;
The Wealth we thus acquire's the Soldier's Prey,
And dearly for the Blood he ſpills we pay.
The Courts deny Admittance to the Poor,
In vain the needy Clients crowd the Door;
The Judges to the Rich decree the Cauſe,
And Money only gives their Force to Laws.
'Tis Money makes the Judge with Looks ſevere
Inſult the Poor, and give the Rich his Ear;
'Tis Money buys the Title, makes the Knight,
And dignifies with Quality the Cit:
Let Money do all this, and more; the Bar
Let Money govern, and direct the War;
Let Peace, as Money ſets the Terms be made,
But let it not the Rights of Love invade,
Let us enjoy this Privilege at leaſt,
That if we muſt be poor, we may with Love be bleſs'd:
For now-a-days there's not a Dame in Town
So Coy, but if you've Money, ſhe's your own;
What tho' her Keeper may an *Argus* be,
Blind him with Money, and he'll nothing ſee:

What

What tho' her Huſband ſhould by Chance be by,
He'll leave the Houſe, let you your Money fly.
If there's a God above, to whom belongs
The Cauſe of Love, and ſlighted Lovers Wrongs,
Revenge the falſe One's mercenary Scorn,
And let ill-gotten Pelf to Dirt return.

ELEGY IX.

Upon the Death of TIBULLUS.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

IF *Memnon*'s Fate, bewail'd with conſtant Dew,
Does, with the Day, his Mother's Grief renew;
If her Son's Death mov'd tender *Thetis*' Mind
To ſwell with Tears the Waves, with Sighs the Wind;
If mighty Gods can Mortals Sorrow know,
And be the humble Partners of our Woe;
Now looſe your Treſſes, penſive Elegy,
(Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus, once the Joy and Pride of Fame,
Lies now rich Fuel on the trembling Flame.
Sad *Cupid* now deſpairs of conqu'ring Hearts,
Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
Raſes his uſeleſs Bow from idle Strings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging Wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond Lovers, Reſt;
And wounds with furious Hands his penſive Breaſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe graceful Curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter Rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget their Beauty, and in Diſcord lie,
Drunk with the Fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Æneas'* Loſs the Boy did move;
Like Paſſions for them both, prove equal Love.
Tibullus' Death grieves the fair Goddeſs more,
More ſwells her Eyes, than when the ſavage Boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls, Heav'n's nobleſt Stamps, do bear;
(Poets, the watchful Angels darling Care)
Yet Death (blind Archer) that no Diff'rence knows,
Without Reſpect, his roving Arrows throws.
Nor *Phœbus*, nor the Muſes Queen, could give
Their Son, their own Prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents Skill,
Tam'd wond'ring Beaſts, not Death's more cruel Will.
Linus' ſad Strings on the dumb Lute do lie,
In Silence forc'd to let their Maſter die.
Homer (the Spring, to whom we Poets owe
Our little All, does in ſweet Numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his Fame,
His Works alone ſurvive the envious Flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs Victims prodigally pay,
Worſhip their ſleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and ſtops the praying Breath.
To hallow'd Shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go,

Go, frantick Poet, with Deluſions fed.
Think Laurels guard your conſecrated Head,
Now the ſweet Maſter of your Art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow Spun
Can meaſure the Remains of thee, Great Man.
The bold, raſh Flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair ev'n in ſuch Sorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy Eyes with trembling Hands.
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the Flame with Rivers from her Eyes.

His Mother weeping doth his Eye-lids cloſe,
And on his Urn Tears, her laſt Gift, beſtows.
His Siſter too, with Hair diſhevel'd, bears
Part of her Mother's Nature, and her Tears.

With thoſe, two Fair, two mournful Rivals come,
And add a greater Triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reap'd the greater Bliſs.
Thus *Delia* ſpoke (when Sighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by Remembrance Pleaſures paſt;
"When Youth with Vigour did for Joy combine,
"I was *Tibullus'* Life, *Tibullus* mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his firſt Deſire,
"And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
To her then *Nemeſis* when (Greece gave leave)
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:

"Spare

" Spare your vain Tears, *Tibullus*' Heart was mine,
" About my Neck his dying Arms did twine;
" I ſnatch'd his Soul, which true to me did prove;
" Age ended yours, Death only ſtop'd my Love.

If any poor Remains ſurvive the Flames,
Except thin Shadows, and more empty Names;
Free in *Elyſium* ſhall *Tibullus* rove,
Nor fear a ſecond Death ſhould croſs his Love.
There ſhall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays, impart
To his far dearer Friend his open Heart.
There *Gallus* (if Fame's Hundred Tongues all lie)
Shall, free from Cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our Poet's bleſs'd Companions be,
And in their Deaths, as in their Lives agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my ſtrict Commands,
Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious Hands.
Thou, Earth, *Tibullus*' Aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſy as his Muſe.

ELEGY X.

NOW *Ceres*' Feaſt is come, the Trees are blown,
And my *Corinna* now muſt lie alone.
And why, good *Ceres*, muſt thy Feaſt deſtroy
Man's chief Delight, and why diſturb his Joy!
The World eſteems you bountiful, and good,
You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholeſome Food.

'Till

'Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
Oaks gave him Meat, and flow'ry Fields a Bed.
First *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barley grow,
And taught us how to Plow, and how to Mow:
Who then can think that she designs to prove
Our Piety, by coldness in our Love?
Or make poor Lovers sigh, lament, and groan,
Or charge her Votaries to lie alone?
For *Ceres*, tho' she loves the fruitful Fields,
Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not always lies,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his Infant Cries,
There he was suckled that now rules the Skies.
That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd
Will raise her Fame, and make her be believ'd:
Nay she her self will never strive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
She saw young *Jasius* in the *Cretan* Grove
Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd when first she felt the Fire,
On this Side Modesty, on that Desire;
Desire prevail'd, and then the Field grew dry,
The Farmer lost his Crop, and knew not why;
When he had toild, manur'd his Grounds, and plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods and sow'd,
No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wishes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wand'red in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard and often told her Loves:

Then

Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where-e'er the Goddeſs came, a Harveſt grew.
Ida was gray with Corn, the furious Boar
Grew Fat with Wheat, and wonder'd at the Store:
The *Cretans* wiſh'd, that ſuch all Years would prove,
They wiſh'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, ſince then 'twas hard for you to lie
All Night alone, why at your Feaſt muſt I?
Why muſt I mourn, when you rejoice to know,
Your Daughter ſafe, and Queen of all below?
'Tis Holy-day, and calls for Wine and Loves;
Come let's the height of Mirth and Humour prove,
Theſe Gifts will pleaſe our Maſter Pow'rs above.

ELEGY XI.

To his Miſtreſs, that he cannot help Loving her.

SO much I've ſuffer'd, and ſo long, no more
I'll bear the Wrongs, which I have born before.
Begone, vile *Cupid*, I'll no more endure
Thy ſlaviſh Labours, and Fatigues impure;
From hence, I'll put an End to all the Pains
Thou'ſt coſt me, and from hence ſhake off thy Chains.
I hate the Liv'ry, I with Pleaſure wore,
And bluſh at Bonds, which once with Pride I bore:
But this, methinks, ſhould have been done before.

To

To leave my wicked Courſes I begin,
As Years deprive me of the Guſt of Sin.
On *Cupid*'s Neck I ſhould have trod when young,
And vanquiſh'd him, when my Deſires were ſtrong,
In that there had been Virtue; now there's none,
The World will ſay ſo; let the World ſay on.
Much Oppoſition I ſhall meet; perhaps,
The Lewd will laugh, and threaten a Relapſe:
To bear Reproaches I muſt be prepar'd,
Eaſy's the End, when the Beginning's hard;
Content, let me the preſent Pain endure,
For the ſharp Med'cine is the Patient's Cure;
How oft have you expos'd me to the Cold,
While in your Arms you did my Rival hold?
How like a Slave have I been forc'd to wait
All Weathers, and how oft have watch'd the Gate?
As if your Houſe was truſted to my Care,
And I, your Centinel, did Duty there.
Oft have I ſeen your fated Lover come
With Looks, as if he long'd to be at Home.
But what moſt grated on my jealous Mind,
Was that he there the waiting Fool ſhould find.
That aggravated moſt the cruel Curſe;
I would not wiſh my greateſt Foe a worſe.
How oft have I attended you Abroad,
Or in the City, Cirque, or on the Road?
They took me for your Huſband by my Care,
Or that your Guardian, or your Slave, I were.
I by the People's Glances, and your own,
Obſerv'd you were acquainted with the Town;

That

That of your Love, if I poſſeſs'd a Part,
'Twas plain, I ſhar'd with many more your Heart.
What need I of your Perjuries bring Proof,
Suppoſe the common Talk was not enough?
What do your Ogles, and your Geſtures mean,
Your Carriage at th' Aſſembly, and the Scene?
There's ſcarce a Fop you meet with in your Way,
To whom you have not ſomething ſoft to ſay;
Some Token which you either underſtand
By myſtick Words, or Motion of the Hand.
They tell me you are ſick; I run to ſee,
And find, as ill as you pretend to be,
It is not for my Rival, but for me.
I ſeldom told you of your Faults, but ſtrove
To cover all your Failings with my Love.
Of this I might remind you, and much more,
But what avails it now? th' Affair is o'er:
A fond you found me, and a patient Man,
And get you ſuch another if you can.
I fear not now your Frowns; my Bark defies
The Storm of Words, and Tempeſt of your Eyes;
No coaxing now, your hardeſt Phraſes uſe,
Your Looks, your Language all their Terrors loſe.
I am not ſuch a Fool as I have been.
To dread your Spirit, and to ſooth your Spleen.
But ah, by diff'rent Paſſions I'm oppreſs'd,
Fierce Love, and Hate contend within my Breaſt;
My Soul they thus divide, but Love I fear
Will prove too ſtrong, and get the Maſt'ry there;

I'll ſtrive to hate her, but if that ſhould prove
A fruitleſs Strife, in ſpite of me I'll Love.
The Bull does not affect the Yoke, but ſtill
He bears the Thing he hates againſt his Will;
I hate, I fly the faithleſs Fair in vain,
Her Beauty ever brings me back again.
She always in my Heart will have a Place,
I hate her Humour, but I love her Face.
No reſt I to my tortur'd Soul can give,
Nor with her, nor without her can I live.
Oh that thy Mind we in thy Face did view,
Leſs lovely that thou wert, or elſe more true;
How different are thy Manners, and thy Sight?
Thy Deeds forbid us, and thy Eyes invite.
Thy Actions ſhock us, and thy Beauty moves,
And he who hates thy Faults, thy Perſon loves.
Happy, ah ever Happy, ſhould I be,
If I no Charms, or no Defects could ſee.
Thee I Conjure, by all our paſt Delights,
Our chearful Days, and our tranſporting Nights,
By all the imprecated Gods above,
To whom thou art forſworn, but moſt by Love,
By thy fair Face, which I as much adore,
As all thoſe Gods, and own as much its Pow'r,
Forgive me this Offence, and I'll offend no more.
Be what thou wilt, thy Humour good or ill,
I'll love thee, thou ſhalt be my Miſtreſs ſtill.
Ah let my Paſſion ever Favour find,
Or be it with, or be't againſt my Mind,
But rather let me Sail before the Wind.

Ah

Ah let thy Wiſhes with my Will agree,
Since, ſurely I thy Slave muſt ever be;
In thee, ſince I have center'd all my Joys,
Oh *Venus* let my Love be ſtill my Choice.

ELEGY XII.

He complains that the Praiſes he has beſtow'd on his Miſtreſs in his Verſes, have occaſion'd him many Rivals.

ILL-omen'd Birds, how luckleſs was the Day,
When o'er my Love you did your Wings diſplay?
What wayward Orb, what inauſpicious Star
Did then rule Heav'n, what Gods againſt me War?
She who ſo much my faithful Paſſion wrongs,
Was known, and firſt made famous by my Songs,
I lov'd her firſt, and lov'd her then alone,
But now, I fear, I ſhare her with the Town.
Am I deceiv'd? or can ſhe be the ſame,
Who only to my Verſes owes her Fame?
My Verſe a Price upon her Beauty laid,
And by my Praiſes, ſhe her Market made;
Whom but myſelf can I with Reaſon blame?
Without me ſhe had never had a Name.
Did I do this, who knew her Soul ſo well?
Dearly to me ſhe did her Favours ſell,

And when the Wares were to the Publick known,
Why ſhould I think ſhe'd ſell to me alone?
'Twas I proclaim'd to all the Town her Charms,
And tempted Cullies to her Venal Arms;
I made their Way, I ſhew'd them where to come,
And there is hardly now a Rake in *Rome*
But knows her Rates, and thanks my babbling Muſe;
Her Houſe is now as Common as the Stews;
For this I'm to the Muſe oblig'd, and more,
For all the Miſchiefs Envy has in ſtore.
This comes of Galantry: While ſome employ
Their Talents on the Fate of *Thebes* and *Troy*,
While others *Cæſar*'s godlike Acts rehearſe,
Corinna is the Subject of my Verſe.
Oh that I ne'er had known the Art to pleaſe,
But written without Genius and Succeſs.
Why did the Town ſo readily believe
My Verſe, and why to Songs ſuch Credit give:
Sure Poetry's the ſame it ever was,
And Poets ne'er for Oracles did paſs.
Why is ſuch Streſs upon my Writings lay'd?
Why ſuch Regard to what by me is ſaid?
I wiſh the Tales I've of *Corinna* told,
Had been received, as Fables were of Old:
Of furious *Scylla*'s horrid Shape we read,
And how ſhe ſcalp'd her hoary Father's Head
Of her fair Face, and downward how ſhe takes
The Wolf's fierce Form, the Dogs, or curling Snakes;
Serpents for Hair in ancient Song we meet,
And Man, and Horſe with Wings inſtead of Feet.

Huge

Huge *Tityon* from the Skies the Poet flung,
Enceladus's Wars with *Jove* they ſung,
How by her Spells, and by her Voice, to Beaſts
The doubtful Virgin chang'd her wretched Gueſts;
How *Eolus* did for *Ulyſſes* keep
The Winds in Bottles, while he plow'd the Deep:
How *Cerberus* Three-headed, guarded Hell:
And from his Car, the Son of *Phœbus* fell.
How thirſty *Tantalus* attempts to ſip
The Stream, in vain, that flies his greedy Lip:
How *Niobe* in Marble drops a Tear,
And a bright Nymph was turn'd into a Bear:
How *Progne*, now a Swallow, does bemoan
Her Siſter Nightingale, and Pheaſant Son.
In *Leda*, *Danaë*, and *Europa*'s Rapes,
They ſing the King of Gods in various Shapes;
A Swan he lies on raviſh'd *Leda*'s Breaſt,
And *Danaë*'s by a golden Show'r compreſt,
A Bull does o'er the Waves *Europa* bear;
And *Proteus*, any Form he pleaſes, wear.
How oft do we the *Theban* Wonders read,
Of Serpents Teeth transform'd to human Seed?
Of dancing Woods, and moving Rocks, that throng
To hear ſweet *Orpheus*, and *Amphion*'s Song?
How oft do the *Heliades* bemoan,
In Tears of Gum, the Fall of *Phaeton*?
The Sun from *Atreus*' Table frighted flies,
And backward drives his Chariot in the Skies.
Thoſe now are Nymphs that lately were a Fleet;
Poetick Licence ever was ſo great:

But none did Credit to theſe Fictions give,
Or for true Hiſtory ſuch Tales receive.
And tho' *Corinna* in my Songs is Fair,
Let none conclude ſhe's like her Picture there.
The Fable ſhe with haſty Faith receiv'd,
And what, ſo very well ſhe lik'd, believ'd.
But ſince ſo ill ſhe does the Poet uſe,
'Tis Time her Vanity to diſabuſe.

ELEGY XIII.

Of Juno's *Feaſt.*

MY Wife, a Native of *Phaliſcan* Plains,
Where the rich Soil enrich the lab'ring Swains,
Where Purple Grapes, and Golden Apples grow,
A Conqueſt we to great *Camillus* owe,
When once to *Juno*'s Feaſt ſhe thither went,
My Mind to know the ſecret Rites was bent
The pious Prieſts the ſolemn Sports prepare,
And purify the Fane with holy Care.
A Heifer of the Place they Sacrifice,
But ne'er to Men expoſe their Myſteries.
I mark'd the hidden Way my Conſort went,
And follow'd down the deep and dark Deſcent.
To an old Wood at laſt I came, whoſe Shade
Impreſt a Horror on the Gloom it made.

And

And ev'ry Step with trembling Feet I trod,
Profan'd, I thought, the Dwelling of a God.
An Altar there was rais'd by Hands Divine,
And fragrant Incenſe flam'd around the Shrine.
Chaſt Matrons there their vow'd Oblations pay,
And celebrate with joyful Hymns the Day.
Soon as the Fife the Signal gives, they move
In long Proceſſion thro' the ſacred Grove,
Branches and Flow'rs are with Devotion ſpread
O'er all their Way, and Prieſtly Veſtments laid.
Next after theſe, thro' loud Acclaims, they lead
A Cow Milk-white, and of *Phaliſcan* Breed;
Then a young Steer, whoſe Forehead ne'er has born
The crooked Honours of the butting Horn.
The leaſt of all the Victims was a Swine,
And then a Ram, whoſe Horns around his Temples twine.
A Goat, whom moſt the Goddeſs hates, comes laſt,
The Preſent feels her Vengeance for the Paſt,
When in a Wood to hide herſelf ſhe try'd,
She by the bleating of a Goat was ſpy'd;
For this the Beaſt is by the Boys purſu'd;
For this ſhe's even greedy of its Blood,
And he, who firſt the Letcher wounds in Play,
Claims by her Law, and bears the Prize away.
The tender Youth, and tim'rous Virgins ſtrow
With Robes the Ground the Goddeſs is to go.
The Virgins Locks with Golden Fillets bound,
And ſparkling Diamonds glitt'ring all around;
Buſkins embroider'd on their Feet they wear,
And ſpreading Trains with Pride uneaſy bear.

Here, as in *Greece* the Cuſtom was of Old,
The Image of the Goddeſs we behold,
Born on the Heads of Maidens, and behind
The Prieſteſſes in beauteous Ranks you find.
An awful Silence reigns; the Goddeſs laſt
Approaches, and with her the Pomp is paſt.
The Dreſs was *Greek*, and ſuch *Haleſus* wore,
When in a Fright he fled the *Grecian* Shoar;
His Father kill'd, an *Argive* Ship he fraught,
And to this Coaſt the Royal Treaſure brought.
Much Peril had he paſt, much Labour known,
O'er Lands, and Seas, before he reach'd our own,
And landing built, with happy Hand, the Town,
Where firſt he did this Feſtival revive,
And its *Greek* Rules to the *Phaliſcans* give;
The Rites and Sacrifices firſt he ſhew'd,
As practis'd now within this antient Wood.
Ah, may theſe Rites to all propitious be,
Nor more to thoſe that ſerve them than to me.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIV.

He desires his Mistress, if she does Cuckold him, not to let him know it.

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
Since you're a Woman, and a Fair one too.
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A stiff Denial will attenuate
That Crime which your Confession would make great:
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale Light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent Night,
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
Ere she begins, will shut the Chamber Door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem virtuous, and tho' false it be,
Say you are honest, and I'll credit thee.
Conceal your Actions, and while I am by,
Let modest Words your looser Thoughts belie.
When to your private Chamber you retire,
Unmask your Lust, and vent each warm Desire.
Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
The bold Intruder between thee and Love:
Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
In Men 'tis Folly, and in Women Pride:

There

There without Bluſhes you may naked lye,
Claſping his Body with your tender Thigh;
Shoot your moiſt Dart into his Mouth, to ſhow
The Senſe you have of what he Acts below.
Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies twine
In Folds more ſtrange, than thoſe of *Aretine*:
With melting Looks fierce Joys you may excite,
And with thick dying Accents urge Delight.
But when you're dreſt, then look as innocent
As if you knew not what ſuch Matters meant:
And tho' juſt now a perfect Fiend you were,
Hide the true Woman, and a Saint appear.
Cozen the prying Town, and put a Cheat
On it, and me, I'll favour the Deceit.
Falſe as thou art, why muſt I daily ſee
Th' intriguing Billet-Doux he ſends to thee?
The wanton Sonnet, or ſoft Elegy?
Why does your Bed all tumbled ſeem to ſay,
See what they've done, ſee where the Lovers lay?
Why do your Locks, and rumpled Head-Cloaths ſhew
'Tis more than uſual Sleep that made 'em ſo?
Why are the Kiſſes which he gave betray'd,
By the Impreſſion which his Teeth had made?
Yet ſay you're Chaſte, and I'll be ſtill deceiv'd;
What much is wiſh'd for, is with eaſe believ'd.
But when you own what a lewd Wretch thou art,
My Blood grows cold, and freezes at my Heart.
Then do I curſe thee, and thy Crimes reprove,
But Curſe in vain, for ſtill I find I Love.

Since

Since ſhe is falſe, oft to my ſelf I cry,
Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd dye.
I will not ſee your Maid, to let me know
Who viſits you, where, and with whom you go;
Nor by your Lodgings ſend my Boy to ſcout,
And bring me word who paſſes in, and out.
Enjoy the Pleaſure of the preſent Times,
But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
Do you forſwear't tho' in the Act you're caught,
I'll truſt the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY XV.

To Venus, *that he may have done writing Elegies.*

PARENT of tender Love, and ſoft Deſire,
The Breaſt of ſome new Poet now inſpire;
Howe'er my Muſe has been thy Slave before,
I've done with Elegies; I'll write no more.
When in *Pelignian* Groves of Love I writ,
The Subject was not for my Years unfit,
I was then Young, and fond to ſhew my Wit.
As in my Veins a generous Stream did flow,
Well might my Heart with gallant Wiſhes glow.
By Birth, and by Command I was a Knight,
And in all Wantonneſs might well delight,
As Honour, and Deſcent inflam'd my Breaſt,
Well what I wiſh'd be in my Works expreſs'd.

To

To *Virgil Mantua* owes immortal Fame,
Catullus to *Verona* gives a Name;
Why mayn't, if I attempt some great Design,
Peligna be as much oblig'd to mine?
Why mayn't my Muse a glorious Toil pursue,
And as much Honour to my Country do?
A People, who when *Rome* has been alarm'd
By foreign Foes, in her Defence have arm'd;
A Stranger who our *Sulmo*'s Tow'rs surveys
Surrounded by a Flood, tho' far from Seas;
Watry the City from her Waters nam'd,
Would cry, Hadst thou been for some Poet fam'd,
As little as thou art, as nameless now,
Great in Renown thou by his Muse shoud'st grow.
Ah Boy, and thou his Mother, ah forbear,
List me not longer in ignoble War.
Beneath your Golden Banners I have fought
So long, your Discipline so much have taught,
'Tis Time to give me a Discharge, to prove
Some other, some more glorious Theme than Love.
See *Bacchus* beckens me my Voice to raise,
Of lofty Deeds to sing, in lofty Lays.
To mount my Muse on some more gen'rous Horse,
And try her Courage in some daring Course.
Adieu, my sighing Elegies, Adieu,
I'll be no more concern'd with Love, or you,
But what I write my Being shall survive,
And in his Verse the Poet ever live.

FINIS.